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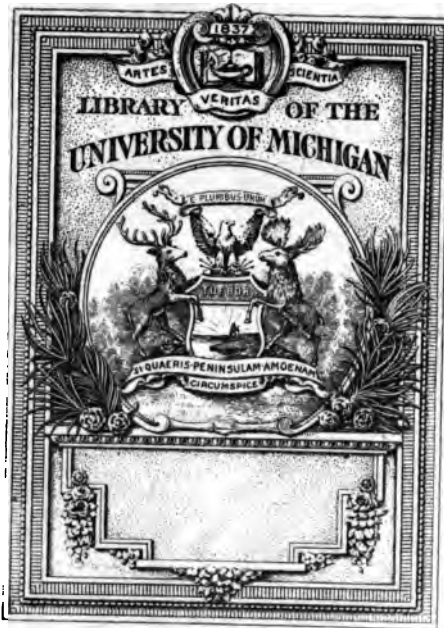
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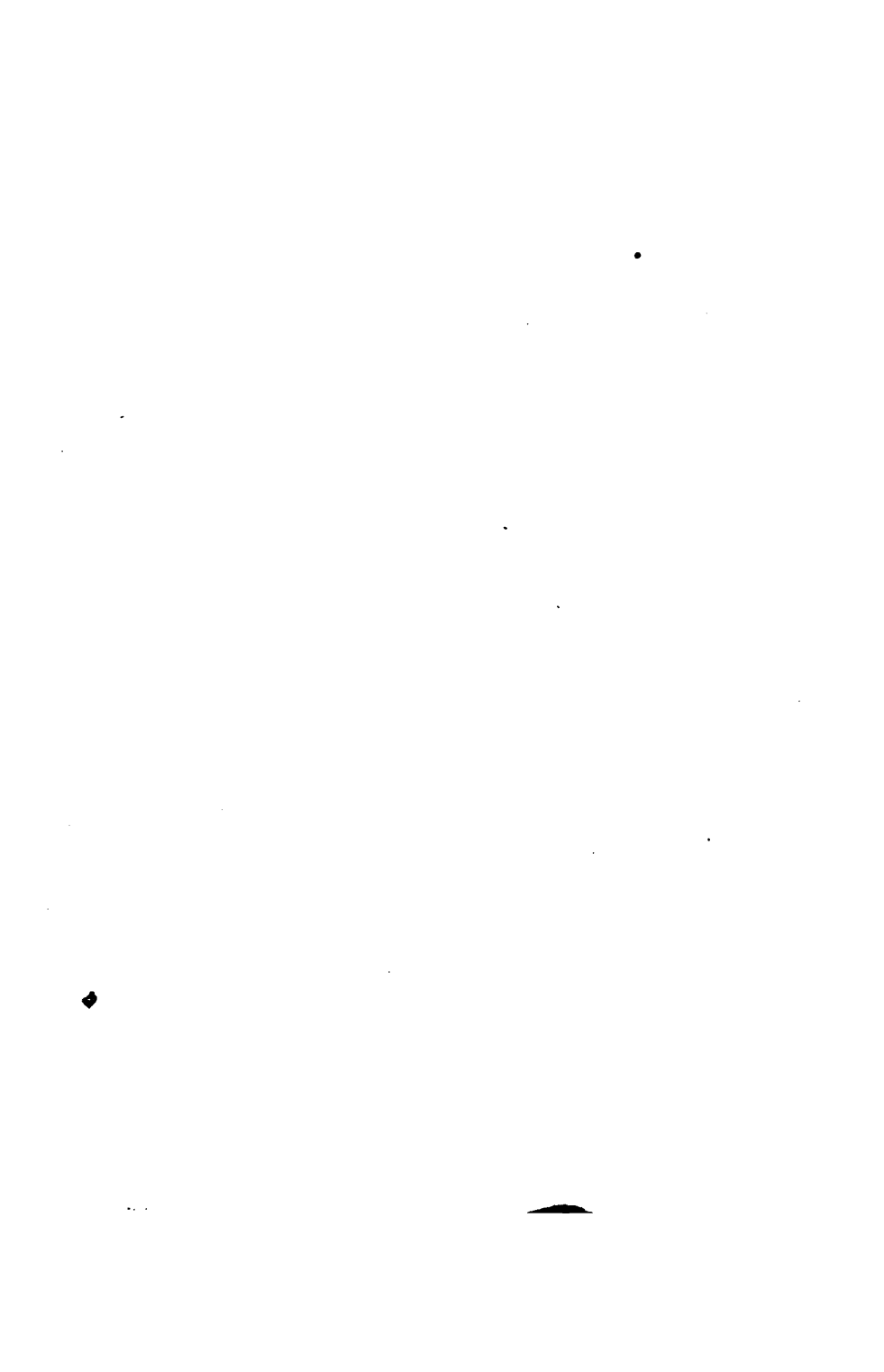
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A HAND-BOOK
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE.

INTENDED FOR THE
USE OF HIGH SCHOOLS,
AS WELL AS
A COMPANION AND GUIDE FOR PRIVATE STUDENTS,
AND FOR GENERAL READERS.

BY
FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, A. M.

BRITISH AUTHORS.

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SCHOOL BOARD ON THE HIGH SCHOOL
EDUCATION OF BOYS,

This Work

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PREFACE.

THE author of this work, having been appointed to prepare a course of reading in English Literature for the Latin School in Boston, was induced, after the adoption of the plan, to enlarge and perfect it, in order to supply an acknowledged want in popular education.

It is not expected that this, or any compilation, no matter how full and exhaustive, will be sufficient for the thorough student. It is undoubtedly wise, as a rule, to insist upon studying authors in their complete works; beyond question this is the only way to gain an adequate notion of an author's power and of his command of English; and no one knows so well as the perplexed compiler how hard it is, if he would keep within the proper limits, to do any justice to the authors whose essays and poems he must mutilate, as mineralogists crack fossils or *geodes*, for specimens.

The writer well remembers the few and meagre collections of books in his native town. Excepting Scripture commentaries, hymn books, and a few religious biographies, not always inviting to children of ardent temperament, the most fascinating volumes accessible were "Rollin's Ancient History" and "Riley's Narrative." It must be admitted, however, that "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and a few other contraband romances, stowed away in the haymow for furtive reading at odd intervals on rainy days, furnished ideal pictures for the boyish imagination to dwell upon. It is with something like

a pang that he reflects now, what a priceless treasure in those his best days even so imperfect a collection as this Hand-Book would have been.

When the imperative wants of schools and the vast numbers of youth without the means of literary culture, even of the most elementary sort, are considered, it must be allowed that a judicious compilation, with the necessary adjuncts, will be a public benefit. At all events it will be doing much, if by means of the Hand-Book the student is directed to the ampler sources from which he can derive amusement for his leisure hours, and acquires a habit that will illuminate and ennoble his whole life.

The numerous reading books in use, though containing many of the best passages from the best authors, have been designed mainly to serve as exercises in elocution, and, when considered as aids to literary culture, are fragmentary and inadequate.

But the Hand-Book does not aim at the completeness of an encyclopædia; the selections have been made for the most part from authors in whom scholars, through all the changes of literary fashion, have preserved a living interest. The author has not sought, like another *Old Mortality*, to deepen and make legible anew the inscriptions which Time has surely begun to obliterate. In looking through the long list of authors once famous, the eye falls upon many that are now mere names; and to continue making selections from the works of such is like lumbering a house with decrepit and useless furniture, to the exclusion of that which is tasteful and adapted to modern wants. Still it is believed that nothing of real worth to the reader of to-day has been rejected on account of its antique garb; the error is more likely to be in the other direction; for, by the power of association, age gives all the racier flavor and the more enduring charm to any work of genius. An examination of the index will show, after due allowance is made for differences of taste, that few, if any, authors have been omitted

whom the concurring judgment of the literary world has pronounced classic.

By exercising a careful discrimination as to the number of authors cited, it is possible to give far more liberal and satisfactory specimens from those whose preëminence is unquestioned.

Above all, the Hand-Book is intended to be readable, to make the introduction to our noble literature attractive, and to show that works of acknowledged authority are none the less entertaining, even to the casual reader, from being models of style and treasures of thought.

The extracts are arranged in chronological order, so as to show the development of the language; but it will be found convenient in schools, in the first reading, to follow an order similar to that marked out in the original plan for the Latin School, mentioned in the early pages of this volume: since few pupils would be able to contend with the difficulties of obsolete phraseology and masculine thought at the outset. But when the selections are read a second time, it should be in the order in which they are printed.

In regard to this order of reading just mentioned, it will be observed that a few works are prescribed which are not included in this volume. The reason will commend itself to all judicious teachers. While we must be content, in the majority of cases, to give only selections from an author, often too brief, there are some works that will not bear any division, but must be read entire, if at all. For instance, to give a single scene, or even an act, from one of Shakespeare's plays, would be merely tantalizing; far better to omit altogether, unless a whole play could be presented. And any single play would be but a partial expression of his genius. It is strongly recommended that every High School should be furnished with a sufficient number of copies of Shakespeare to allow of a systematic reading of several of his plays; also with Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."

A few other authors, of whom Pope, Cowper, Tennyson, and Macaulay may be cited as instances, deserve more attention than the limits of the *Hand-Book* allow; and the addition of their works to the school library would be highly desirable.

A condensed account of the growth of the language, and of the character and influence of its various elements, is presented, with which, it is hoped, aided by the exposition of the instructor, every pupil will become familiar.

A biographical notice, brought by necessity into narrow limits, is prefixed to the specimens of each author.

For explanatory notes which might often be of signal service, but would fatally cumber the book, the reader must be referred to the full editions in the libraries. Glossarial references, however, are printed upon the margin of the extracts from Chaucer and Burns, and in a few other instances. The translations of a few Latin quotations will be found in an appendix at the end of the volume.

If students derive as much pleasure in reading over this collection as the author has enjoyed in preparing it, they will be amply repaid.

The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Trench "On the Study of Words," Professor Schele de Vere's "Studies in English," White's "Words and their Uses," Marsh's "Lectures on the English Language," Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature," and Morley's "Tables of English Literature." He would also express his gratitude to Robert Carter, Esq., Editor of "Appleton's Journal," to George W. Minns, Esq., and other Masters of the Latin and English High Schools for valuable suggestions during the progress of this work.

A second volume, containing extracts from the works of American authors, made on a somewhat more liberal scale, is nearly ready, and will be issued uniform in style with this.

BOSTON, April 5, 1871.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

THE language of a nation, like the prevailing features, stature, and other traits of the people, is a part of its history, and its elements are derived from the speech of older races which have combined to form the new type. Most of the existing languages of Europe are composite, and each one corresponds in close analogy to the union of the races or tribes whose blended traits have become the characteristics of the modern nation.

Our inquiries will not go back farther than the Christian era ; to trace the origin of words back to the Sanskrit through Asiatic colonization is a matter of great difficulty and uncertainty, and does not belong to a treatise so elementary as this. That the Latin and Greek languages appear to us as mainly original and uncompounded is due to the fact that the migrations that took place while these tongues were forming were prior to any authentic history. After the fall of the Roman empire, when each European tribe was left to establish its own government, their several original languages, more or less impregnated by the Latin of their former masters, began to receive their natural and diverse development. The laws and customs of each people, their cultivation of the arts of war or peace, their agricultural or maritime pursuits, their fertile plains or mountain fastnesses, their easy obedience to rulers or their fierce contests for independence, their local attachments or their roving, marauding disposition, — all these native tendencies and social and political influences were soon evident as well in their speech as in their character. And, if we did not know the speech of a single

modern European nation, we could, upon the basis of its original stock of words, with a knowledge of its wars offensive and defensive, its migrations and governmental changes, its wealth, customs, and general cultivation, predict with a good degree of certainty the prevailing character of its language and literature.

French, Spanish, and Italian are but three slightly-varying corruptions of Latin. The last is nearest to its original, with only slight additions by the barbarian conquerors of Italy. French, which is in one sense only a *lingo*, is for the most part only Latin debased by old Gallic and later Norman pronunciation. Spanish is the same noble tongue corrupted by an admixture of Arabic and by the indistinct articulation that prevails among the indolent dwellers in hot climates. People using northern languages, that bristle with sharp consonants and are choked with guttural sounds, would never have rolled "Cæsar Augustus" under lazy tongues until it came out limp and helpless as "Saragossa."

For our present purpose we need not go back farther than the invasion of Britain by the Romans; for subsequent political events neutralized and finally destroyed the influence of the Picts and Celts, and penned up in Wales or drove to the coast of Cornwall nearly all that remains of the original British tongue. The Roman occupation, though it covered a long period, does not appear to have made a very deep or lasting impression upon the customs or the language of the aborigines. The remains of their roads, their camps (*castra*), and vestiges of their law can still be seen; but in our language the only trace of the first is in the name for distance, *mile*, and in compounds of *stratum*, as in *Stratford*; the second lives in the terminations *cester* and *caster*, and in the abridged form of *colonia*, as in *Lincoln*; and the last is represented by *debt* — a word that many a poor Briton probably learned to his cost in the courts. This, of course, is not intended as an exact statement; very many Latin words were probably used before the Romans abandoned the island which were afterwards forgotten during the long domination of other races. It is accurate enough to say that the Latin elements of our language did not come in through the

conquest, but have been introduced through the French, or have been transferred by scholars and naturalized by use.

A history of the invasions of the next following centuries is a history of the foundation of the language. It will not be necessary, even if it were possible, to give more than the most general account of these movements; for piratical excursions were as frequent then as rural picnics are now, and every sailor considered getting booty to be the original purpose and chief end of navigation. As has been already stated, the primitive British or Celtic element was driven out, and it cannot be proved that any part of its vocabulary remains, except in the Erse or Irish, Gaelic or Highland Scotch, and Cymric or Welsh, branches (if they are branches) of the old Celtic speech. A large proportion of the invasions came from the islands and coasts of the North Sea and the Baltic. In Friesland, where the ancient language has not been wholly supplanted by the modern Dutch, the English-speaking traveller understands many simple phrases, and has but little difficulty in making his wants known. But whatever were the relative proportions of the Danes, Jutes, Angles, Frisians, and Saxons that occupied the British Islands, the warring elements were after a time composed under the rule of Saxon kings, the whole population was converted to Christianity, and their different dialects blended into Anglo-Saxon. The Danish invasions for the next century (787-878) were carried on by veritable heathens, worshippers of Woden and Thor, who butchered women and children as well as men, and who endeavored to destroy every church and every vestige of religion. It was one of the turning-points in England's history, therefore, when Saxon Alfred defeated these barbarians, and became, as it were, the schoolmaster as well as protector of his ignorant and long-suffering people. But many Danes had become permanent settlers, and a large portion of the eastern shore was set off for their occupancy and exempted from the jurisdiction of the Saxons. In time there were fresh arrivals of Scandinavians, ever increasing in numbers and in ferocity, until at last the land was overwhelmed, and a Danish king ruled over England.

Before this period swarms from the same "northern hive" had crossed the Straits of Dover, and descended upon the shores of France ; and, although they had given up their own rude speech and adopted that of their vassals, they retained their connections with their kindred in the north and in England, and gave a new power and significance to the name of Norman. Intermarriages took place between the ruling families, and some of the refining influences of the more cultured South began to be felt among the sons of the Vikings. The natural effect of Norman rule upon language was in a measure anticipated. Before Duke Robert's son had thought of invading England, Norman-French was regarded as a polite and desirable language at the court of the Danish king. It is also proper to add that, as the whole island had been for a long period under Christian influences, the Latin liturgy of the church and the influence of the priests had made many Latin words and phrases familiar to those whose only speech was Anglo-Saxon. To this period are to be referred the corruption of *monachus* into "monk," *claustra* into "cloister," *presbyter* into "priest," *kuriakon* (belonging to the Lord, ὁ Κύριος,) into "church," *episcopus* into "bishop," and also the profane rendering of the phrase used in the consecration of the wafer, *Hoc est corpus*, into the popular mummary over a sleight-of-hand performance, "hocus-pocus."

The Norman conquest produced a mighty effect. The whole island, except in a few remote districts, had a common language, and similar laws and customs. These were at once rudely overthrown. The language of court and camp was ordained to be Norman-French. The dignities and great estates of the realm were allotted on feudal principles by the conqueror among his military chiefs. All that a powerful government could do for three hundred years was done to extirpate the Anglo-Saxon, the language of the common people ; but it was as firmly based as the island itself, and the Normans at the most could only complement its homely vocabulary with the emblems of their higher culture and more stately manners. The memory of Norman rule is still preserved in the terms of the royal assent to acts of Parliament, and in many phrases

and usages in the law courts. An enduring record of the conquest is seen in the language, in which the harmonized Norman and Anglo-Saxon elements exhibit the results of the long conflict of opinions, customs, letters, and laws.

The fusion of Norman and Anglo-Saxon was very slowly accomplished. For four centuries at least there was one language for the nobleman and gentleman, and another for the common people. The currents of thought and expression had come together, forced into the same channel, but, like the waters of the Mississippi and the Missouri, they refused to mingle, and showed their diverse sources far below the point of union. In the end there was a tacit compromise. The facts of every-day life, the names of the heavenly bodies, the elements, the family relations, the house and home, domestic animals, crops, and tools of husbandry, the various modes of motion, simple articles of food and raiment, were all known by Anglo-Saxon names. But terms that belong to government, to the privileges of high birth, to the usages of courts, to the dress and equipment of knights and dames, to tournaments, crusades, and pilgrimages, to letters and art, were all of Norman origin.

Two paragraphs, the first wholly composed of Anglo-Saxon words, and the second of mostly Norman-French origin, will serve to illustrate the statement.

So the man (boor, or churl, as he was called by those above him) wedded a maid, and she became his wife (weaver), and bore him sons and daughters (milkers). They ate bread from corn grown in their lord's field; they cared for his swine, sheep, horses, hens, deer, and oxen, and were used to the axe, plough, flail, and sickle, as well as to rain, wind, hail, and snow. Their clothes, shoes, and hats were coarse, and their looks downcast. The moon and stars often found them at work. Their beds were of straw, and they rose from sleep before the sun to begin toil anew. When the goodman was near his end, and the skill of the leech was worthless, neighbors with friendly hands softly shut his dying eyes, then wrapped the dead body in a shroud, put him upon a bier, and buried him in a nameless grave in God's acre.

And the noble, nourished in the mansion or castle of his ancestors, trained from infancy to feats of arms, aspiring to a station among the chivalry of the realm, appeared in gay apparel at the court of his sovereign, and joyously received the royal command to battle against his liege's enemies. He is feasted at a sumptuous table, covered with poultry, veal, mutton, pork, beef, and venison. He quaffs delicate wine from an ornate goblet, and with graceful courtesy returns the monarch's salutation. The favor of stately and beautiful dames encourages him. In the campaign he is distinguished by his valor, but his career is finally closed by the lance of an adversary. A coffin now encloses his corpse ; it is carried in a hearse to the cemetery, placed in the family tomb, and a marble monument or mural tablet commemorates his virtues.

It will be noticed that, while the former paragraph is wholly Anglo-Saxon, the latter is Norman only in part. Articles, pronouns, conjunctions, prepositions, the forms of the neuter verb *to be* and auxiliaries, and some adverbs must be drawn from the elder source ; and this is sufficient to show that the basis of the language is Anglo-Saxon. The Norman-French element was a valuable addition, but it in nowise supplanted the original stock, and cannot be used by itself to form a single sentence.

We have now to consider the reciprocal influences of these two sources upon spelling and pronunciation. Before the general use of printing, orthography was but little regarded. The forms of words were generally expressed phonetically ; and in passing, it may be observed, that in reading Chaucer, if a word *looks* puzzling, the sense will often come to mind by pronouncing it aloud and looking away. In time, the general license was much restricted, and now each word has its integrity guaranteed. But during the transition state the clerk or poet spelled as it seemed right in his own eyes. The hardening into unchangeable forms came while the elements were mixed confusedly, and the result was like freezing over a river-basin covered with heaped-up fragments of floating ice. Nearly all the Latin words had lost something of their form. The

pestilent *u* was inserted in *honor, favor, error*, and in countless analogous cases. The simple directness of Saxon spelling was lost. The word *tongue* will serve as an instance. Doubtless the pronunciation of this word has never undergone the least change; but our Saxon ancestors spelled it *tung*, just as it is sounded. Later it had a final *e*, and at length, after Norman scribes had bewitched it, it appeared as we now see it. A twist was given to every word capable of variation. On the other hand, the same influences softened the harshness of Saxon gutturals, so that the silent letters in *fought, sought*, and the like are now only mute evidences of a barbarous utterance heard no more.

In due time the English people had their revenge upon the Norman element, especially in the obliteration of the original accent of words derived through that medium. The appellatives remain, but with anglicized spelling and accent; so that the unskilled reader hardly recognizes the concluding word of the line, —

And bathéd every vein in swiche licour',

as his homely acquaintance "liquor." *Mange* survived as vulgar "munch;" the servant *valet* as the rascal "varlet;" *cœur méchant* as the crabbed "curmudgeon;" and *quelques choses* were contemptuously termed "kickshaws." Every scholar will be able to add many similar examples.

To recapitulate, we find in our language, —

1. A complete groundwork of Anglo-Saxon; no other element complete.
2. An influx of words derived from Latin directly or through the French, mostly mangled by vicious spelling, and by the loss of original accent.
3. A change in the spelling of many Saxon words and a softening of original roughness in pronunciation.
4. A coalescing of the conflicting elements after centuries of resistance, and continual additions from classic languages.

The difference between the English of to-day and that of five or six centuries ago is so great that many persons are led to believe

that there may have been an epoch of sudden change—a catastrophe like those which we were once told had happened to the earth in its development; but, as enlightened science assures us that the forces at work upon the crust of our planet are as active in the present as in the remotest geological eras, so it seems likely that our language is undergoing changes in the number, power, and significance of its words, as great and as decisive as were experienced in any part of its history. He who stands by a glacier for the first time regards the mass of glittering ice as immovable, as eternal as the mountain it buttresses. But the patient observer knows that the huge volume of ice is in motion, and that ages hence the grinding of the rocks and the furrowing of the soil underneath will bear witness to its slow but resistless course. Such deep scratches and furrows are seen in every part of our literary history. Our poetry, our science, our sermons, even our familiar talk, show the marks made by the imperceptible but mighty movement of that speech which symbolizes the progressive thought of our race.

These changes are not due in any great degree to the influence of authors, no matter how popular they may be. No poet, historian, or essayist is equal to the task of ingrafting half a dozen new words that shall really thrive and endure on our old English stock. As in the beginning, we must look to the development of the arts, trade, commerce, and philosophy for the new words that come to us as strangers, are first made welcome by necessity, and then become our own by naturalization. To give instances would be to recount the history of the various modern sciences, and of the influence of commerce on civilization. Every navigator and explorer, — every inventor, chemist, and naturalist, — every investigator into first causes, whether in the material world, or in the interior sphere of thought, must in a measure coin new symbols for new facts and new theories, and so make a new vocabulary to express his ideas. The English of two hundred years ago is a wonderful arsenal; it would seem to be ample for the poet or historian, the novelist or essayist; but neither Tyndall, Agassiz, Darwin, nor Huxley — neither Hamilton, Mill, Spencer, nor Peirce — could be restricted for a single page to the vocabulary that served Milton so well.

The nomenclature of a science becomes a part of ordinary speech when that science becomes popular. From the study of mathematics we have derived terms that are now familiar and no longer exclusively technical, such as *tangent* and *radius*. With the general diffusion of geological knowledge we have such words as *alluvial*, *strata*, and *fossil*. The last is, in fact, so thoroughly domesticated that it has acquired a secondary, *slang* sense. Optical science has made us familiar with *polarisation* of light, *spectroscopic* and *prismatic* experiments. From chemists we have learned the vital significance of *oxygen* and the multifarious uses of *carbon*. And phrenology, though it may be denied the rank of an exact science, has furnished us with many convenient forms of expression which could not now be spared, such as *temperaments*, and the familiar names of organs corresponding to special mental traits.

Another, and by far the most active, agency is to be found in the influence of newspapers. For the bulk of mankind the daily press stands in the place of school and library, guiding opinion and forming taste as well as furnishing news. The necessities of a daily issue forbid any very careful elaboration of sentences; still it must be admitted that the principal journals in our chief cities often contain leading articles that are admirable specimens of style; and, in the aggregate, the literary ability of the press greatly exceeds that which is more deliberately expended upon books. But a small part of any journal, however, is either written or very carefully revised by the editor. The bulk of all we read is written by reporters, — a class created by the needs of our age, — a marvellous class. What the cavalry is to the commanding general, — namely, eyes and ears, — that and much more is the corps of reporters to the editor-in-chief. They search for the materials for a “sensation” by an inevitable instinct. They have no fear of Addison or Irving before their eyes. For all occasions they have a stock of euphuistic phrases that would beggar Sir Percie Shafton¹ in the attempt at imitation. Facts are always accomplished, ordinary events are embellished by “words of learned length and thundering sound.” To these omnipresent,

¹ See *The Monastery*, by Sir Walter Scott.

sharp-eyed, mercurial, facile gentlemen we owe the invention of some desirable words, such as "telegram," and a great variety of base coinages which we are shocked at, until we learn to endure, and at length to forget, the crime of their existence. One by one, such words as the scholar knows to be unnecessary, and at variance with wise analogy, creep into reputable company, and finally receive their *accolade* from some tolerant authority. But the principal mischief done by these *vedettes* of the newspaper army is in the injury to the general standard of taste by the use of words of superlative significance on ordinary occasions, and so taking all contrasts of color out of our speech. Fire is "the devouring element," and its result "a conflagration." One does not lose a pocket-book, but is "relieved" of it. A chance fight is "a *mêlée*;" a dance is "a Terpsichorean festival;" a season of smooth and solid snow is "a carnival of sleighing;" a negro is "a XVth amendment;" an unchaste woman is "a social evil;" a forgery or larceny in a bank is "a financial irregularity;" every person successful in politics, and those lifted by accident into fame or infamy, are "interviewed." The corruption does not affect language only; when the gossip about some great financial scoundrel, whose collected crimes, if duly distributed, would send a thousand poor men to prison for life, is "itemized" in a tone of raillery, as though honor and truth were only phrases, and the robbery of widows and orphans by the tricks which law, unfortunately, cannot punish, were a jesting matter, it is not too much to say that the wrong that is done to our noble language is only paralleled by the insidious injury wrought upon public morals.

The current of thought has turned our attention somewhat from the original end in view. Let us return to the subject of style as affected by the two principal sources of our language. It is commonly said that the best writers use the most Saxon words, and the student is often cautioned against the habit of using those of Latin origin. But the more rational advice is to use the words that best express our thoughts. The scholar that knows the precise meaning of words, and their associations in the pages of the best writers, will rarely err in this respect. If he is writing of home affairs and

humble life, his own good sense will teach him to avoid the stately and high-sounding words that should be reserved for occasions of ceremony. Nor will he detract from the significance of a public festival by reporting it in colloquial style. The importance of good judgment and good taste in the choice of words can be seen in the grotesque and profane effect produced by the narration of sacred historical events in the vulgar phrases used by the uneducated. In the drama of *Saul*, by Voltaire, one of the wittiest productions of this scoffing author, the comic effects in a great measure lie in the audacious translation of the grave scriptural style into the homely vernacular. A contrary effect, and equally amusing, is produced by relating commonplace things in a learned or antiquated style, as Shenstone has done in *The Schoolmistress*.

In critical writings the use of foreign terms and of words derived from the classic languages is not a blemish, unless the habit is carried to the extreme. Music, for example, has a nomenclature of its own, mainly of Italian origin, and it would be impossible to express a discriminating judgment upon a composition, or upon its performance, without using many Italian and some French terms. It must be admitted, however, that the way these terms are employed by half-educated writers reminds us of the satire in *Hudibras* : —

"A Babylonish dialect
Which learnéd pedants much affect ;
It was a party colored dress
Of patched and pyebald languages ;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin."

Writers upon art, likewise, having a similar necessity, are prone to the over use of technical terms, so that their sentences often read very much like a jargon of intentional nonsense.

Poets are allowed a certain license ; but even in poetry there must be a delicate judgment and a wise parsimony as to ornament. The fatal necessities of rhyme and of metre often drive the unskilled into using words wrested from their proper significance, and placed in unfitting company. This must be taken with a large allowance,

however. Genius perceives and shows us new meanings in words, and, by combinations that seem daring and lawless to prosaic minds, gives the sudden flash that we recognize as poetic. But what music is to the deaf, and art to the blind, that is the subtle, intangible, and undefinable quality which we call poetry to minds wanting in the imaginative faculty. In a notice of "The Cathedral," published in a leading review, the writer had gone through the poem guided by the instinct of a dull soul, and having rooted out every poetic blossom, held them up to ridicule as combinations for which there was no precedent, and therefore against the canons of good taste. Such a writer would have in Shakespeare a fine garden to rummage and trample down. Not one of his blooms would be left. One fancies the critic pooh-poohing at the song in Cymbeline. "Hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings." "How *can* a lark sing at heaven's gate?" he asks. "Springs that lie on chalice flowers!" "What does he mean? A horse-trough with dandelions around it, perhaps." There is not a page of Shakespeare, nor of any other imaginative poet, that would not furnish such illustrations; and the lesson taught is obvious: that a knowledge of plain good English, though useful and praiseworthy, does not necessarily qualify one to write upon subjects of which he has not a critical knowledge; and that a plodding mind, destitute of an appreciative sympathy that corresponds to the creative power of the poet, should feel himself debarred from sitting in judgment upon works that he cannot comprehend.

From what has been seen of the elements of our language it will be inferred when simple facts are to be mentioned we shall naturally use Saxon words; but any generalization of those facts will require the use of words from the Latin and Greek. Thus *run*, *jump*, *walk*, *leap*, *fly* are Saxon, but *motion*, the generic term, is Latin. So the Latin *animal* is the general name for *horse*, *cow*, *ox*, and *sheep*, which are Saxon. In the researches of science, whether in physical or in mental phenomena, we are compelled to the use of Latin and Greek words for the exact definitions on which the certainty of knowledge depends. The ideas conveyed in geometrical

science cannot be clothed in Saxon words. The notions that we receive from such words as *intuitive*, *evolution*, *correlation*, *symmetry*, *objective*, *imagination*, *ideality*, are inseparable from their written symbols, and there is no evidence that we can think of them in simpler terms. While, therefore, we delight in the unconscious simplicity of Bunyan and De Foe, we gladly give unlimited liberty of expression to the genius of Shakespeare; we enjoy the learning that breathes like antique perfumes in Milton's verse; we willingly follow the long roll of Burke's majestic sentences; we view with keen pleasure the pictured landscapes of Ruskin, and we study with patience the vocabulary which each metaphysician, naturalist, and philosopher has formed as the necessary vehicle of his thought. There is, then, no absolute standard of style, except that of adaptation to the end in view.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY SUMMARY.

The selections in the present volume begin with Chaucer. The language and literature of the Anglo-Saxons are virtually foreign to us; the writers before the year 1400 are only interesting to antiquarians, and their works do not come within the scope of a work so elementary as this. But even Chaucer had not a homogeneous public to address. The middle and lower classes of Saxon descent could not read at all, and would not understand the foreign words which the poet so freely uses. The higher classes had partly learned the language of the common people, and doubtless enjoyed the *Canterbury Tales* with a keen relish; but to the multitude they must have appeared as affected and unintelligible as a society novel spiced with plentiful French would be to the same class now.

During the period from Chaucer to Spenser many changes took place, although no famous writers flourished. The alliterative style that had so long prevailed was discarded. The old termination of the verb in the imperative mode, *eth*, was in some way lost. As an instance of its use the reader will please notice this quatrain of the time of sea-compelling Knut (usually spelled Canute), who died in 1035:—

"Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely,
 Tha Cnut Ching reu there by,
Roweth, cnihtes, nær the land
 And here we thes muneches sæng." ¹

How this old form disappeared it is impossible to say. With it went many old Saxon words and the French accent.

To Wycliffe, the translator of the Scriptures, we owe the early formation of our English prose. Since his day the spelling has been greatly altered, but the framework of his sentences remains. A few verses of the *Magnificat*, according to his version, are appended:—

"And Marye seyde: my soul magnifieth the Lord.

"And my spiryth hath gladdid in God myn helth.

"For he hath behulden the mekenesse of his handmayden; for lo this alle generatiouns schulen seye that I am blessed.

"For he that is mighti hath done to me grete thingis, and his name is holy.

"And his mercy is fro kyndrede to kyndredis to men that dreden him."

Sir Thomas More is a prominent figure in English history, and a writer of some force. His chief work, the *Utopia*, is a labored production; but it is principally remembered from its having supplied us with an adjective, *utopian*.

Two poets of this period are still popular: Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt. If they had written upon other themes with the skill they have expended upon the frivolous conceits of lovers, some of their verses would have been printed in the body of this book. Surrey's poem written while a prisoner at Windsor is admirable. But the affectations of writers of his age, when treating upon the subject of love, are insufferable.

William Dunbar, in the same century, is declared by Sir Walter Scott to be unrivalled by any poet that Scotland has produced; but with our impressions of Burns and of Sir Walter himself, the judgment seems hasty. Hugh Latimer (burned at the stake in 1555) was a powerful writer, full of a grave wit as well as steadfast purpose.

¹ Merrily sung the monks within Ely
 When Canute, king, rowed thereby;
 Row, knights, near the land,
 And hear we these monks' song.

His story of the "Goodwin Sands and Tenterden Steeple" is unsurpassed in humor.

William Tyndale, the second translator of the Bible, deserves mention as an early authority in the correct use of English. He was strangled and burned near Antwerp by order of Henry VIII. His version of the Lord's Prayer is as follows:—

"Oure Father which arte in heven, halowed be thy name. Thy wyll be fulfilled, as well in erth as yt is in heven. Geve vs this daye our dayly breade. And forgeve vs oure trespasses, even as we forgeve them which treaspas vs. Leede vs not into temptacion, but delyvre vs from yvill. Amen."

The Acts and Monuments of the Church, popularly known as Fox's Book of Martyrs, exercised a powerful influence in forming a fluent and idiomatic style of narration.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the author of "A Mirror for Magistrates," is said by Hallam to furnish the connecting link between Chaucer and Spenser. Arthur Brooke, the author of the "Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet," upon which Shakespeare founded his famous play, and George Gascoigne, author of "The Steele Glas," the first English satire, belong to this period. The affectations of the age culminated in the *Euphuës* of John Lyly, from whose influence not even Spenser appears to have been wholly free.

The natural periods or turning-points of our literary history have been too irregular to coincide with the centuries; and there would seem, to Americans at least, to be no propriety in classifying authors, like acts of parliament, by the reigns of more or less unlettered kings. It has been thought expedient, therefore, to divide the list in what seems a natural way. Commencing with Chaucer, the student will find the principal authors that flourished until the birth of Spenser. From this second great poet the period extends to Milton, embracing all the great dramatists and those masculine poets that are mentioned hereafter. The third period extends from Milton to Pope; the fourth from Pope to Wordsworth; the fifth from Wordsworth to Tennyson (1810). The sixth embraces contemporary authors.

It will be understood that these tables do not include the authors from whose works specimens have been taken for this Hand-Book.

I. FROM ABOUT THE TIME OF CHAUCER TO SPENSER.

Sir John Mandeville.	Traveller.	1300-1372
John Barbour.	Poet.	1316-1395
John Wycliffe.	Translator of the Bible.	1324-1384
John Gower.	Poet.	1325-1408
John Lydgate.	Ecclasiastic and Teacher.	1375-1461
James I. of Scotland.	Poet.	1394-1437
William Caxton.	Printer.	1412-1491
William Dunbar.	Poet.	1460-1520
John Skelton.	Poet.	1460-1529
Hugh Latimer.	Bishop.	1473-1555
Lord John Berners.	Translator of Froissart.	1474-1532
William Tyndale.	Translator of the Bible.	1477-1536
Alexander Barclay.	Author of the "Ship of Fools."	1488-1552
Sir Thomas Wyatt.	Poet.	1503-1541
John Knox.	Historian of Scottish Reformation.	1505-1572
Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.	Poet.	1517-1546
John Fox.	Clergyman and Historian.	1517-1587
Thomas Wilson.	Critic and Rhetorician.	1523-1581
John Stow.	Chronicler.	1525-1605
Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.	Poet and Dramatist.	1536-1608
William Camden.	Historian and Annalist.	1551-1623
John Lyly.	Poet and Dramatist.	1553-1600

The period from Spenser to Milton was more prolific in works of imagination than any in English history. Not to dwell with too much emphasis upon Shakespeare, this period gave birth to nearly all our classic dramas, to our weightiest sermons and essays, and to much of our noblest poetry. During this period our language probably attained its highest development, certainly as a vehicle for poetry. The authors whom we term "Elizabethan" seemed to use words with a certain vital meaning. Their images and epithets remind us of the boughs of that tree which when broken off by Dante trickled blood. Their verses are strong and sinewy, — not without grace, but with the unconscious grace of manly dignity. No successful imitations could be made either of the pregnant sentences of Bacon, the learned profusion of Jeremy Taylor, or of the pungent lines of any of the great galaxy of dramatists. And

with all our gains from modern science, it is doubtful whether the language has not lost as much in power and picturesqueness as it has gained in refinement and in its multiplied synonyms.

A glance over the following table will bring to mind many immortal names. There is room to mention but a few. Sir Philip Sidney, a soldier of renown and a writer of mark both in prose and verse; — James Shirley, remembered, if for nothing else, by the couplet, —

“Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust ;” —

Sir John Davies, a poet whose imaginative power is shown in this oft-quoted fragment, from “The Orchestra,” a poem upon Dancing, —

“For lo, the sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand;
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast;
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere
So danceth he about the centre here ;” —

Thomas Hobbes, of whom Mackintosh says, “His style is the very perfection of didactic language ;” and Macaulay says, “His language is more precise and luminous than has ever been employed by any other metaphysical writer ;” — Burton, whose quaint “Anatomy of Melancholy” is an exhaustless mine of ancient learning, and whose introductory poem was the precursor of “Il Penseroso ;” — Chapman, the great translator of Homer ; — Massinger, whose “New Way to Pay Old Debts” still holds the stage ; — Bishop Hall, one of the ablest and most impressive of divines ; — and Sir Thomas Browne, the learned physician and essayist, hardly inferior to any of his brilliant contemporaries.

II. FROM SPENSER TO MILTON.

Richard Hakluyt.	Collection of Voyages.	1553-1616
Sir Philip Sidney.	Author of the Arcadia.	1554-1586
George Chapman.	Translator of Homer.	1557-1634
Robert Southwell.	Poet.	1560-1595
Samuel Daniel.	Poet, Historian, and Dramatist.	1562-1619

Christopher Marlowe.	Dramatist.	1563-1593
Michael Drayton.	Poet.	1563-1631
Sir John Davies.	Poet.	1570-1626
Sir Robert Ayton.	Poet.	1570-1638
Samuel Purchas.	Collection of Travels.	1571-1628
Dr. John Donne.	Poet.	1573-1631
Thomas Middleton.	Dramatist and Poet.	*1574-1626
Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich.	Sermons, &c.	1574-1656
John Marston.	Dramatist.	*1575-1634
George Sandys.	Translator of Ovid, &c.	1577-1644
Robert Burton.	Essayist.	1578-1640
Giles Fletcher.	Poet.	1580-1623
Lord Herbert of Cherbury.	Historian, &c.	1581-1648
James Usher, Abp.	Annals and Chron. of Hist.	1581-1656
John Webster.	Dramatist.	*1582-1622
Philip Massinger.	Dramatist.	1584-1640
John Selden.	Historian and author of "Table Talk."	1584-1654
John Hales.	Divine.	1584-1656
Francis Beaumont.	Dramatist.	1585-1616
Phineas Fletcher.	Poet.	1585-1650
William Drummond.	Poet.	1585-1649
John Ford.	Dramatist.	1586-1639
George Wither.	Poet.	1588-1667
Thomas Hobbes.	Metaphysical Philosopher.	1588-1679
William Browne.	Poet.	1590-1645
Francis Quarles.	Poet.	1592-1644
Izaak Walton.	Biographer, &c.	1593-1683
James Shirley.	Poet.	1596-1666
James Howell.	Letters.	1596-1666
Peter Heylin.	Essayist, &c.	1600-1662
William Chillingworth.	Theologian.	1602-1644
Thomas Randolph.	Poet.	1605-1634
John Gauden.	Author of "Eikon Basilike."	1605-1662
Sir William Davenant.	Poet and Dramatist.	1605-1668
Sir Richard Fanshawe.	Poet.	1607-1666

III. FROM MILTON TO POPE.

From Milton to Pope, although the period contains many of the greatest names in our literature, is certainly a descent. If prose improved, poetry as surely declined. The political history of the time will throw some light on the state of letters. The unblushing wickedness of the court of Charles I. was the cause of the rise of Puritanism; and this, for a time, added decency to the other qualities of the British muse. But with the Restoration a reaction came, and the license under the first Charles was modesty itself in comparison with the prevailing grossness under the second. There was but

* Dates uncertain.

little improvement in purity until after the Revolution of 1688. We look, therefore, in this period, to the more cultivated of the Puritans, and to the better portion of the clergy, for literature of a good moral tone. The royalist authors might display as much learning, fancy, and grace, and a more cheerful temper, but their dramatists and poets delighted in evil suggestions and in scoffs at virtue, and the eloquence of their preachers was mainly devoted to violent attacks upon precisians and nonconformists, and as violent upholding of royal and priestly tyranny.

A few names are selected from the list.

Sir John Suckling is principally remembered for his poem "The Wedding," from which the following stanza is frequently quoted:—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But O, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."

Richard Crashaw, in a Latin poem upon Christ's turning water into wine, used the figure, —

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

To this period belong the Diaries of Evelyn and of Pepys, in which we see, as upon a stage, the characters of two hundred years ago; the vehement exhortations of Baxter, which still hold their place in religious libraries; the noble poetry of Denham, whose description of the Thames and Windsor has charmed generations; the essays of Sir William Temple, "the first writer," says Johnson, "who gave cadence to English prose;" the profound treatises of Locke and of Newton; the witty and wicked plays of Congreve and Wycherley; the hymns of Dr. Watts, and the sombre Night Thoughts of the worldly Dr. Young.

Bishop Berkeley holds his place in the history of philosophy by his theory of the non-existence of matter; but he is better known

to us by his labors in Rhode Island, and by the poem in which occur these familiar lines : —

— “Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day :
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

William Cleland has fixed his name in our annals by a lively poem, of which the burden is, —

“Hallo, my Fancy, whither wilt thou go?”

As this period begins with Milton, it is proper that our last reference should be to John Bunyan, the immortal Dreamer. “There is no book,” says Macaulay, “on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old, unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. . . . Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced *Paradise Lost*, the other the *Pilgrim’s Progress*.”

Sir John Suckling.	Poet.	1609-1641
Henry Vaughan.	Poet.	1614-1695
Sir John Denham.	Poet.	1615-1668
Richard Baxter.	Preacher and Religious Essayist.	1615-1691
Richard Crashaw.	Poet.	1616-1634
Dr. Ralph Cudworth.	Metaphysician.	1617-1688
William Chamberlayne.	Poet.	1619-1689
Walter Charleton.	Philosopher and Essayist.	1619-1707
John Evelyn.	Diarist.	1620-1706
Robert Boyle.	Nat. Philosopher and Rel. Essayist.	1628-1691
John Bunyan.	Author of <i>The Pilgrim’s Progress</i>	1628-1688
Sir William Temple.	Essayist.	1628-1698
George Savile, Marquis of Halifax.	Political Writer.	1630-1695
Charles Cotton.	Poet.	1630-1687
John Tillotson, Abp.	Theologian.	1630-1694
John Locke.	Philosopher.	1632-1704
Samuel Pepys.	Diarist.	1632-1703
Dr. Robert South.	Theologian.	1633-1716
Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon.	Poet.	1634-1685
Edward Stillingfleet, Bp.	Theologian.	1635-1699
Lady Rachel Russell.	Author of <i>Letters</i>	1636-1723

Sir Charles Sedley	Poet	1639-1701
William Wycherley	Dramatist	1640-1715
Sir Isaac Newton	Philosopher	1642-1727
John Strype	Antiquarian and Historian	1643-1737
Gilbert Burnet	Historian	1643-1715
John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester	Poet	1647-1680
Thomas Otway	Dramatist	1651-1685
Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun	Political Writer	1653-1716
William Cleland	Poet	1661-1689
Richard Bentley	Classical Scholar	1662-1742
Dr. John Arbuthnot	Satirist	1667-1735
William Congreve	Dramatist	1669-1729
Bernard Mandeville	Satirical Essayist	1670-1733
Anthony A. Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury	Metaphysician	1671-1713
Nicholas Rowe	Dramatist	1673-1718
Dr. Isaac Watts	Author of Hymns	1674-1748
Dr. Samuel Clarke	Metaphysician and Divine	1675-1729
Ambrose Phillips	Poet and Essayist	1675-1749
John Hughes	Essayist	1677-1720
George Farquhar	Dramatist	1678-1708
Thomas Parnell	Poet	1679-1718
Dr. Edward Young	Poet	1681-1765
Dr. George Berkeley, Bp.	Metaphysician	1684-1753
Eustace Budgell	Essayist	1685-1737
Allan Ramsay	Poet	1686-1758
Thomas Tickell	Essayist	1686-1740

IV. FROM POPE TO WORDSWORTH.

This period is in many respects one of the most important in our literary history. In the essays of Addison and Steele, the novels of Fielding and Smollett, and the verse of Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, and Cowper, the language attained to such a degree of refinement that the grace and ease of the *Spectator*, the natural pathos of the *Deserted Village*, and the polish of the *Rape of the Lock*, have become proverbial. To equal these productions in style at our day is like attempting to copy the perfect symmetry of the Parthenon. In the same age we have the sententious wisdom of Johnson, the luminous commentaries of Blackstone, the bold forgeries or the impressive imitations of Gaelic poetry by Macpherson, the magnificent oratory of Burke, Pitt, and Fox, the clever comedies of Colman and Goldsmith,—that would seem brilliant but for the blazing lustre of Sheridan's wit,—the profound studies of Adam Smith, and the gorgeous Oriental dreams of Beckford.

Two poets, now nearly forgotten, deserve mention. John Dyer

seems to have been one of the earliest of what may be termed landscape poets. "Grongar Hill" may fairly challenge comparison with many more famous pictures. His chief poem, "The Fleece," was founded upon a prosaic subject; since Jason's adventure wool has hardly been a theme for serious verse. The other is Dr. John Langhorne, in whose poem, "The Country Justice," occur these lines of pity for a female vagrant:—

"Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain,
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew;
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears."

Sir Walter Scott has mentioned that when a lad of fifteen he saw Burns shedding tears over a picture that represented this scene.

For further illustrations the reader must be referred to the appended list, and to the ampler materials in the body of the collection.

Samuel Richardson.	Novelist.	1689-1771
William Lillo.	Dramatist.	1693-1739
P. D. Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.	Author of Letters to his Son.	1674-1773
Henry Home, Lord Kames.	Rhetorician.	1696-1782
William Oldys.	Antiquarian.	1696-1761
John Dyer.	Poet.	1698-1758
William Warburton, Bp.	Theologian.	1698-1779
Robert Blair.	Poet.	1699-1746
Dr. Philip Doddridge.	Commentator and Divine.	1702-1751
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.	Orator.	1708-1778
Thomas Reid.	Metaphysician.	1710-1796
William Shenstone.	Poet.	1714-1763
Dr. Hugh Blair.	Rhetorician.	1718-1800
James Merrick.	Poet.	1720-1766
Tobias George Smollett.	Novelist.	1721-1771
Mark Akenside.	Poet.	1721-1770
Samuel Foote.	Dramatist.	1721-1777
Joseph Warton.	Poet and Critic.	1722-1800
John Home.	Dramatist.	1722-1808
Dr. Adam Smith.	Political Economist.	1723-1790
Sir William Blackstone.	Historian of Law.	1723-1780
Thomas Warton.	Historian of English Poetry.	1728-1799
Dr. Thomas Percy.	Poet and Collector of Ballads.	1728-1811
Dr. Erasmus Darwin.	Poet.	1731-1802
William Falconer.	Poet.	1732-1769
Dr. Joseph Priestley.	Divine and Natural Philosopher.	1733-1804

William J. Mickle.	Poet.	1734-1788
Dr John Langhorne.	Poet.	1735-1779
John Horne Tooke.	Philologist.	1736-1812
Dr. Richard Watson.	Divine.	1737-1816
James Macpherson.	Author or Translator of <i>Ossian</i>	1733-1796
Dr. John Wolcot, "Peter Pindar."	Satirical Poet.	1738-1819
Sir John Herschel.	Astronomer.	1738-1822
Mrs. Hester L. Thrale.	Author of <i>Biog. Notes of Johnson, &c.</i>	1740-1822
James Boswell.	Biographer.	1740-1795
Anna Letitia Barbauld.	Poetess.	1743-1825
Dr. William Paley.	Theologian, &c.	1744-1805
William Mitford.	Historian.	1744-1827
Thomas Holcroft.	Dramatist.	1745-1809
Henry Mackenzie.	Novelist.	1745-1831
Hannah More.	Author of <i>Religious Tales, &c.</i>	1745-1833
Sir William Jones.	Oriental Scholar.	1746-1794
Michael Bruce.	Poet.	1746-1767
William Coxe.	Historian.	1747-1828
Jeremy Bentham.	Political Economist.	1748-1832
Charles James Fox.	Orator.	1749-1806
Sophia Lee.	Novelist.	1750-1824
Richard Brinsley Sheridan.	Orator and Dramatist.	1751-1816
Thomas Chatterton.	Poet.	1752-1770
Frances Burney, Mme D'Arblay.	Novelist.	1752-1840
Dr. Dugald Stewart.	Metaphysician.	1753-1828
William Roscoe.	Historian of Florence, &c.	1753-1831
Rev. George Crabbe.	Poet.	1754-1832
William Godwin.	Novelist and Political Essayist.	1756-1836
William Beckford.	Author of <i>Vathek</i>	1759-1844
William Wilberforce.	Philanthropist.	1759-1833
Dr. Adam Clarke.	Divine and Commentator.	1760-1832
John Mayne.	Poet.	1761-1836
George Colman.	Dramatist.	1762-1836
Rev. William Lisle Bowles.	Poet.	1762-1850
William Cobbett.	Political Writer.	1762-1835
Sir Edgerton Brydges.	Editor of <i>Milton, &c.</i>	1762-1837
Joanna Baillie.	Dramatist.	1762-1851
Samuel Rogers.	Poet.	1763-1855
Mrs. Anne Ward Radcliffe.	Romancer.	1764-1823
Maria Edgeworth.	Novelist.	1765-1847
Sir James Mackintosh.	Historian.	1765-1832
Rev. James Grahame.	Poet.	1765-1811
Harriet Lee.	Novelist.	1766-1851
Carolina Oliphant, Lady Nairn.	Song Writer.	1766-1845
Robert Bloomfield.	Poet.	1766-1823
Rev. Thos. Robert Malthus.	Political Economist.	1766-1836
Isaac Disraeli.	Collector of <i>Literary Miscellany</i>	1766-1848
Sharon Turner.	Historian.	1768-1847
"Junius," Letters of, ...	Appeared in	1769 <i>et seq.</i>
Amelia Opie.	Author of <i>Moral Tales, &c.</i>	1769-1853
Robert Pultocke.	Author of "Peter Wilkins."	No dates.

V. FROM WORDSWORTH TO TENNYSON.

As we approach nearer to our own day, the number of authors demanding our attention seems to increase. It is no longer a rare accomplishment to write with a certain degree of correctness and elegance. The subjects in which the reading world takes an interest have multiplied, until now every art and science has its own literature and school of criticism. No one can now say with Lord Bacon, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province;" the literary world, like a scientific convention, is divided into "sections," and happy is he who is familiar with any considerable part of the field of modern thought. Compare the London of Addison's time with the London of to-day. The Spectator's daily essay was almost the only intellectual entertainment for all educated people; a glance into the monthly summary of books and other publications in Mr. Murray's "Academy" will show how vast and varied is that entertainment now. And this leads us to remark that mere style is no longer the only criterion in determining the rank to be given a work considered as a part of our literature. The most perfect description of an engine or of a chemical process would be excluded by the nature of the subject, unless it were written by a poet or by a man of great imaginative power, and so lifted out of the class of merely technical treatises. The same would be true of any special essay upon a theological or philosophical topic. So, without using the term "literature" as precisely equivalent to *belles-lettres*, we must recognize in it a limitation to moral and beautiful ideas and suggestions — a limitation not capable of definite boundaries, but easily felt by all persons of taste. This thought will serve to explain the omission of such learned and powerful writers as Sir William Hamilton, John Locke, Herbert Spencer, Mill, and Darwin.

There is room for a few comments only upon the authors in the following list.

In fiction we should mention the brilliant Eastern romance, "Anastasius," by Thomas Hope, and the equally interesting stories of Persian life by James Morier. Probably a more accurate knowledge

of Persian character and manners can be gained from "Hadji Baba" than from any other accessible source. The novels of Miss Jane Austen had a great and deserved popularity; and though younger readers consider them a trifle dull, they are still read with delight by those persons of maturer years who are not infected by the prevailing *hurry* of our times. The establishment of the leading reviews was a great event, and did much to put criticism upon a higher base, and to give form and weight to the best thought upon current literary topics. A few poets deserve honorable mention. The graceful and tender verses of Mrs. Hemans; the stirring ballads of Lockhart; the natural feeling of Motherwell; the rollicking songs of Maginn, first and greatest of "Bohemians;" the funeral drum-beat of Wolfe, immortal from his one poem; and the striking picture of the desert by Pringle, —

"With the silent Bush-boy alone by his side," —

all have strong claims upon us, and would be considered as worthy of a place with the best, if a single volume could contain them all. We can point, too, to Grote, the historian of Greece; to Hugh Miller, most enthusiastic and individual of geologists; to the learned and able philologist, Dean Trench; to the historical studies of Dr. Arnold, the great master of Rugby; to the powerful sermons of Dr. Chalmers, the metaphysics of Hamilton, the wit of Jerrold, and the drolleries of à Becket.

John Tobin.	Dramatist.	1770-1804
James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd."	Poet.	1770-1835
Mrs. Amelia Opie.	Novelist.	1770-1853
George Canning.	Poet.	1770-1823
Rev. John Foster.	Essayist.	1770-1843
Thomas Hope.	Author of "Anastasius."	1772-1831
David Ricardo.	Political Economist.	1772-1823
Rev. H. F. Cary.	Translator of Dante.	1772-1844
Mrs. Mary Tighe.	Poetess.	1773-1810
James Mill.	Logician and Political Economist.	1773-1836
Robert Tannahill.	Poet.	1774-1810
John Leyden.	Poet.	1775-1811
Jane Austen.	Novelist.	1775-1817
Matthew G. Lewis.	Dramatist.	1775-1818
Sir Alexander Boswell.	Song Writer.	1775-1822
Jane Porter.	Novelist.	1776-1850

Sir Humphry Davy.	Natural Philosopher.	1778-1849
Dr. Thomas Brown.	Metaphysician.	1778-1820
Mrs. Frances Trollope.	Novelist and Traveller.	1778-1863
Henry Hallam.	Historian.	1778-1851
Rev. Thomas Moss.	Poet.	-1808
Rev. George Croly.	Dramatist.	1780-1860
Anna Maria Porter.	Novelist.	1780-1832
James Morier.	Stories of Persian Life.	1780-1849
John Wilson Croker.	Critic.	1780-1837
Bénézet Elliott.	Poet.	1781-1849
Sir David Brewster.	Scientific Writer.	1781-1868
Dr. Reginald Heber.	Poet.	1783-1826
Allan Cunningham.	Poet.	1784-1842
James Sheridan Knowles.	Dramatist.	1784-
Henry K. White.	Poet.	1785-1806
Sir W. F. P. Napier.	Historian of Peninsular War.	1785-1860
Dr. Richard Whately, Abp.	Logician and Divine.	1787-1863
Caroline Anne (Bowles) Southey.	Poetess.	1787-1854
Thomas Pringle.	Poet.	1788-1834
Sir William Hamilton.	Metaphysician.	1788-1836
Theodore E. Hook.	Novelist and Humorous Poet.	1788-1842
Rev. H. Barham.	Author of Comic Tales in Verse.	1788-1845
George Combe.	Physiologist and Philosopher.	1788-1858
Sir Francis Palgrave.	Historian.	1788-1860
Mary Russell Mitford.	Novelist.	1789-1855
Isaac Taylor.	Religious Essayist.	1789-1865
Bryan Walter Procter.	Poet.	1790-
Earl Russell.	Historian, &c.	1791-
Rev. Charles Wolfe.	Poet.	1791-1821
Rev. Henry H. Milman.	Historian.	1791-1868
Sir Roderick Murchison.	Geologist.	1792-
Sir John Bowring.	Translator of Poetry.	1792-
Captain Fred. Marryatt.	Novelist.	1792-1848
Sir Archibald Alison.	Historian.	1792-1862
Rev. John Keble.	Poet.	1792-1866
Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans.	Poetess.	1793-1835
George Grote.	Historian.	1794-
William Maginn.	Magazinish.	1794-1842
Dr. Thomas Arnold.	Teacher and Historian.	1794-1842
John G. Lockhart.	Poet and Biographer.	1794-1854
William Howitt.	Poet and Essayist.	1795-
Dr. William Whewell.	Divine and Philosopher.	1795-1866
Thomas Noon Talfourd.	Dramatist.	1795-1854
Mrs. Mary Somerville.	Scientific Writer.	1796-
Hartley Coleridge.	Poet and Essayist.	1796-1849
Sir Charles Lyell.	Geologist.	1797-
William Motherwell.	Poet.	1797-1835
Thomas Haynes Bayly.	Poet.	1797-1839
Mary Wolstonecraft Shelley.	Novelist.	1797-1851
Samuel Lover.	Song Writer.	1797-1868
David Macbeth Moir.	Poet.	1798-1851
Sir Henry Taylor.	Poet.	1798-
William Carleton.	Novelist.	1798-1865

Robert Pollok	Author of the Course of Time.	1799-1827
Mary Howitt	Poetess and Essayist.	1800-
Dr. Edward B. Pusey.	Theologian.	1800-
George P. R. James.	Novelist.	1800-1860
Rev. John Henry Newman.	Theologian.	1801-
Letitia Elizabeth Landon.	Poetess.	1802-1838
Winthrop Mackworth Praed.	Poet.	180 -
Robert Chambers.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1802-1871
Charles Swain.	Poet.	1803-
Gerald Griffin.	Novelist.	1803-1840
Douglass Jerrold.	Dramatist and Comic Essayist.	1803-1857
Mrs. Anna Maria Hall.	Author of Novels and Sketches.	1804-
Earl Stanhope, Lord Mahon.	Historian.	1805-
Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford.	Theologian and Politician.	1805-
Rev. John Frederick Denison Maurice.	Clergyman.	1805-
John Stuart Mill.	Metaphysician and Political Economist.	1806-
Dr. Richard Chenevix Trench.	Philologist and Divine.	1807-
Samuel Warren.	Novelist.	1808-
Caroline E. S. (Sheridan) Norton.	Poetess.	1808-
Rev. Robert Montgomery.	Poet.	1808-1855
Charles Merivale.	Historian.	1808-
Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke.	Author of Concordance of Shakespeare.	1809-
Charles James Lever.	Novelist.	1809-
Mark Lemon, Editor of Punch.	Author of Dramas and Sketches.	1809-1870
Rich. Moncton Milnes, Lord Houghton.	Poet.	1809-
Agnes Strickland.	Historian.	-
Charles Darwin.	Philosopher.	-

Edinburgh Encyclopædia, begun 1803, finished 1830.

Encyclopædia Britannica, begun 1810, finished 1824, new edition 1860.

Edinburgh Review, founded 1802.

Quarterly Review, founded 1809.

Blackwood's Magazine, founded 1817.

Westminster Review, founded 1824.

VI. CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS (SINCE 1810).

The period has now been reached at which the wise critic will hesitate about giving any very positive judgments. As we look far backward, the great lights of our literature shine like stars. Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, are as fixed in our firmament as Sirius, Arcturus, Lyra, and *Spica Virginis* are in the blue above us. As to later names, the debate still goes on, and the next age may make a new order of succession; and when we come nearer, such are the honest differences of opinion, growing out of varying

religious culture, and varying mental training, it is no wonder that there are nearly as many *Valhallas* for literary heroes as there are separate sects and schools of thought. When we remember how few geniuses have been appreciated while living, we shall be cautious as to our estimates of contemporaries. We do not know what form of faith, what school of thought, what theory of criticism, is to rule the world. To recognize the divine gift in any of the mortals with whom we daily mingle, and whose errors and foibles are as evident as their talents, requires the eye of prophecy. The suitors of Pórtia had an easier task set before them, for the enigmatical inscriptions upon the caskets gave some clew for a ready wit to seize upon.

There has been no attempt at making these last lists full and complete. The number of living writers is very great, and their relative rank is wholly problematical. It is only hoped that this is a reasonably fair summary. Among writers of fiction will be noticed Wilkie Collins, eminent for his skilfully constructed plots, — Charles Reade, whose power is unquestioned, and Sala, cleverest of imitators, and with a good style of his own also. Dr. Brown, the genial essayist and charming story-teller, has written only enough to make us regret that an absorbing profession had left him so little leisure for authorship. Some views of the philosophy of history are ably presented by Creasy in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." Lewes challenges the attention of all cultivated readers by his life of the illustrious Goethe and his History of Philosophy. Helps has furnished many topics for discussion to "friends in council." Buckle has taken the vast accumulations of history, and having "sorted" the classes of facts, has given to the world a doctrine of averages, showing a constant law in apparent disorder. But the largest and most valuable contributions to our literature in the widest sense have come from the travellers, natural philosophers, and scientific explorers, who now command the most eager attention from all educated men, and are exerting an influence upon thought, as well as upon the whole tone of literature and language, of which we have but a faint conception.

While these powerful causes are at work within, events are ex-

tending the sphere of the language without. The colonizing genius of our race has planted civilization on all the prominent points in the highway around the globe, so that the people once known as barbarians, dwelling upon an insignificant island, are probably destined to diffuse their speech as widely as their political and commercial influence, and to return to the East, the old cradle of races, the augmented light of a more universal learning and nobler moral truth.

Eliot Warburton.	Traveller.	1810-1852
Gilbert Abbot & Becket. Author of Comic History of Rome, &c., in "Punch."		1810-1856
Dr. John Brown.	Author of Tales and Essays.	1810-
Mrs. Elizabeth C. Gaskell.	Novelist.	1810-1865
Charles Mackay.	Poet.	1812-
Sir Edward S. Creasy, ...	Historical Writer.	1812-
John Forster.	Biographical and Historical Writer.	1812-
Rev. John William Colenso, Bp.	Theological Writer.	1813-
William Edmonstoune Aytoun.	Poet.	1813-1862
Charles Reade.	Novelist.	1814-
Anthony Trollope.	Novelist.	1815-
Philip James Bailey.	Poet.	1816-
Theodore Martin.	Comic Poet.	1816-
Charles Shirley Brooks, ...	Novelist.	1816-
George H. Lewes.	Author of Life of Goethe, &c.	1817-
Rev. Arthur P. Stanley.	Divine and Philologist.	1817-1870
Austen Henry Layard.	Traveller, &c.	1817-
Arthur Helps.	Essayist and Historian.	1817-
Tom Taylor.	Dramatist.	1817-
Eliza Cook.	Poetess.	1818-
Herbert Spencer.	Philosopher.	1820-
William Hepworth Dixon.	Author of Travels and Hist. Studies.	1821-
Henry Thomas Buckle.	Historian of Civilization.	1822-1862
David Masson.	Essayist, &c.	1822-
Matthew Arnold.	Poet and Com. of Education.	1822-
Coventry Patmore.	Poet of domestic life.	1823-
Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge.	Novelist.	1823-
Miss Adelaide Anne Procter.	Poetess.	1824-1864
Sydney Dobell.	Poet.	1824-
Wilkie Collins.	Novelist.	1825-
Thomas Henry Huxley.	Geologist, &c.	1825-
George Macdonald.	Novelist.	1826-
George Augustus Sala.	Novelist, &c.	1827-
Gerald Massey.	Poet.	1828-
William Allingham.	Poet.	1828-
Alexander Smith.	Poet.	1830-
Bulwer Lytton ("Owen Meredith"), ...	Poet.	1831-

HINTS ON THE ORDER OF READING.

The course prepared for the Latin School embraced extracts from American as well as British authors ; but after the work of compilation was begun, it was found to be impracticable to condense the whole into one book, and accordingly it was determined to leave the specimens of American literature for a second volume. Omitting (for this purpose) the American authors, the order suggested was as follows : —

SCOTT — The Lady of the Lake, and prose extracts. GOLDSMITH — The Deserted Village and The Vicar of Wakefield. CAMPBELL. DICKENS — A Christmas Carol, as abridged. WORDSWORTH — We are Seven. COWPER — John Gilpin. TENNYSON — Charge of the Light Brigade. LEIGH HUNT. ANCIENT BALLADS. STERNE. BEATTIE. TENNYSON — The Miller's Daughter. MORRIS — The Man born to be King. HAZLITT. GRAY. ADDISON. MOORE. BURNS. HOOD. SHELLEY. MILTON — L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. POPE — Rape of the Lock. THOMSON. COLLINS. COLERIDGE. KEATS. WORDSWORTH — Intimations of Immortality. TYNDALL. MILTON — Lycidas and Comus. POPE — Essay on Man. DRYDEN. SPENSER. THACKERAY. LAMB. TENNYSON — The Passing of Arthur. RUSKIN. SHAKESPEARE — Julius Cæsar and As You Like It. MACAULAY — prose and verse. BURKE. MARVELL. HERBERT. BYRON. CARLYLE. ROBERT HALL. BEN JONSON. BACON. SHAKESPEARE — The Tempest, Macbeth.

The list does not comprise all the authors in the volume ; but it is given for what it is worth to the consideration of instructors.

HAND-BOOK

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Geoffrey Chaucer, who has been fitly styled "the morning star of English poetry," flourished in the reign of Edward III., and died A. D. 1400. The date of his birth is unknown, but it is supposed to have been about the year 1328. He had some public employments, and a pension from the crown; but the royal instructions, on one occasion, certainly, indicate that the practical monarch had no special appreciation of the poet's genius. "The Canterbury Tales," his principal work, is a connected series of stories told by a number of pilgrims on their way to the shrine of à Becket. The characters are vividly and minutely drawn, so that, if history were silent, the dress and customs of the age, and even the general condition of the kingdom, could be reproduced from this poem alone. Chaucer has never been equalled in flowing, animated, and picturesque narrative; and though his capricious versification and his use of a French accent and of words now obsolete are enough to repel most readers, still no student ever regretted the labor it cost to understand this great poet. A week's study will make his pages luminous.

[From the Prologue to Canterbury Tales.]

WHAN that Aprillé with his shourés soote¹
The drought of March hath percéd to the roote,
And bathéd euery veine in swich² licour',
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan zephirus eke with his sweté brethe
Inspiréd hath in every holt³ and hethe
The tendre croppés, and the yongé sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfé cours yronne,⁴
And smalé foulés maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature' in hir coráges;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimáges,
And palmeres for to seken straungé strondes,
To ferné⁵ halwes⁶ couthe⁷ in sondry londes;

¹ Soft.

² Such.

³ Grove.

⁴ Run.

⁵ Ancient.

⁶ Hallowed persons, saints.

⁷ Known.

And specially from euery shirés ende
 Of Englelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
 The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
 That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

DESCRIPTION OF "THE NONNE."

THER was also a Nonne, a Prioress,
 That of hir smyling was full simple and coy;
 Hire gretest othe n'as but by Sainte Loy;
 And she was clepéd¹ Madame Eglentyne.
 Ful wel she songe the seruise² diuine,
 Entunéd in hire nose ful semely;
 And french she spake ful fayre and fetisly,³
 After the scole of Stratford atté Bowe,
 For french of Parys was to hire vnknewe.
 At meté wel ytaught was she with alle;
 She leet no morsel from hir lippés falle,
 Ne wette hire fyngres in hir saucé depe.
 Wel couthe she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 That no dropé ne fell upon hire brest.
 In curtesye was sette ful moche hire lest,⁴
 Hire ouer-lippé wipéd she so clene,
 That in hire cuppé was no ferthing⁵ sene
 Of grecé, whan she dronken hadde hire draught
 Ful semely after hire mete she raught,⁶
 And sikerly⁷ she was of grete disport,
 And ful plesant', and amyable of port,
 And peyned⁸ hire to counterfete⁹ chere
 Of court, and ben estatlich of manere',
 And to ben holden digne⁹ of reuerence.
 But for to speken of hire conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous',
 She woldé wepe if that she saw a mous
 Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
 Of smalé houndés hadde she, that she fedde
 With rosted flessch, or milk, and wastel brede.

¹ Called. ² Neatly. ³ Her pleasure. ⁴ Smallest spot. ⁵ None.
⁶ Surely. ⁷ Took pains. ⁸ To imitate. ⁹ Worthy.

But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerd¹ smerte :²
And al was conscience and tendre herte.

Ful semely hire wimple pynchéd was ;
Hire nose tretis³ ; hire eyen grey as glas ;
Hire mouth ful smale, and thereto softe and red ;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed'
It was almost a spanné brode I trowe ;
For hardily she was not vndergrowe.⁴

Ful fetys⁵ was hire cloke, as I was war.
Of smale corall' aboute hire arm she bar
A pair of bedés, gauded al with grene ;
And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On which was first writen a crounéd A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.
Another nonne with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelleine, and preestes thre.

[From the Nonnes Preestes Tale.]

A YERD she had, enclosed all about
With stickés, and a drié diche without,
In which she had a cok highte⁶ chaunteclere,
In all the land of crowing n'as⁷ his pere.
His vois was merier than the mery organ,
On massé daies that in the chirches gon,
Well sikerer⁸ was his crowing in his lodge,
Than is a klok, or any abbey orloge'.

His combe was redder than the fin corall',
Enbattled, as it were a castel wall ;
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone ;
Like azure were his legges and his tone⁹ ;
His nailés whiter than the lily flour,
And like the burnéd gold was his colour'.

¹ Rod.² Smartly.³ Straight.⁴ Of low stature.⁵ Neat.⁶ Called.⁷ There was not.⁸ More distinct.⁹ Toes.

ROGER ASCHAM.

Roger Ascham, an eminent scholar, the preceptor of Lady Jane Gray, of Queen Elizabeth, and of other eminent persons, was born in 1515, and died 1568. He did not favor the use of voluminous grammars, since the "Latin Accidence," prepared for his illustrious pupils, contained less than thirty pages. He wrote "Toxophilus," a treatise upon archery, in which the necessity of exercise and recreation to the scholar is discussed. His chief work is entitled the "Schole-master," a treatise on the study of languages. After the lapse of more than three centuries his views are mainly in accordance with those of the best scholars of our day.

[The benefit of a sound body for a sound mind.]

THIS perverse judgment of men hindereth nothing so much as learning, because commonly those that be unfittest for learning, be chiefly set to learning. As if a man nowadays have two sons, the one impotent, weak, sickly, lisping, stuttering, and stammering, or having any mis-shape in his body; what doth the father of such one commonly say? This boy is fit for nothing else, but to set to learning and make a priest of, as who would say, the outcasts of the world, having neither countenance, tongue, nor wit (for of a perverse body cometh commonly a perverse mind), be good enough to make those men of, which shall be appointed to preach God's holy word, and minister his blessed sacraments, besides other most weighty matters in the commonwealth; put oft times, and worthily, to learned men's discretion and charge; when rather such an office so high in dignity, so goodly in administration, should be committed to no man, which should not have a countenance full of comeliness, to allure good men, a body full of manly authority to fear ill men, a wit apt for all learning, with tongue and voice able to persuade all men. And although few such men as these can be found in a commonwealth, yet surely a goodly disposed man will both in his mind think fit, and with all his study labor to get such men as I speak of, or rather better, if better can be gotten, for such an high administration, which is most properly appointed to God's own matters and businesses.

This perverse judgment of fathers, as concerning the fitness and unfitness of their children, causeth the commonwealth have many unfit ministers: and seeing that ministers be, as a man would say, instruments wherewith the commonwealth doth work all her matters withal, I marvel how it chanceth that a poor shoemaker hath so much wit, that he will prepare no instrument for his science, neither knife nor awl, nor nothing else, which is not very fit for him. The commonwealth can be content to take at a fond father's hand the riff-

raff of the world, to make those instruments of wherewithal she should work the highest matters under heaven. And surely an awl of lead is not so unprofitable in a shoemaker's shop, as an unfit minister made of gross metal is unseemly in the commonwealth. Fathers in old time, among the noble Persians, might not do with their children as they thought good, but as the judgment of the commonwealth always thought best. This fault of fathers bringeth many a blot with it, to the great deformity of the commonwealth: and here surely I can praise gentlewomen, which have always at hand their glasses, to see if anything be amiss, and so will amend it; yet the commonwealth, having the glass of knowledge in every man's hand, doth see such uncomeliness in it, and yet winketh at it. This fault, and many such like, might be soon wiped away, if fathers would bestow their children always on that thing whereunto nature hath ordained them most apt and fit. For if youth be grafted straight and not awry, the whole commonwealth will flourish thereafter. When this is done, then must every man begin to be more ready to amend himself, than to check another, measuring their matters with that wise proverb of Apollo, Know thyself: that is to say, learn to know what thou art able, fit, and apt unto, and follow that.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh, a colonist, adventurer, courtier, and author, fills a large space in the annals of the time of Queen Elizabeth. He was born in 1552, was educated at Oxford, and was beheaded in 1618. While in prison he wrote a "History of the World," a voluminous work, no longer valuable, but far superior to anything that had been written at the time. His poems are marked by energy of thought and considerable felicity of expression; and if his restless temperament had allowed him to devote himself to the quiet pursuit of letters, it is probable that few authors of his age would have earned a more enduring renown. The poem which is here given is not certainly known to be his, but of its authorship there is scarcely any doubt. Five stanzas of the original are here omitted.

THE LIE.

I.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;¹
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

II.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

¹ Errand. Arrant and errant were then common forms of the word.

VI.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
 Tell love it is but lust,
 Tell time it is but motion,
 Tell flesh it is but dust ;
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lie.

VII.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
 Tell honour how it alters,
 Tell beauty how she blasteth,
 Tell favour how it falters.
 And as they shall reply,
 Give every one the lie.

IX.

Tell physic of her boldness,
 Tell skill it is pretension,
 Tell charity of coldness,
 Tell law it is contention.
 And as they do reply,
 So give them still the lie.

X.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
 Tell nature of decay,
 Tell friendship of unkindness,
 Tell justice of delay.
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

XII.

Tell faith it fled the city,
 Tell how the country erreth,
 Tell, manhood shakes off pity,
 Tell, virtue least preferreth.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

XIII.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing:
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing;
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

 EDMUND SPENSER.

Edmund Spenser, one of the four great names among English poets, was born in London in 1553, and died in 1598. His verse is distinguished by an unchecked exuberance of fancy and an exquisite sense of melody. His longest work, "The Faerie Queene," an elaborate panegyric in allegory upon Elizabeth, has many splendid passages, but its prolixity carries the reader on far beyond the reasonable limits of a work of art. An ingenious explanation of the personages in this poem and in "Colin Clout" will be found in *The Atlantic Monthly*, vol. ii. p. 674.

Born at a time when the patronage of the public was insufficient to sustain an author, Spenser had full opportunity, between the parsimony of his royal mistress and the tardiness of her minister, to ponder the wisdom of the proverb, "Put not your trust in princes." The queen gave him a pension, which was irregularly paid, and a confiscated estate in Ireland, from which he was driven in terror. He died soon after his escape to London.

BOOK I. CANTO I.

I.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
 The cruel markes of many a bloody field ;

Yet armes till that time did he never wield :
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield :
 Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living, ever him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
 Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word ;
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

IV.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly asse more white then snow ;
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low ;
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw,
 As one that inly mournd ; so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;
 And by her in a line a milke-white lambe shee lad.

VIII.

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
 Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling pine ; the cedar proud and tall ;
 The vine-propp elme ; the poplar never dry ;
 The builder oake, sole king of forrests all ;
 The aspine good for staves ; the cypresse funerall ;

IX.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
 And poets sage ; the firre that weepeth still ;
 The willow, worne of forlorne paramours ;
 The eugh, obedient to the benders will ;

The birch for shaftes ; the sallow for the mill ;
 The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound ;
 The warlike beech ; the ash for nothing ill ;
 The fruitful olive ; and the platane round ;
 The carver holme ; the maple, seldom inward sound.

[The Palace of Morpheus.]

XXXIX.

He, making speedy way through sperséd ayre,
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
 To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire,
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
 His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
 In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred ;

XL.

Whose double gates he findeth lockéd fast ;
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
 The other all with silver overcast ;
 And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
 By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownéd deepe
 In drowsie fit he findes ; of nothing he takes keepe.

XLI.

And, more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
 As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard : but carelesse Quiet lyes
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

CANTO VI.

[The Heroine meets the Sylvan Deities.]

IX.

The wyld wood-gods, arrivéd in the place,
 There find the virgin, doolfull, desolate,
 With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,
 As her outrageous foe had left her late ;
 And trembling yet through feare of former hate :
 All stand amazed at so un'couth sight,
 And gin to pittie her unhappie state ;
 All stand astonied at her beauty bright,
 In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

XIII.

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
 And yielde her to extremitie of time :
 So from the ground she fearlesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime :
 They, all as glad as birdes of ioyous pryme,
 Thence led her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme ;
 And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her as queene with olive girland croud.

XIV.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
 That all the woods with double echo ring ;
 And with their hornéd feet doe weare the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
 So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;
 Who, with the noyse awakéd, commeth out
 To weete the cause, his weake steps governing
 And agéd limbs on cypresse stadle¹ stout ;
 And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

XVI.

The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
 And worship her as goddesse of the wood ;
 And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what
 To thinke of wight so fayre ; but gazing stood
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood :

¹ A support.

Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see ;
 But Venus never had so sober mood :
 Sometimes Diana he her takes to be ;
 But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

BOOK II. CANTO XII.

[The Harmony of Nature.]

LXX.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
 To read what manner musicke that mote bee ;
 For all that pleasing is to living eare
 Was there consorted in one harmonie ;
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

LXXI.

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet ;
 Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
 To th' instruments divine response meet ;
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters fall ;
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
 The gentle warbling wind low answeréd to all.

RICHARD HOOKER.

Richard Hooker, an eminent divine, was born near Exeter, in 1553, and died in 1600. His life was marked by no striking incidents. His chief work on "Ecclesiastical Polity" is a work of great erudition and eloquence. In the words of Hallam, "So stately and graceful is the march of his periods, so various the fall of his musical cadences upon the ear, so rich in images, so condensed in sentences, so grave and noble his diction, so little is there of vulgarity in his racy idiom, of pedantry in his learned phrase, that I know not whether any later writer has more admirably displayed the capacities of our language, or produced passages more worthy of comparison with the splendid monuments of antiquity."

CHURCH MUSIC.

TOUCHING musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing

effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony; a thing which delighteth all ages, and besemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent, being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that, whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony, the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth, as it were, into ecstasies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body; so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled; apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager; sovereign against melancholy and despair; forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them; able both to move and to moderate all affections. The prophet David having, therefore, singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the house of God, left behind him to that purpose a number of divinely indited poems, and was further the author of adding unto poetry melody in public prayer; melody, both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of

men's hearts, and the sweetening of the affections towards God. In which considerations the church of Christ doth likewise at this present day retain it as an ornament to God's service, and a help to our own devotion. They which, under pretence of the law ceremonial abrogated, require the abrogation of instrumental music, approving, nevertheless, the use of vocal melody to remain, must shew some reason wherefore the one should be thought a legal ceremony, and not the other. In church music, curiosity or ostentation of art, wanton, or light, or unsuitable harmony, such as only pleaseth the ear, and doth not naturally serve to the very kind and degree of those impressions which the matter that goeth with it leaveth, or is apt to leave, in men's minds, doth rather blemish and disgrace that we do, than add either beauty or furtherance unto it. On the other side, the faults prevented, the force and efficacy of the thing itself, when it drowneth not utterly, but fitly suiteth with matter altogether sounding to the praise of God, is in truth most admirable, and doth much edify, if not the understanding, because it teacheth not, yet surely the affection, because therein it worketh much. They must have hearts very dry and tough, from whom the melody of the psalms doth not sometime draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth.



FRANCIS BACON.

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, an eminent philosopher and jurist, was born in London, in 1561, and died in 1626. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper; and his uncle, Lord Burleigh, and his cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, were ministers of Queen Elizabeth, so that from early youth he was intimate with the most eminent persons of his time. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His intellect in scope and power has, probably, never been excelled, certainly not by any of our English race. Besides the Essays, which are wonderful specimens of crystallized thought, his principal works are "On the Advancement of Learning," and the "*Novum Organon*," a refutation, or rather substitute, for the philosophy of Aristotle. The later years of this illustrious man were passed in disgrace on account of his corrupt practices as judge. The lines of Pope will be remembered, —

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

A very thorough and interesting summary of his life and works may be read in the *Essays* of Macaulay. A more favorable view of his character, not wholly successful as a defence, but not without plausibility, is presented in W. Hepworth Dixon's "*Personal History of Lord Bacon*."

OF CUNNING.

WE take cunning for a sinister, or crooked wisdom; and certainly there is a great difference between a cunning man and a wise

man, not only in point of honesty, but in point of ability. There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well; so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men. Again, it is one thing to understand persons, and another thing to understand matters; for many are perfect in men's humors, that are not greatly capable of the real part of business, which is the constitution of one that hath studied men more than books. Such men are fitter for practice than for counsel, and they are good but in their own alley: turn them to new men, and they have lost their aim; so as the old rule, to know a fool from a wise man, "*Mitte ambos nudos ad ignotos, et videbis,*"¹ doth scarce hold for them. And because these cunning men are like haberdashers of small wares, it is not amiss to set forth their shop.

Another is, that when you have anything to obtain of present despatch, you entertain and amuse the party with whom you deal with some other discourse, that he be not too much awake to make objections. I knew a counsellor and secretary, that never came to Queen Elizabeth of England with bills to sign, but he would always first put her into some discourse of state, that she might the less mind the bills.

The like surprise may be made by moving things when the party is in haste, and cannot stay to consider advisedly of that is moved.

If a man would cross a business that he doubts some other would handsomely and effectually move, let him pretend to wish it well, and move it himself in such sort as may foil it.

The breaking off in the midst of that one was about to say, as if he took himself up, breeds a greater appetite in him with whom you confer to know more.

And because it works better when anything seemeth to be gotten from you by question, than if you offer it of yourself, you may lay a bait for a question, by showing another visage and countenance than you are wont; to the end, to give occasion for the party to ask what the matter is of the change, as Nehemiah did, — "And I had not before that time been sad before the king."

In things that are tender and unpleasing, it is good to break the ice by some whose words are of less weight, and to reserve the more weighty voice to come in as by chance, so that he may be asked the question upon the other's speech; as Narcissus did, in relating to Claudius the marriage of Messalina and Silius.²

¹ "Send both naked to strangers, and thou shalt know." ² Tacit. Ann. xi. 29, seq.

In things that a man would not be seen in himself, it is a point of cunning to borrow the name of the world; as to say, "The world says," or, "There is a speech abroad."

I know one that when he wrote a letter, he would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a by-matter.

I knew another that when he came to have speech, he would pass over that he intended most, and go forth, and come back again, and speak of it as a thing he had almost forgot.

Some procure themselves to be surprised at such times as it is like the party, that they work upon, will suddenly come upon them, and be found with a letter in their hand, or doing somewhat which they are not accustomed, to the end they may be apposed¹ of those things which of themselves they are desirous to utter.

It is a point of cunning to let fall those words in a man's own name which he would have another man learn and use, and thereupon take advantage. I know two that were competitors for the secretary's place, in Queen Elizabeth's time, and yet kept good quarter² between themselves, and would confer one with another upon the business; and the one of them said, that to be a secretary in the declination of a monarchy was a ticklish thing, and that he did not affect³ it; the other straight caught up those words, and discoursed with divers of his friends, that he had no reason to desire to be secretary in the declining of a monarchy. The first man took hold of it, and found means it was told the queen; who, hearing of a declination of monarchy, took it so ill, as she would never after hear of the other's suit.

There is a cunning which we in England call "the turning of the cat in the pan;"⁴ which is, when that which a man says to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him; and, to say truth, it is not easy, when such a matter passed between two, to make it appear from which of them it first moved and began.

It is a way that some men have, to glance and dart at others by justifying themselves by negatives; as to say, "This I do not;" as Tigellinus did towards Burrhus, saying, "Se non diversas spes, sed incolumitatem imperatoris simpliciter spectare."⁵

Some have in readiness so many tales and stories, as there is nothing they would insinuate but they can warp it into a tale; which

¹ Questioned.

² Amity, concord.

³ Aim at, endeavor after.

⁴ Cat in the pan. Pan-cake.

⁵ "He did not look to various hopes, but solely to the safety of the emperor."

serveth both to keep themselves more in ¹ guard, and to make others carry it with more pleasure.

It is a good point of cunning for a man to shape the answer he would have in his own words and propositions, for it makes the other party stick the less.

It is strange how long some men will lie in wait to speak somewhat they desire to say, and how far about they will fetch, and how many other matters they will beat over to come near it; it is a thing of great patience, but yet of much use.

A sudden, bold, and unexpected question doth many times surprise a man, and lay him open. Like to him that, having changed his name, and walking in Paul's, another suddenly came behind him, and called him by his true name, whereat straightways he looked back.

But these small wares and petty points of cunning² are infinite, and it were a good deed to make a list of them; for that nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise.

But certainly some there are that know the resorts ³ and falls ⁴ of business, that cannot sink into the main of it: like a house that hath convenient stairs and entries, but never a fair room: therefore you shall see them find out pretty ⁵ looses ⁶ in the conclusion, but are no ways able to examine or debate matters: and yet commonly they take advantage of their inability, and would be thought wits of direction. Some build rather upon the abusing ⁶ of others, and (as we now say) putting tricks upon them, than upon the soundness of their own proceedings; but Solomon saith, "Prudens advertit ad gressus suos; stultus divertit ad dolos."⁷

OF GARDENS.

GOD ALMIGHTY first planted a garden, and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which building and palaces are but gross handiworks: and a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in sea-

¹ On.

² Springs.

³ Chances.

⁴ Suitable, fit.

⁵ Issues; escapes from restraint, such as is difficulty or perplexity in deliberation.

⁶ Abuse. To deceive.

⁷ "The wise man looks to his steps; the fool turns aside to the snare."

son. For December and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter ; holly, ivy, bays, juniper, cypress trees, yew, pines, fir trees, rosemary, lavender ; periwinkle, the white, the purple, and the blue ; germander, flag, orange trees, lemon trees, and myrtles, if they be stoved ; and sweet marjoram, warm set. There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, the mezereon tree, which then blossoms ; crocus vernus, both the yellow and the gray ; primroses, anemones, the early tulip, hyacinthus orientalis, chamairis, fritellaria. For March there come violets, especially the single blue, which are the earliest ; the early daffodil, the daisy, the almond tree in blossom, the peach tree in blossom, the cornelian tree in blossom, sweetbrier. In April, follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock-gilliflower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces,¹ and lilies of all natures ; rosemary flowers, the tulip, the double peony, the pale daffodil, the French honeysuckle, the cherry tree in blossom, the damascene and plum trees in blossom, the white thorn in leaf, the lilac tree. In May and June come pinks of all sorts, especially the blush pink ; roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later ; honeysuckle, strawberries, bugloss, columbine, the French marigold, flos Africanus, cherry tree in fruit, ribes,² figs in fruit, rasps,³ vine flowers, lavender in flowers, the sweet satyrian, with the white flower ; herba muscaria, lilium convallium, the apple tree in blossom. In July come gilliflowers of all varieties, musk roses, the lime tree in blossom, early pears, and plums in fruit, gennittings,⁴ quodlins.⁵ In August come plums of all sorts in fruit, pears, apricocks, barberries, filberds, muskmelons, monks-hoods, of all colors. In September come grapes, apples, poppies of all colors, peaches, melocotones,⁶ nectarines, cornelians,⁷ wardens,⁸ quinces. In October and the beginning of November come services,⁹ medlars, bullaces, roses cut or removed to come late, hollyoaks,¹⁰ and such like. These particulars are for the climate of London ; but my meaning is perceived, that you may have *ver perpetuum*,¹¹ as the place affords.

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast¹² flowers of their smells ; so that you may walk by a

¹ Flower-de-luce.² Currants.³ Raspberries.⁴ Jennethings.⁵ Codlins.⁶ A large peach.⁷ Cherries.⁸ A large keeping pear.⁹ A plant and fruit (Sorbus).¹⁰ Hollyhocks.¹¹ A perpetual spring.¹² Tenacious.

whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness, yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays, likewise, yield no smell as they grow, rosemary little, nor sweet marjoram; that which, above all others, yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet; especially the white double violet, which comes twice a year — about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk rose; then the strawberry leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell; then the flowers of the vines — it is a little dust like the dust of a bent,¹ which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth — then sweetbrier, then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlor or lower chamber window; then pinks and gilliflowers,² especially the matted pink and clove gilliflowers; then the flowers of the lime tree; then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean-flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers; but those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three, that is, burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints; therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

For gardens (speaking of those which are, indeed, prince-like, as we have done of buildings), the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground, and to be divided into three parts; a green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides; and I like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the green, six to the heath, four and four to either side, and twelve to the main garden. The green hath two pleasures; the one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately edge, which is to enclose the garden: but because the alley will be long, and, in great heat of the year, or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sun through the green, therefore you are, of either side the green, to plant a covert alley, upon carpenters' work, about twelve feet in height, by which you may go in shade into the garden. As for the making of knots, or figures, with divers-colored earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side on which the garden stands, they be but toys: you may see as good sights many

¹ Bent-grass.

² This name probably comes from the old French *gilofre* for *girofle*, a clove, derived from *caryophyllus*.

times in tarts. The garden is best to be square, encompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge; the arches to be upon pillars of carpenters' work, of some ten feet high, and six feet broad, and the spaces between of the same dimensions with the breadth of the arch. Over the arches let there be an entire hedge of some four feet high, framed also upon carpenters' work; and upon the upper hedge, over every arch, a little turret, with a belly enough to receive a cage of birds: and over every space between the arches some other little figure, with broad plates of round colored glass gilt, for the sun to play upon: but this hedge I intend to be raised upon a bank, not steep, but gently slope, of some six feet, set all with flowers. Also, I understand that this square of the garden should not be the whole breadth of the ground, but to leave on either side ground enough for diversity of side alleys, unto which the two covert alleys of the green may deliver you; but there must be no alleys with hedges at either end of this great enclosure — not at the hither end, for letting¹ your prospect upon this fair hedge from the green — nor at the farther end, for letting your prospect from the hedge through the arches upon the heath.

For the ordering of the ground within the great hedge, I leave it to variety of device, advising, nevertheless, that whatsoever form you cast it into first, it be not too busy,² or full of work; wherein I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff — they be for children. Little low hedges, round like welts,³ with some pretty pyramids, I like well; and in some places fair columns, upon frames of carpenters' work. I would also have the alleys spacious and fair. You may have closer alleys upon the side grounds, but none in the main garden. I wish, also, in the very middle, a fair mount, with three ascents and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast, which I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks or embossments; and the whole mount to be thirty feet high, and some fine banqueting-house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass.

For fountains, they are a great beauty and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome, and full of flies and frogs. Fountains I intend to be of two natures, the one that sprinkleth or spouteth water; the other a fair receipt⁴ of water, of some thirty or forty feet square, but without any fish, or slime, or mud. For the first, the ornaments of images, gilt, or of marble, which are

¹ Let. To hinder.² Elaborate.³ Edging; border.⁴ Receptacle.

in use, do well ; but the main matter is so to convey the water as ¹ it never stay, either in the bowls or in the cistern — that the water be never by rest discolored, green or red, or the like, or gather any mossiness or putrefaction : besides that, it is to be cleansed every day by the hand — also some steps up to it, and some fine pavement about it do well. As for the other kind of fountain, which we may call a bathing-pool, it may admit much curiosity ² and beauty, wherewith we will not trouble ourselves : as, that the bottom be finely paved, and with images : the sides likewise ; and withal embellished with colored glass, and such things of lustre, encompassed also with fine rails of low statuas ; ³ but the main point is the same which we mentioned in the former kind of fountain, which is, that the water be in perpetual motion, fed by a water higher than the pool, and delivered into it by fair spouts, and then discharged away under ground, by some equality of bores, that it stay little ; and for fine devices, of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms (of feathers, drinking glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness.

For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wished it to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness. Trees I would have none in it, but some thickets made only of sweetbrier and honeysuckle, and some wild vines amongst, and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses ; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade, and these are to be in the heath here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme, some with pinks, some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye ; some with periwinkle, some with violets, some with strawberries, some with cowslips, some with daisies, some with red roses, some with liliū convallium, some with sweet-williams red, some with bear's-foot, and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly — part of which heaps to be with standards of little bushes pricked upon their top, and part without — the standards to be roses, juniper, holly, berberries (but here and there, because of the smell of their blossom), red currants, gooseberries, rosemary, bays, sweetbrier, and such like ; but these standards to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of course.

For the side grounds, you are to fill them with variety of alleys, private to give a full shade ; some of them wheresoever the sun be.

¹ That.

² Elegance.

³ "Even at the base of Pompey's statua." — Shakespeare, *Jul. Cæsar*.

You are to frame some of them likewise for shelter, that, when the wind blows sharp, you may walk as in a gallery; and those alleys must be likewise hedged at both ends, to keep out the wind, and these closer alleys must be ever finely gravelled, and no grass, because of going¹ wet. In many of these alleys, likewise, you are to set fruit trees of all sorts, as well upon the walls as in ranges: and this should be generally observed, that the borders wherein you plant your fruit trees be fair, and large, and low, and not steep, and set with fine flowers, but thin and sparingly, lest they deceive² the trees. At the end of both the side grounds I would have a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast-high, to look abroad into the fields.

For the main garden, I do not deny but there should be some fair alleys ranged on both sides with fruit trees, and some pretty tufts of fruit trees and arbors with seats, set in some decent order; but these to be by no means set too thick, but to leave the main garden so as it be not close, but the air open and free. For as for shade, I would have you rest upon the alleys of the side grounds, there to walk, if you be disposed, in the heat of the year or day; but to make account, that the main garden is for the more temperate parts of the year, and, in the heat of summer, for the morning and the evening, or overcast days.

For aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that largeness as they may be turfed, and have living plants and bushes set in them, that the birds may have more scope and natural nestling, and that no foulness appear on the floor of the aviary. So I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing — not a model, but some general lines of it — and in this I have spared for no cost; but it is nothing for great princes, that, for the most part, taking advice with workmen with no less cost set their things together, and sometimes add statues, and such things, for state and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of a garden.

OF STUDIES.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness, and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and

¹ Go. To tend to.

² To deprive by stealth; to rob.

marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation ; to make ¹ judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar ; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience — for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use ; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested : that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; ² and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would ³ be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man ; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that ⁴ he doth not. Histories make men wise ; poets witty ; the mathematics subtle ; natural philosophy deep ; moral, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend : “Abeunt in studia mores” ⁵ — nay, there is no stond ⁶ or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought ⁷ out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises — bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like ; so, if a man’s wits be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again ; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, ⁸ let him study the schoolmen, for they are “cymini sectores ;” ⁹ if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers’ cases. — so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

¹ Give.² Attentively.³ Should.⁴ What.⁵ “Manners are influenced by studies.”⁶ Hinderance.⁷ Worked.⁸ Distinctions.⁹ “Splitters of cummin.”

OF JUDICATURE.

JUDGES ought to remember that their office is *jus dicere*, and not "jus dare" — to interpret law, and not to make law, or give law — else will it be like the authority claimed by the church of Rome, which, under pretext of exposition of Scripture, doth not stick to add and alter, and to pronounce that which they do not find, and by show of antiquity to introduce novelty. Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverend than plausible, and more advised than confident. Above all things, integrity is their portion and proper virtue. "Cursed (saith the law) is he that removeth the landmark." ¹ The mislayer of a mere stone is to blame; but it is the unjust judge that is the capital remover of landmarks, when he defineth amiss of land and property. One foul sentence doth more hurt than many foul examples; for these do but corrupt the stream, the other corrupteth the fountain — so saith Solomon, "Fons turbatus, et vena corrupta est justus cadens in causa sua coram adversario." ²

The office of judges may have a reference unto the parties that sue, unto the advocates that plead, unto clerks and ministers of justice underneath them, and to the sovereign or state above them.

First, for the cause of parties that sue. There be (saith the Scripture) "that turn judgment into wormwood;" ³ and surely there be also that turn it into vinegar; for injustice maketh it bitter, and delays make it sour. The principal duty of a judge is to suppress force and fraud, whereof force is the more pernicious when it is open, and fraud when it is close and disguised. Add thereto contentious suits, which ought to be spewed out as the surfeit of courts. A judge ought to prepare his way to a just sentence, as God useth to prepare his way by raising valleys and taking down hills: so when there appeareth on either side a high hand, violent persecution, cunning advantages taken, combination, power, great counsel, then is the virtue of a judge seen to make inequality equal; that he may plant his judgment as upon even ground. "Qui fortiter emungit, elicit sanguinem;" ⁴ and where the wine-press is hard wrought, it yields a harsh wine, that tastes of the grape stone. Judges must beware of hard constructions and strained inferences; for there is no worse torture than the torture of laws; especially

¹ Deut. xxvii. 17.

² "A righteous man falling in his cause before his adversary is as a troubled fountain and a corrupt spring." — *Prov.* xxv. 26.

³ Amos v. 7.

⁴ "Who wrings hard draws forth blood." — Cf. *Prov.* xxx. 32.

in case of laws penal, they ought to have care, that that which was meant for terror, be not turned into rigor: and that they bring not upon people that shower whereof the Scripture speaketh, "Pluet super eos laqueos;"¹ for penal laws pressed, are a shower of snares upon the people: therefore let penal laws, if they have been sleepers of long,² or if they be grown unfit for the present time, be by wise judges confined in the execution: "Judicis officium est, ut res, ita tempora rerum," &c.³ In causes of life and death, judges ought (as far as the law permitteth) in justice to remember mercy, and to cast a severe eye upon the example, but a merciful eye upon the person.

Secondly, for the advocates and counsel that plead. Patience and gravity of hearing is an essential part of justice, and an over-speaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal.⁴ It is no grace to a judge first to find that which he might have heard in due time from the bar, or to show quickness of conceit⁵ in cutting off evidence or counsel too short, or to prevent⁶ information by questions, though pertinent. The parts of a judge in hearing are four: to direct the evidence; to moderate length, repetition, or impertinency⁷ of speech; to recapitulate, select, and collate the material points of that which hath been said; and to give the rule or sentence. Whatsoever is above these is too much, and proceedeth either of glory⁸ and willingness to speak, or of impatience to hear, or of shortness of memory; or of want of a stayed and equal attention. It is a strange thing to see that the boldness of advocates should prevail with judges, whereas they should imitate God, in whose seat they sit, who represseth the presumptuous, and giveth grace to the modest; but it is more strange that judges should have noted favorites, which cannot but cause multiplication of fees and suspicion of by-ways. There is due from the judge to the advocate some commendation and gracing,¹⁰ where causes are well handled and fair pleaded, especially towards the side which obtaineth not, for that upholds in the client the reputation of his counsel, and beats down in him the conceit¹¹ of his cause. There is likewise due to the public a civil reprehension of advocates, where there appeareth cunning counsel, gross neglect, slight information, indiscreet pressing,

¹ "He shall rain snares upon them." — *Psalm* xi. 6.

² For; during.

³ "It is the duty of a judge to take into consideration the times, as well as the circumstances, of facts." — *Ovid, Trist.* l. i. 37.

⁴ *Psalm* cl. 5.

⁵ Conception; apprehension.

⁶ Forestall.

⁷ Irrelevancy.

⁸ From.

⁹ Display; vaunting.¹

¹⁰ Grace. To favor.

¹¹ Opinion.

or an over-bold defence. And let not the counsel at the bar chop¹ with the judge, nor wind himself into the handling of the cause anew, after the judge hath declared his sentence ; but, on the other side, let not the judge meet the cause half way, nor give occasion to the party to say his counsel or proofs were not heard.

Thirdly, for that that concerns clerks and ministers. The place of justice is a hallowed place ; and therefore not only the bench, but the footpace² and precincts, and purprise³ thereof, ought to be preserved without scandal and corruption ; for, certainly, grapes (as the Scripture saith) "will not be gathered of thorns or thistles,"⁴ neither can justice yield her fruit with sweetness among the briers and brambles of catching and polling⁵ clerks and ministers. The attendance of courts is subject to four bad instruments : first, certain persons that are sowers of suits, which make the court swell, and the country pine : the second sort is of those that engage courts in quarrels of jurisdiction, and are not truly "*amici curiæ*," but "*parasiti curiæ*,"⁶ in puffing a court up beyond her bounds for their own scraps and advantages : the third sort is of those that may be accounted the left hands of courts, persons that are full of nimble and sinister tricks and shifts, whereby they pervert the plain and direct courses of courts, and bring justice into oblique lines and labyrinths : and the fourth is the poller⁷ and exacter of fees, which justifies the common resemblance of the courts of justice to the bush, whereunto while the sheep flies for defence in weather, he is sure to lose part of the fleece. On the other side, an ancient⁸ clerk, skilful in precedents, wary in proceedings, and understanding in the business of the court, is an excellent figure of a court, and doth many times point the way to the judge himself.

Fourthly, for that which may concern the sovereign and estate. Judges ought, above all, to remember the conclusion of the Roman Twelve Tables, "*Salus populi suprema lex* ;"⁹ and to know that laws, except they be in order to that end, are but things captious, and oracles not well inspired ; therefore it is a happy thing in a state, when kings and states do often consult with judges : and again, when judges do often consult with the king and state : the one, where there is matter of law intervenient¹⁰ in business of state ; the other, when there is some consideration of state intervenient in matter of law ; for many times the things deduced to judgment may

¹ To bandy words.

² A lobby.

³ Enclosure.

⁴ Matt. vii. 16.

⁵ P'undering.

⁶ "Friends of the court," but "parasites of the court."

⁷ Plunderer.

⁸ Of great experience.

⁹ "The safety of the people is the supreme law."

¹⁰ Intervening.

be "meum" and "tuum,"¹ when the reason and consequence thereof may trench to point of estate: I call matter of estate, not only the parts of sovereignty, but whatsoever introduceth any great alteration or dangerous precedent: or concerneth manifestly any great portion of people; and let no man weakly conceive that just laws, and true policy, have any antipathy; for they are like the spirits and sinews, that one moves with the other. Let judges also remember, that Solomon's throne was supported by lions on both sides:² let them be lions, but yet lions under the throne; being circumspect, that they do not check or oppose any points of sovereignty. Let not judges also be so ignorant of their own right as to think there is not left them, as a principal part of their office, a wise use and application of laws; for they may remember what the apostle saith of a greater law than theirs, "Nos scimus quia lex bona est, modo quis ea utatur legitime."³

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon in April, 1564, and died April 23, 1616. It is evident that his townsmen and most of his contemporaries had no idea of his future greatness, and scarcely any accounts of his youth or of the beginning of his literary career have come down to us. It is surprising that all personal recollections of such a man should have disappeared with his generation, and that from the pen of so prolific a writer only his will and three other autographs now remain. Criticism and research have probably done their utmost, and we must be content to study the life of our greatest poet in his works. The only important facts respecting him, which do not rest in part on conjecture, are, that he was educated in the grammar school of his native town, was detected once in deer stealing in the neighboring park of the Lucys, was married while still in his minority, — that he appeared in early manhood as an actor, dramatist, and afterwards manager, in London, where he enjoyed the friendship of Ben Jonson, Drayton, and other men of letters, — that he acquired a competency, and retired to Stratford, where he died. He was careless of his fame, and took little pains to have his plays correctly printed, to defend his claims to his own productions, or to disavow the authorship of inferior works falsely attributed to him by booksellers. No specimens of his plays are given in this volume, for reasons stated in the preface. A few sonnets only have been selected; but even these would be sufficient to establish his claim to high rank among poets.

The student can have his choice among many excellent editions of Shakespeare. Two very admirable editions have appeared in this country, one edited by Richard Grant White, the other by Rev. H. N. Hudson.

[Selected Sonnets.]

XVIII.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

¹ "Mine" and "thine."

² 1 Kings x. 20.

³ "We know that the law is good, if a man use it lawfully." — 1 Tim. i. 8.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed ;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate :
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan,
 Which I new pay, as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow ;
 But, out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since, seldom coming, in the long year set
 Like stones of worth they thinly placéd are,
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
 So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special-blest,
 By new unfolding his imprisoned pride.
 Blesséd are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lacked, to hope.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth : your praise shall still find room,
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold,
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, —
 Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest ;
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
 So far from variation or quick change ?
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange ?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a notèd weed,¹
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed ?
 O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument ;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent :
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love, still telling what is told.

¹ Well-known garb. *Weed* anciently meant clothing in general ; it is modern usage that has limited it to mourning.

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O, no ; it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.



ANONYMOUS.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

[From Byrd's Psalms, Sonnets, &c. 1588.]

My mind to me a kingdom is,
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 That it excels all other bliss
 That God or nature hath assigned :
 Though much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, nor wealthy store,
 Nor force to win a victory ;
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to win a loving eye ;
 To none of these I yield as thrall,
 For why, my mind despiseth all.

I see that plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soonest fall ;
 I see that such as are aloft,
 Mishap doth threaten most of all ;
 These get with toil, and keep with fear :
 Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway ;
 I wish no more than may suffice ;
 I do no more than well I may,
 Look what I want, my mind supplies ;
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king ;
 My mind's content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,
 Nor grudge not at another's gain ;
 No worldly waves my mind can toss ;
 I brook that is another's bane ;
 I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend ;
 I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
 And conscience clear my chief defence ;
 I never seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence ;
 Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
 Would all do so as well as I !



SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Sir Henry Wotton was born in the year 1568, and died in 1639. He was for many years in public employments, and at the time of his death was provost of Eton College. A very interesting biography of him is contained in "Izaak Walton's Lives." The works of Wotton are not numerous, but the impression made by them and by his life is such as to secure for him the respect due to a wise, scholarly, and kindly man.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the worldly care
 Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice ; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend ;

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.



RICHARD BARNFIELD.

Richard Barnfield was born about 1570, and was educated at Oxford. His place in literature is not an important one, and the quotation from his verses is given as one of the earliest specimens of pastoral poetry, which, when joined to fitting music, has become the model of the English glee.

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 Which a grove of myrtles made ;
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
 Everything did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone.
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Leaned her breast up-till a thorn ;
 And there sung the doleful'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity.
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
 Teru, teru, by and by ;

That, to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah ! — thought I — thou mourn'st in vain ;
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapped in lead ;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing !

Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call ;
And with such-like flattering,
“Pity but he were a king.”
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown :
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need ;
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

BEN JONSON.

Benjamin (or, as he was in the habit of abridging his name, Ben) Jonson was born in 1574, and died in 1637. He was reared in humble circumstances, but was educated at Cambridge, and maintained a high rank among the scholars of his time. His fame rests on his dramatic works, in which he is excelled only by Shakespeare. In person he was short and corpulent, and in disposition egotistical and envious, in spite of his very handsome tribute to his great rival. His career was marked by the usual vicissitudes of authorship. While he lived, his force of intellect, scholarship, wit, and knowledge of men made him an acknowledged leader. With all the hearty admiration expressed in Jonson's eulogy, the real supremacy of Shakespeare's genius was unsuspected.

HER TRIUMPH.

SEE the chariot at hand here of love,
 Wherein my lady rideth !
 Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
 And well the car love guideth.
 As she goes, all hearts do duty
 Unto her beauty ;
 And enamoured do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
 That they still were to run by her side,
 Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
 All that love's world compriseth !
 Do but look on her hair, it is bright
 As love's star when it riseth !
 Do but mark, her forehead's smother
 Than words that soothe her !
 And from her arched brows, such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 Before rude hands have touched it ?
 Have you marked but the fall of the snow
 Before the soil hath smutched it ?
 Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
 Or swan's down ever ?

Or have smelled of the bud o' the brier?
Or the 'nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.

WOULD'ST thou hear what man can say
In a little? — reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
The other let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, SHAKESPEARE, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor Muse, can praise too much,

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin : Soul of the age !
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our stage !
My Shakespeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room :
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses :
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I will not seek
For names ; but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain ! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time !
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !

Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all ; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion ; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn ;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turned, and true filéd lines ;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James !
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Thomas Heywood, a native of Lincolnshire, was a prolific dramatist ; but little or nothing is now known of his personal history. He had written for the stage in 1596, and continued writing down to 1640. The song here printed is from a play.

LOVE'S GOOD MORROW.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air, blow soft, larks, mount aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing, birds in every furrow ;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird, and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow !
You, pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

JOHN FLETCHER.

John Fletcher is remembered best from his long and brilliant literary partnership with Francis Beaumont. As dramatic authors their names are inseparable ; and, indeed, it is a matter of considerable difficulty to determine the share contributed by each to any of their plays. Fletcher had the more poetical and sensitive nature ; Beaumont had more wit and more force. Fletcher was born in 1576, and died of the plague in 1625. The first poetical extract here inserted is from a play called *The Nice Valor*, in which Beaumont had no share.

MELANCHOLY.

[From *The Nice Valor*.]

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly !
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy !

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fastened to the ground,
 A tongue chained up, without a sound !

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves !
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon ;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley :
 Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy.

TO SLEEP.

[From Valentinian.]

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
 Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
 On this afflicted prince : fall like a cloud
 In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud
 Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, light,
 And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
 Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain
 Like hollow murmuring wind or gentle rain.
 Into this prince, gently, O, gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Robert Herrick, born in London in 1591, was educated for the church, and officiated in a rural parish for about twenty years, when, the civil war breaking out, he was ejected from his living, and did not resume his clerical functions until the accession of Charles II. Most of his verses are rather inconsistent with the profession he had chosen. Without much depth of feeling or splendor of imagery, his poems are tender and melodious, and leave an impression of grace which it is difficult to analyze. He died in 1634.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon :

Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay as you ;
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything :
We die,
As your hours do ; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

TO PRIMROSES, FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes ? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew ?
Alas ! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind ;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep ;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby ?

Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweet heart to this?
 No, no; this sorrow shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read—
 "That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."



GEORGE HERBERT.

George Herbert was a clergyman whom a few felicitous poems and a saintly life have made immortal in the religious world. "Holy George Herbert" is the reverent and affectionate title by which he was known. He was born in 1593, and died in 1633. A memoir of him is included in the well-known "Lives" by Izaak Walton. Much as we admire the sweet serenity of some of the stanzas, we can but wonder at the tasteless comparison to "seasoned timber" in the last. Similar inequalities are found in all his poems.

SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright!
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;
 The couch of time, care's balm and bay;
 The week were dark, but for thy light;
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
 Make up one man; whose face *thou* art,
 Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
 The workydays are the back-part;
 The burden of the week lies there,
 Making the whole to stoop and bow,
 Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
 To endless death: but thou dost pull
 And turn us round, to look on One,
 Whom, if we were not very dull,

We could not choose but look on still;
 Since there is no place so alone,
 The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
 On which heaven's palace archéd lies:
 The other days fill up the spare
 And hollow room with vanities.
 They are the fruitful beds and borders
 In God's rich garden: that is bare,
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on Time's string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal glorious King.
 On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
 Blessings are plentiful and rife—
 More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
 And did enclose this light for his;
 That, as each beast his manger knows,
 Man might not of his fodder miss.
 Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
 And made a garden there for those
 Who want herbs for their wound.

Thou art a day of mirth:
 And where the week-days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven!

VIRTUE.

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky:
 The dews shall weep thy fall to night;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 Thy music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.



EDMUND WALLER.

Edmund Waller was born in 1605, and died in 1687. He inherited an ample fortune, and was long in public service, and, having no fixed principles, was on both sides of the great contest between the King and Commons. Nothing in his character or career calls for much attention from the student. His poems are now little read ; for smooth versification is not so rare as it was two centuries ago, and mere polish is a poor substitute for manly feeling and noble thought.

A SONG.

Go, lovely rose !
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That, hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired ;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
 So calm are we when passions are no more.
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made :
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Jeremy Taylor, probably the brightest ornament of the English church, was the son of a barber at Cambridge; born in 1613; was educated at Caius College, and was advanced to places of dignity on account of his brilliant talents and pure and noble life. He died in Ireland, in 1667, having been appointed Bishop of Down and Dromore upon the Restoration. His sermons, which are numerous, are still read with delight by the clergy, and by all educated men. They abound in felicitous images and apt quotations, and show an unaffected piety, a lively sensibility to the beauties of nature, together with a marvellous sense of melody in the construction of his exquisitely balanced sentences. But the many unworthy similes, the many forced allusions, and the too profuse display of Greek learning, that are visible in almost every sermon, are sufficient to deter all but resolute readers. The work by which he is most widely known in the Christian world is entitled "Holy Living and Dying."

ON PRAYER.

PRAYER is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the Holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example; and a conformity to God, whose anger is always just, and marches

slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy: prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down, and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man: when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument; and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud; and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Sir Thomas Browne was born in London, October 19, 1605. He was educated at Winchester School, and afterwards at Pembroke College, Oxford. After graduation, he travelled on the continent, studied medicine at Montpellier and Padua, and took his degree of doctor of physic at Leyden, in Holland. Many events of his life are in obscurity; and conjecture must be relied upon in many important matters.

His first work, *Religio Medici*, — the Religion of a Physician, — is supposed to have been written in 1634; it was read extensively in manuscript, and was printed (probably without the author's consent) in 1642. In 1646 appeared his famous treatise, *Enquiries into Vulgar Errors*. The discovery of Roman urns in Norfolk was the occasion of his writing a learned essay on *Urn Burial*, in 1658. He wrote also a treatise on *Christian Morals*, and several posthumous papers. He was a zealous royalist, and received the honor of knighthood from Charles II. He was happily married; but of his numerous children, only four survived him. He died October 19, 1682. The male line in descent from him was soon extinct; but in the female line he had distinguished inheritors of his blood, among whom was the famous Lord Erskine.

He had a clear and powerful intellect, scholarly tastes, and a singularly well-balanced judgment. But it is a noticeable fact that the assailant of *Vulgar Errors* should have lent the weight of his great professional reputation as an expert against two miserable women, tried and convicted before Sir Matthew Hale for witchcraft — the last victims of that superstition in England. It is a further check to the pride of scientific men that he was among the upholders of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. In fact, an edition of his exposure of *Vulgar Errors* would require more notes than the text itself to make it conform to the present state of knowledge. His style is Latinized to a painful degree. If a word is wanted, he coins one; and few, except accomplished Latin scholars, can read the simplest of his productions without a lexicon at hand. But his reading was so extensive, his illustrations so ready and apt, his thought so clear, and his moral tone so high, that, with all the errors of fact, and the frequent obscurity of expression, his works are still cherished by scholars, and his name is fairly inscribed among the classic authors of England. When the characteristics of the author and of his learned style are considered, it will appear quite appropriate that his life should have been written, and his works annotated by the antithetic and pedantic Dr. Johnson. Behind every formally-poised sentence the reader can hear the elephantine tread of the great lexicographer.

[From *Christian Morals*.]

BE substantially great in thyself, and more than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee, as they are in the lights of heaven. Hang early plummets upon the heels of pride, and let ambition have but an epicycle¹ and narrow circuit in thee. Measure not thyself by thy morning shadow, but by the extent of thy grave: and reckon thyself above the earth, by the line thou must be contented with under it. Spread not into boundless expansions either of designs or desires. Think not that mankind liveth but for

¹ An epicycle is a small revolution made by one planet in the wider orbit of another planet. The meaning is, "Let not ambition form thy circle of action, but move upon other principles; and let ambition only operate as something extrinsic and adventitious." — Dr. J.

a few ; and that the rest are born but to serve those ambitions, which make but flies of men, and wildernesses of whole nations. Swell not into vehement actions which imbroil and confound the earth ; but be one of those violent ones which force the kingdom of heaven. If thou must needs rule, be Zeno's king,¹ and enjoy that empire which every man gives himself. He who is thus his own monarch contentedly sways the sceptre of himself, not envying the glory of crowned heads and *elohims*² of the earth. Could the world unite in the practice of that despised train of virtues which the divine ethics of our Saviour hath so inculcated upon us, the furious face of things must disappear : Eden would be yet to be found, and the angels might look down, not with pity, but joy upon us. . . .

If thy vessel be but small in the ocean of this world, if meanness of possessions be thy allotment upon earth, forget not those virtues which the great Disposer of all bids thee to entertain from thy quality and condition ; that is, submission, humility, content of mind, and industry. Content may dwell in all stations. To be low, but above contempt, may be high enough to be happy. But many of low degree may be higher than computed, and some cubits above the common commensuration ; for in all states, virtue gives qualifications and allowances, which make out defects. Rough diamonds are sometimes mistaken for pebbles ; and meanness may be rich in accomplishments, which riches in vain desire. If our merits be above our stations, if our intrinsical value be greater than what we go for, or our value than our valuation, and if we stand higher in God's than in the censor's book,³ it may make some equitable balance in the inequalities of this world, and there may be no such vast chasm or gulf between disparities as common measures determine. The divine eye looks upon high and low differently from that of man. They who seem to stand upon Olympus, and high mounted unto our eyes, may be but in the valleys and low ground unto his ; for he looks upon those as highest who nearest approach his divinity, and upon those as lowest who are farthest from it. . . .

Value the judicious, and let not mere acquests in minor parts of learning gain thy pre-existimation. 'Tis an unjust way of compute, to magnify a weak head for some Latin abilities ; and to undervalue

¹ That is, "the king of the Stoics," whose founder was Zeno, and who held that the wise man alone had power and royalty. — Dr. J.

² An error in form, since *elohim* is plural, like *cherubim*. It is from the Hebrew, and signifies "the lords," or "the gods."

³ The book in which the census, or account of every man's estate, was registered among the Romans. — Dr. J.

a solid judgment, because he knows not the genealogy of Hector. When that notable king of France¹ would have his son to know but one sentence in Latin, had it been a good one, perhaps it had been enough. Natural parts and good judgments rule the world. States are not governed by ergotisms.² Many have ruled well, who could not, perhaps, define a commonwealth; and they who understand not the globe of the earth, command a great part of it. Where natural logic prevails not, artificial too often faileth. Where nature fills the sails, the vessel goes smoothly on; and when judgment is the pilot, the insurance need not be high. When industry builds upon nature, we may expect pyramids: where that foundation is wanting, the structure must be low. They do most by books, who could do much without them; and he that chiefly owes himself unto himself, is the substantial man.

[From Religio Medici.]

THUS there are two books from whence I collect my divinity. Besides that written one of God, another of his servant, nature, that universal and public manuscript, that lies expanded unto the eyes of all. Those that never saw him in the one have discovered him in the other: this was the scripture and theology of the heathens; the natural motion of the sun made them more admire him than its supernatural station did the children of Israel. The ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in them than, in the other, all his miracles. Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so forget God as to adore the name of nature; which I define not, with the schools, to be the principle of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day is the nature of the sun, because of that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve but by a faculty from that voice which first did give it motion. Now this course of nature God seldom alters or perverts; but, like an excellent artist, hath so contrived his work, that, with the self-same instrument, without a new creation, he may effect his obscurest

¹ Louis XI. "Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare" — Who knows not how to feign knows not how to reign.

² Conclusions deduced according to the forms of logic; from *ergo*, therefore. — Dr. J.

designs. Thus he sweeteneth the water with a wood,¹ preserveth the creatures in the ark which the blast of his mouth might have as easily created ; — for God is like a skilful geometrician, who, when more easily, and with one stroke of his compass, he might describe or divide a right line, had yet rather do this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and forelaid principles of his art : yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogancy of our reason should question his power, and conclude he could not. And thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is ; and therefore, to ascribe his actions unto her is to devolve the honor of the principal agent upon the instrument ; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honor of our writings. I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind of species or creature whatsoever. I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly ; they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms ; and having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty. There is no deformity but in monstrosity ; wherein, notwithstanding, there is a kind of beauty ; nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never anything ugly or misshapen, but the chaos ; wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form ; nor was it yet impregnate by the voice of God. Now, nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature ; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial ; for nature is the art of God.

¹ See Exod. xv. 25.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Abraham Cowley was born in London in 1618, and died in 1667. He was educated at Cambridge. Being a royalist, he went abroad during the Protectorate and remained twelve years. He did not receive the rewards he expected at the Restoration, and retired into the country to brood over his disappointments. His poems have a certain grace and elegance, but his imagery too often consists of mere verbal conceits. It is seldom that a writer, enjoying such universal popularity at first, has sunk into such entire neglect. More than one later poet has, however, been under obligations to Cowley.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
 In happiness compared to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self's thy Ganyমেজে.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee;
 All that summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plough;
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!
 Thou dost innocently enjoy,
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripened year!
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect! happy thou,
 Dost neither age nor winter know.
 But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among—

Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal! —
 Satiated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.



EDWARD HYDE.

Edward Hyde, afterwards raised to the peerage as Earl of Clarendon, was born in 1609, and was bred to the bar. He was a royalist, and, when the catastrophe came, was an active servant of King Charles II. in exile. At the Restoration Hyde was appointed Lord Chancellor. His daughter Anne was soon after married to the Duke of York, afterwards James II. He subsequently lost place and favor; and, being once more in exile, he wrote his "History of the Rebellion." This work cannot be commended as a model of style, but it is full of vigorously drawn portraits, and of interesting personal narratives. Clarendon died in 1674.

CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

HE was one of those men, *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent* — whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humors of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth, — though of a good family, — without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humors, and interests into a consistence, that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What was said of Cinna may very justly be said of him: "He attempted those things which no good man durst have ventured on, and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded." Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seemed to have a

person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet, as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it. . . .

Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters, which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, so towards all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity, and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honor and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. . . .

To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed "that there

might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government," but that Cromwell would never consent to it ; it may be out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated ; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave, wicked man.

JOHN MILTON.

John Milton was born in London in 1608, and died in 1674. In religion he was a Puritan, in politics a defender of liberty against royal prerogative, but in taste and refinement more nearly allied to the party of the Cavaliers. The life of this great man is too well known to require more than a brief note. His eloquent efforts in defence of the popular cause, his public services under Cromwell, his matrimonial infelicities, and his blindness are matters of familiar knowledge wherever our language is spoken. While to Shakespeare, as first of poets, the homage of the world is rightfully given, it is difficult to limit the admiration due to the genius, character, learning, and works of Milton. The "Paradise Lost" is but a synonyme for sublimity ; "Lycidas" has no rival in its classic beauty ; the varied pictures in his panoramas of gayety and pensiveness are as fresh to-day as when first drawn ; and the force, the majesty, and the music of his prose periods first taught scholars the capabilities of the English tongue. That he was indebted to others for hints and suggestions is no reason for disparagement. His obligations to Dante, to Fletcher, and others are obvious enough ; "but he was a royal borrower ; the gold he took was stamped with his image, and made his own forever."

[Selections from *Comus*.]

The LADY enters.

Lady. THIS way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now : methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,
When for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
Of such late wassailers ; yet, O ! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favor of these pines,

Stepped as they said, to the next thicket-side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind, hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labor of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliest
They had engaged their wandering steps too far ;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me : else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That Nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller ?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear ;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience. —
O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith ; white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings ;
And thou, unblemished form of Chastity !
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassailed.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
I did not err ; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove :

I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest,
 I'll venture ; for my new enlivened spirits
 Prompt me : and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
 Within thy aery shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are ?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere !
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Enter COMUS.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven-down
 Of darkness, till it smiled ! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the sirens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs ;
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
 And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause :
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself ;
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,

I never heard till now. — I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.

Enter Attendant SPIRIT.

Spir. This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle ; and began,
Wrapped in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill ; but, ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And filled the air with barbarous dissonance ;
At which I ceased, and listened them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy frightened steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep :
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death : but, O ! ere long,
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honored Lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear,
And, O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair :
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake ;
Listen, and save !

Listen, and appear to us,
 In name of great Oceanus ;
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace ;
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook ;
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell ;
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands ;
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
 And the songs of sirens sweet ;
 By dead P'arthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance ;
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen, and save !

SABRINA rises, attended by Water Nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays ;
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread :
 Gentle swain, at thy request,
 I am here.

The Dances ended, the SPIRIT epilogizes.

Spir. To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie

Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky :
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree :
Along the crispéd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring ;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing,
About the cedared alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew ;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen :
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Pysche sweet entranced,
After her wandering labors long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend ;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue ; she alone is free :
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

LYCIDAS.

In this poem the author laments the death of a friend drowned in the Irish Channel.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude ;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year :
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due :
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse ;
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn ;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill ;
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield ; and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,

Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute ;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damocetas loved to hear our song.

But, O, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, shepherd, thee, the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn :
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows ; —
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie ;
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high ;
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me ! I fondly dream !
Had ye been there — for what could that have done ?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hoped to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. " But not the praise,"
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears :
 " Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies ;
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove :
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O, fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds !
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea :
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain ?
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beakéd promontory :
 They knew not of his story ;
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.
 Ah ! who hath reft, quoth he, my dearest pledge ?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake :
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain ;
 The golden opes, the iron shuts amain :
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake : —

How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest !
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheephook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw :
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed ;
But swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace and nothing said :
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus ; the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks ;
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.

Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled ;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
Look homeward, angel, now ; and melt with ruth :
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more ;
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves ;
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more :
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropped into the western bay :
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathéd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sights unholy !

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jeal-
ous wings,

And the night-raven sings :
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed
rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth ;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore :

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unprovéd pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin ;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleas-
ures,

Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail :
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat :
She was pinched and pulled she said ;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tel's how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end :
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on;

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse;
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
 The melting voice through mazes run-
 ning,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains, as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

II. PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly, without father bred!
 How little you bestead,
 Or the fix'd mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless

As the gay notes that people the sun-
 beams,

Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress-lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast,

Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
 And add to these retir'd Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
 But first and chiefest with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheel'd throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak:
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,

Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar :
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom :
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine ;
Or what, though rare, of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O, sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower !
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek !
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass ;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride :
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung ;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suitéd Morn appear,
Not tricked and frownced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,

While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's gairish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious Dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid :
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to Mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high-embowéd roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light :
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew :
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

FROM "AREOPAGITICA."

[The Freedom of the Press.]

THIS is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth; that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty obtained that wise men look for. . . .

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment, in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life. . . .

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labor to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the

rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil ; that is to say, of knowing good by evil.

As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil ? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather ; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. . . .

If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth, but what by their allowance shall be thought honest ; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house ; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers ? The windows also, and the balconies, must be thought on ; these are shrewd books, with dangerous frontispieces, set to sale : who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers ? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebec reads, even to the ballatry and the gamut of every municipal fiddler : for these are the countryman's Arcadias, and his Monte Mayors. . . .

Suppose we could expel sin by this means ; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue ; for the matter of them both is the same : remove that, and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who, though he commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us even to a profuseness all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigor contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by abridging or scanting those means, which books, freely permitted, are, both to the trial of virtue, and the exercise of truth ? . . .

Truth indeed came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on : but when he ascended, and his Apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, lords and commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming ; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint. . . .

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks : methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam ; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance ; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms. . . .

The temple of Janus, with his two controversial faces, might now not unsignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple ; who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter ? her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. . . .

When a man hath been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument ; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be

valor enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of truth. For who knows not that truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power: give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness.

ANCIENT BALLADS.

The ballads which have come down to us from a remote antiquity contain the rough nuggets, the uncoined gold, of English poetry. The collection in eight volumes by Professor Child contains a great variety, and presents them in their original simplicity. We have room for two specimens only; and in deference to the wishes of teachers, have felt obliged to print the first, *Chevy-Chace*, in the modernized version: the older form, *The Hunting of the Cheviot*, being thought too obscure in many passages.

CHEVY-CHACE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Erle Piercy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take,

The chieftest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and bear away;
The tidings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland, where he lay,

Who sent Erle Piercy present word,
He would prevent his sport;
The English erle, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear.

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Piercy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heer.

"If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the erle did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tivdale,
Fast by the river Tweed."
"Then cease your sport," Erle Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For there was never champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Erle Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," he said, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy he ;
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be :

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest hart to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

"Ere thus I will out-bravéd be,
One of us two shall dye ;
I know thee well, an erle thou art ;
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accused be he," Lord Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stept a gallant squier forth
(Witherington was his name),
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That e'er my captaine fought on foot,
And I stood looking on :
You be two erles," said Witherington,
"And I a squier alone.

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand ;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows ;
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent ;
A captaine moved with mickle pride
The spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on every side ;
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captains of great might ;
Like lions moved they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel ;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said ;
"In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advancéd be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Erle Piercy then,
 "Thy proffer I do scorn ;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born."

With that, there came an arrow keen
 Out of an English bow,
 Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
 A deep and deadly blow ;

Who never spoke more words than these :
 "Fight on, my merry men all ;
 For why, my life is at an end ;
 Lord Piercy sees my fall."

Then, leaving life, Erle Piercy took
 The dead man by the hand,
 And said, "Erle Douglas, for thy life
 Would I had lost my land !

"O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake ;
 For sure, a more renowned knight
 Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
 Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Erle Piercy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
 Who, with a spear most bright,
 Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight,

And passed the English archers all,
 Without all dread or fear,
 And through Erle Piercy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a veh'ment force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The spear ran through the other side
 A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
 Whose courage none could stain ;
 An English archer then perceived
 The noble erle was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree ;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
 So right his shaft he set,
 The gray goose-wing that was thereon
 In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
 Till setting of the sun ;
 For when they rung the evening bell,
 The battle scarce was done.

With the Erle Piercy there was slain
 Sir John of Ogerton,
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
 Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps ;
 For, when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with Erle Douglas there was slain
 Sir Hugh Montgomery,
 Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
 One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliff, too,
 His sister's son was he ;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
 Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in likewise
 Did with Erle Douglas dye ;
 Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
 Went home but fifty-three ;
 The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace,
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail ;
 They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
 They bore with them away ;
 They kissed them dead a thousand times,
 When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"O, heavy news," King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace.

"Now, God be with him," said our king,
"Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he."

"Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
For brave Erle Piercy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed,
After, on Humbledown:
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Erle Piercy.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

PART THE FIRST.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping,
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepared
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

Ail a long summer's day rode the king pleasantly,
With all his princes and nobles eche one,
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
Till the dark evening forced all to turne home.
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the last;
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham,
"Sir," quoth the miller, "I meane not to jest;
Yet I thinke what I thinke, sooth for to say;
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way."

"Why, what dost thou think of me," quoth our king merrily,
"Passing thy judgment upon me so brieve?"
"Good faith," sayd the miller, "I mean not to flatter thee;
I guess thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe;

Stand thee backe, in the darke ; light not adowne,
Lest that I presentlye crack thy knave's crowne."

"Thou dost abuse me much," quoth the king, "saying thus ;
I am a gentleman ; lodging I lacke."

"Thou hast not," quoth the miller, "one groat in thy purse ;
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe."

"I have gold to discharge all that I call ;
If it be forty pence, I will pay all."

"If thou beest a true man," then quoth the miller,
"I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night."

"Here's my hand," quoth the king : "that was I ever."

"Nay, soft," quoth the miller, "thou may'st be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake ;
With none but honest men hands will I take."

Thus they went all along unto the miller's house,
Where they were seething of puddings and souse ;

The miller first entered in, after him went the king ;

Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.

"Now," quoth hee, "let me see here what you are."

Quoth the king, "Looke your fill, and doe not spare."

"I like well thy countenance ; thou hast an honest face :

With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye."

Quoth his wife, "By my troth, it is a handsome youth,

Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.

Art thou no runaway, prythee, youth, tell ?

Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well."

Then our king, presentlye, making lowe courtesye,

With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say :

"I have no passport, nor never was servitor,

But a poor courtier, rode out of my way :

And for your kindness here offered to mee,

I will requite you in everye degree."

Then to the miller his wife whispered secretlye,

Saying, "It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,

Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners ;

To turn him out, certainlye were a great sin."

"Yea," quoth hee, "you may see he hath some grace,
When he doth speake to his betters in place."

"Well," quo' the millers wife, "young man, ye're welcome here ;
And, though I say it, well lodged shall be :
Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave,
And good brown hempen sheets likewise," quoth shee.
"Aye," quoth the good man, "and when that is done,
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne."

This caused the king suddenlye to laugh most heartilye,
Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes ;
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

"Here," quoth the miller, "good fellowe, I drinke to thee,
And to all courtnalls that courteous be."
"I pledge thee," quoth our king, "and thanke thee heartlye
For my good welcome in everye degree :
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne."
"Do then," quoth Richard, "and quicke let it come."

"Wife," quoth the miller, "fetch me forth light-foote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste."
A fair ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye,
"Eate," quoth the miller, "but, sir, make no waste.
Here's dainty light-foote !" "In faith," sayd the king,
"I never before eat so daintye a thing."

"I-wis," quoth Richard, "no daintye at all it is,
For we doe eate of it everye day."
"In what place," sayd our king, "may be bought like to this ?"
"We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay ;
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here ;
Now and then we make bold with our kings deer."

"Then I thinke," sayd our king, "that it is venison."
"Eche foole," quoth Richard, "full well may know that :
Never are wee without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat :

But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe ;
We would not, for two pence, the king should it knowe."

"Doubt not," then sayd the king, "my promist secresye ;
The king shall never know more on't for mee."
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their bedds they past presentlie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers cott, soone they espy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede ;
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee ;
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede ;
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hanged, by the rood.

The king, perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed :
The miller then downe did fall, crying-before them all,
Doubting the king would have cut off his head.
But he is kind courtesye for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubbed him a knight.

PART THE SECONDE.

When as our royall king came home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Westminster lay,
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
In this late progress along on the way,
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport likéd him best.

"And now, my lords," quoth the king, "I am determined
Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new confirméd knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest :
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire."

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts :
A pursuivant there was sent straighte on the business,
The which had often-times been in those parts.

When he came to the place where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then gan he tell.

"God save your worshipe," then said the messenger,
"And grant your ladye her own hearts desire ;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happiness,
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus doth he say,
You must come to the court on St. George's day.

"Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place."
"I-wis," quoth the miller, "this is an odd jest :
What should we doe there ? faith, I am halfe afraid."
"I doubt," quoth Richard, "to be hanged at the least."
"Nay," quoth the messenger, "you doe mistake ;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake."

Then sayd the miller, "By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well :
Hold, here are three farthings to 'quite thy gentleness,
For these happy tydings which thou dost tell.
Let me see, hear thou mee ; tell to our king,
We'll wayt on his mastership in everye thing."

The pursuivant smiléd at their simplicitie,
And making many leggs, tooke their reward,
And his leave taking with great humilitie,
To the kings court againe he repaired ;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes most liberall gift and bountié.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say :
"Here come expences and charges indeed ;
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have,
For of new garments we have great need.
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more."

"Tushe, Sir John," quoth his wife, "why should you frett or frowne?
You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee ;
For I will turne and trim up my old russet gown,
With everye thing else as fine as may bee ;

And on our mill-horses swift will we ride,
With pillowes and pannells, as we shall provide."

In this most statelie sort, rode they unto the court ;
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all,
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,
And so they jotted downe to the kings hall ;
The merry old miller with hands on his side ;
His wife like maid Marian did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine,
"Welcome, sir knight," quoth he, "with your gay lady ;
Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome againe ;
And so is the squire of courage soe free."
Quoth Dicke, "A bots on you ! do you know mee ?"

The king and the courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand ;
With the court dames and maids, like to the queen of spades,
The millers wife did soe orderly stand,
A milk-maids courtesye at every word ;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelie majesty,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight ;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight :
"Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer ;
Thanking you heartily for my good cheer."

Quoth Sir John Cockle, "I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire."
But then said our king, "Now I think of a thing ;
Some of your light-foote I would we had here."
"Ho ! ho !" quoth Richard, "full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it."

"Why art thou angry ?" quoth our king merrily ;
"In faith, I take it now very unkind :
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily."
Quoth Dicke, "You are like to stay till I have dined :

You feed us with twatling dishes soe small ;
Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all."

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,
And then the ladyes preparéd to dance :
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard incontinent
Unto their places the king did advance.
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Then Sir John Cockle the king called unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'erseer,
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye :
"Take heed now you steele no more of my deer ;
And once a quarter let's here have your view ;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu."



THOMAS FULLER.

Dr. Thomas Fuller was born in 1608, was educated at Cambridge, and by his extraordinary talents attained to great eminence as a preacher and author. His memory was prodigious ; he was familiar with local traditions, and fond of gathering quaint anecdotes and homely traits of character. His wit was exhaustless, sometimes leading him into unworthy conceits, but lending a constant charm to his vigorous sentences. Of his works the best known is *The Worthies of England*, a magazine of useful, curious and trivial matters. He espoused the cause of the king during the civil war, but returned at the close to his clerical duties in London. He died in 1661.

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER.

THERE is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these : First, young scholars make this calling their refuge ; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourth-

ly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as well be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this. But God, of his goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all—saving some few exceptions—to these general rules:—

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails—so they count the rest of their schoolfellows—they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. O, a good rod would finely take them napping.

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth, acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all

the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons' exemption from his rod — to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction — with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a school-master better answereth the name *paidotribes*¹ than *paidagogos*,² rather tearing his scholar's flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's present; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

¹ Boy-bruise.

² An instructor; literally, a boy's guide.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Samuel Butler was born in 1612. It is doubtful whether he ever received any higher education than that of the grammar school in Worcester, near his birthplace. He lived for some time in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers, and being a person of lively disposition, took an extreme dislike to the sad manners and severe discipline of the household. In 1663 he published the first part of *Hudibras*, in which the austerities of the Puritan leaders are ridiculed with a brilliant and merciless wit. Two other parts appeared subsequently, but the poem was never finished. One would think that a work which turned the whole current of popular feeling in favor of the restored monarch would have met with a reward, but Butler is only one of the many servants of the selfish profligate left to languish in poverty. He died in 1680. His remains were followed to the grave by a few persons only, and the funeral expenses were paid by a friend. The lapse of time has somewhat dulled the edge of Butler's satire, but many of his couplets are embedded in our speech as in mosaic; and certainly, until the publication of *The Biglow Papers* in our own day, no burlesque poem has appeared at all comparable to *Hudibras*.

HUDIBRAS.

CANTO I.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
 And men fell out they knew not why;
 When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
 Set folks together by the ears,
 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
 For dame Religion, as for punk;
 Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
 When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-eared rout, to battle sounded;
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a colonelling.

We grant, although he had much wit,
 He was very shy of using it,
 As being loath to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about;
 Unless on holy-days, or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak;

That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic ;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute :
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl ;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination :
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
And when he happened to break off
I' the middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by ;
Else when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk ;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to show't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound, was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect ;
It was a party-colored dress
Of patched and piebald languages ;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin ;

It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talked three parts in one ;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three laborers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Richard Lovelace was born in 1618, and was educated at Oxford. He is described as possessing great personal beauty and engaging manners. He was an ardent royalist, and spent the whole of his fortune in his endeavors to aid the king. He suffered imprisonment and poverty during the triumph of the Commons, and, what was worse, the ingratitude and neglect of the court after the Restoration. He died in 1658, in utter want, never having the cause to sing the "mercy, sweetness, majesty" of the heartless debauchee who dishonored the English throne.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like, confined, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king ;

When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Th' enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.



ANDREW MARVELL.

Andrew Marvell was born in a village in Lincolnshire, about the year 1620. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards acted as an assistant to Milton, Latin Secretary for the Commonwealth under Cromwell. He was for some years a prominent member of Parliament, and adhered to his republican principles even after the Restoration. He died in 1678. He was a voluminous writer upon political affairs ; but although his prose is forgotten, his best poems continue to be read with pleasure by all persons of taste.

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

FAIR Quiet, have I found thee here,
 And Innocence, thy sister dear ?
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busy companies of men.
 Your sacred plants, if here below,
 Only among the plants will grow.
 Society is all but rude
 To this delicious solitude.

What wondrous life in this I lead !
 Ripe apples drop about my head.
 The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
 The nectarine and curious peach
 Into my hands themselves do reach.
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
 Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness —
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide ;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy Garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
And, as it works, the industrious bee,
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers ?

ISAAC BARROW.

Dr. Isaac Barrow, an eminent scholar and divine, was born in London in 1630. He studied at Cambridge, and appears to have pursued successfully nearly all the sciences then known. He was especially eminent in mathematics and optics, and was the predecessor of Newton in the professor's chair. He enjoyed for some years the advantages of travel and study in foreign countries. Later he turned his attention to theology, and enriched the literature of the English church with a series of copious, learned, and powerful works. He died in 1677.

WHAT IS WIT?

FIRST, it may be demanded what the thing is we speak of, or what this facetiousness doth import? To which question I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man: "Tis that which we all see and know." Any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound. Sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consists in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way — such as reason teacheth and

proveth things by — which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar. It seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable ; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him ; together with a lively briskness of humor, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed *epidexioi*, dexterous men ; and *eutropoi*, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves. It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty ; as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity ; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure, by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts ; by instilling gayety and airiness of spirit ; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance ; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang.



JOHN DRYDEN.

John Dryden was born in 1631, and was educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Cambridge. He wrote some of his noblest verses on the death of Cromwell, but, after the Restoration, was a flatterer of the court of Charles II. Bred a Protestant, he became a Catholic upon the accession of James II. Whether these changes were sincere may well be doubted. It is with his works, however, that we have chiefly to do, and those who have little regard for him as a man must admit his claims to a very high place among authors. His first success was as a dramatist, but his plays no longer interest the public ; they were written to suit an age of unbridled license. *Absalom and Achitophel*, a political satire, gained him unbounded applause. *Religio Laici* was written in favor of the Established Church against the Dissenters. *The Hind and Panther* is a defence of his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church — a conversion that followed the renewal of his pension as poet-laureate by James. After the revolution of 1688, Dryden gave to the world, among other translations, his unsatisfactory one of Virgil, showing almost all the traits which the Mantuan poet had not. His highest achievement is the ode, *Alexander's Feast*, which follows. He was lord paramount of the writers of his day, receiving and exacting homage from all. Lacking wholly the finer qualities of a poet, — sensibility, truth, imagination, and refinement, — he had at command a copious and splendid diction, a sense of stately melody, great power of thought, a ready tact, and a talent for satirical invective that a modern platform orator might envy. It will be noticed that he is almost the only one of the many royalist authors who gained anything by "crooking the pregnant hinges of the knee" to the monarch whose "happy and glorious restoration" they sang. His complete poems are in-

cluded in Professor Child's edition of British Poets. For a very learned and interesting review of his life and works (somewhat too favorable), see Professor Lowell's "Among My Books."

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son —
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne ;
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound ;
 So should desert in arms be crowned.
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair !

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above ;
 Such is the power of mighty Love !
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed ;
 And while he sought her snowy breast,
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around ;
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face :
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse ;
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree ;

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honor but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying :

Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head ;
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise ;
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain :

Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown :
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

 ON MILTON.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
 The next in majesty, in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go ;
 To make a third, she joined the other two.

DANIEL DEFOE.

Daniel Defoe was born in London in 1661, and died in 1731. He was the author of more than two hundred separate works, including political pamphlets. His best known book, *Robinson Crusoe*, has probably had more readers than any printed in English except the Bible. No schoolboy will need to be reminded of its wonderful naturalness, its simple air of truth, its easy, unconscious and idiomatic style. Equally striking is the *Journal of the Plague in London*. In this work the reader is made a fellow-spectator of the horrors described; and throughout the long narrative, which is faithful to history and filled with minute and vivid pictures, the interest never for a moment flags.

The labors of this brave and indefatigable author brought him the usual return. His long life was spent in poverty, and occasionally in prison. Liberty of the press was then unknown. Criticisms upon the acts of the ministry were termed libels, and the answers which the powerful made to the critic or satirist were fines, the dungeon, and the pillory. Defoe suffered all of these with an unflinching courage.

As an essayist, he was the precursor of Addison and Steele; as a novelist, the master of Richardson, Fielding, Thackeray, and Dickens; as a defender of popular rights, he is entitled to the homage of all liberty-loving men.

In the narratives of Defoe the interest is so equally diffused, and the plots are so inartificial, that it is extremely difficult to make any selections. It is in their cumulative effect that the power of his works is felt. A handsome and useful volume, containing his best works, has been published by W. J. Swayne, of New York.

[From *Robinson Crusoe*. — Appearance of Friday.]

HE was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight, strong limbs, not too large, tall and well shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance, too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool, his forehead very high and large, and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny, and yet not of any ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are; but of a bright kind of a dun olive color, that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat, like the negro's, a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory. After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by: when he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble thankful disposition, making a many antic gestures to show it: at last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as

he had done before ; and after this, made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him ; in a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me ; and first, I let him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life ; I called him so for the memory of the time ; I likewise taught him to say master, and let him know that was to be my name ; I likewise taught him to say yes and no, and to know the meaning of them ; I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it ; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

But I needed none of all this precaution ; for never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant, than Friday was to me ; without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliged and engaged, his very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father ; and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life for the saving mine upon any occasion whatsoever ; the many testimonies he gave me of this, put it out of doubt, and soon convinced me that I needed to use no precautions as to my safety on his account.

This frequently gave me occasion to observe, and that with wonder, that however it had pleased God, in his providence, and in the government of the works of his hands, to take from so great a part of the world of his creatures the best uses to which their faculties and the powers of their souls are adapted, yet that He has bestowed upon them the same powers, the same reason, the same affections, the same sentiments of kindness and obligation, the same passions and resentments of wrongs, the same sense of gratitude, sincerity, and fidelity, and all the capacities of doing good and receiving good, that He has given to us ; and that when He pleases to offer to them occasions of exerting these, they are as ready, nay, more ready, to apply them to the right uses for which they were bestowed, than we are. And this made me very melancholy sometimes, in reflecting, as the several occasions presented, how mean a use we make of all these, even though we have these powers enlightened by the great lamp of instruction, the Spirit of God, and by the knowledge of his word added to our understanding ; and why it has pleased God to hide the like saving knowledge from so many millions of souls, who, if I might judge by this poor savage, would make a much better use of it than we did.

[From the Journal of the Plague.]

As I went along Houndsditch one morning about eight o'clock, there was a great noise. It is true, indeed, there was not much crowd, because the people were not very free to gather together, or to stay long together when they were there; nor did I stay long there; but the outcry was loud enough to prompt my curiosity, and I called to one, who looked out of a window, and asked what was the matter. A watchman, it seems, had been employed to keep his post at the door of a house which was infected, or said to be infected, and was shut up. He had been there all night, for two nights together, as he told his story, and the day watchman had been there one day, and was now come to relieve him. All this while no noise had been heard in the house, no light had been seen, they called for nothing, had sent him no errands, which used to be the chief business of the watchman; neither had they given him any disturbance, as he said, from Monday afternoon, when he heard a great crying and screaming in the house, which, as he supposed, was occasioned by some of the family dying just at that time.

It seems, the night before, the dead-cart, as it was called, had been stopped there, and a servant-maid had been brought down to the door dead, and the buriers, or bearers, as they were called, put her into the cart, wrapped only in a green rug, and carried her away.

The watchman had knocked at the door, it seems, when he heard that noise and crying, as above, and nobody answered a great while; but at last one looked out, and said, with an angry, quick tone, and yet a kind of crying voice, or a voice of one that was crying, "What d'ye want, that you make such a knocking?"

He answered, "I am the watchman. How do you do? What is the matter?"

The person answered, "What is that to you? Stop the dead-cart."

This, it seems, was about one o'clock; soon after, as the fellow said, he stopped the dead-cart, and then knocked again, but nobody answered. He continued knocking, and the bellman called out several times, "Bring out your dead;" but nobody answered, till the man that drove the cart, being called to other houses, would stay no longer, and drove away. The watchman knew not what to make of all this; so he let them alone till the morning man, or day watchman, as they called him, came to relieve him; giving him an account of the particulars, they knocked at the door a great while, but nobody answered, and they observed that the window or casement, at

which the person looked out who had answered before, continued open, being up two pair of stairs.

Upon this the two men, to satisfy their curiosity, got a long ladder, and one of them went up to the window, and looked into the room, where he saw a woman lying dead upon the floor, in a dismal manner, having no clothes on her but her shift; but, though he called aloud, and, putting in his long staff, knocked hard on the floor, yet nobody stirred or answered, neither could he hear any noise in the house.

He came down again upon this, and acquainted his fellow, who went up also, and, finding it just so, they resolved to acquaint either the lord mayor or some other magistrate of it, but did not offer to go in at the window. The magistrate, it seems, upon the information of the two men, ordered the house to be broke open, a constable and other persons being appointed to be present, that nothing might be plundered; and accordingly it was so done, when nobody was found in the house but that young woman, who having been infected and past recovery, the rest had left her to die by herself, and every one gone, having found some way to delude the watchman, and to get open the door, or get out at some back door, or over the tops of the houses, so that he knew nothing of it; and as to those cries and shrieks which he heard, it was supposed they were the passionate cries of the family at this bitter parting, which, to be sure, it was to them all, this being the sister to the mistress of the family. The man of the house, his wife, several children, and servants, being all gone and fled, whether sick or sound, that I could never learn, nor, indeed, did I make much inquiry after it.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin, of English parents, in 1667. He entered the university of his native city at the age of fourteen, where he distinguished himself by the ardent pursuit of almost all the studies that were not prescribed by the faculty. He held scholastic learning, especially the formal rules of logic, in light esteem, but was a prodigious reader of history and poetry. He entered the church, but, being a strong Tory partisan, he incurred the persistent enmity of the ruling powers of Queen Anne's court. His numerous and brilliant works got him no influential friends, and his hopes of honor and place were disappointed. With more wit, vigor, and resources than any living churchman, he never attained the coveted bishopric; but he has made the name of the "Dean of St. Patrick's" famous wherever our literature is read.

His principal works are *Gulliver's Travels*, an ingenious satire upon the statesmen of the time; the *Tale of a Tub*, a theological treatise in disguise; the *Drapier Letters*, an indignant protest against the base coinage which the government allowed to be sent over to Ireland, and his letters and poems. His prose is of the most racy and vigorous sort,

often coarse, but never diffuse. His verse has no variety of rhythm, no pathos, no delicacy, and little fancy; anything farther removed from poetry, as the term is now received, can hardly be conceived; but his satire has a pungency that stings to this day, and in originality and force of thought he must be ranked among the first of Englishmen.

In disposition he was niggardly, rude, and ungracious; yet he was capable of strong friendships, and was highly esteemed by Addison, Pope, and other contemporaries. The darkest stain upon his character is his base treatment of the two brilliant women whom he has immortalized under the names of "Stella" and "Vanessa." Their unfortunate attachment to this cold and inscrutable man is one of the saddest episodes in literary biography. His later years were clouded by lunacy, ending in the total darkness which fell in 1745. His poems are included in the edition mentioned before. *Gulliver's Travels* and the *Tale of a Tub* are to be had in many forms. His other works are but little read.

[ON POETRY. A Rhapsody. 1733.]

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assigned
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A foundered horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barred gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by Folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
Not empire to the rising sun
By valor, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.

Consult yourself, and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.

Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invoked, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head and bite your nails.
Your poem finished, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in Italic type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in capitals expressed,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labor lost:
And how agreeably surprised
Are you to see it advertised!
The hawkers show you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle;
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion;
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,

Nor argue on the weaker side :
 For, poems read without a name
 We justly praise, or justly blame ;
 And critics have no partial views,
 Except they know whom they abuse ;
 And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
 Depend upon't their judgment's right.

Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
 And sent in quires to line a trunk,
 If still you be disposed to rhyme,
 Go try your hand a second time.
 Again you fail ; yet Safe's the word ;
 Take courage, and attempt a third.
 But first with care employ your thoughts
 Where critics marked your former faults :
 The trivial turns, the borrowed wit,
 The similes that nothing fit ;
 The cant which every fool repeats,
 Town jests and coffee-house conceits,
 Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
 And introduced the Lord knows why ;
 Or where we find your fury set
 Against the harmless alphabet :
 On A's and B's your malice vent,
 While readers wonder whom you meant :
 A public or a private robber ;
 A statesman or a South Sea jobber ;
 A prelate, who no God believes ;
 A parliament or den of thieves ;
 A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
 A duchess, or a suburb wench ;
 Or oft, when epithets you link,
 In gaping lines to fill a chink,
 Like stepping-stones, to save a stride,
 In streets where kennels are too wide ;

Or like a heel-piece, to support
 A cripple with one foot too short ;
 Or like a bridge that joins a marish
 To moorlands of a different parish.
 So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
 Drag different ways in miry grounds,
 So geographers, in Afric maps,
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,
 And o'er unhabitable downs
 Place elephants for want of towns.

The greater for the smaller watch,
 But seldom meddle with their match.
 A whale of moderate size will draw
 A shoal of herrings down his maw ;
 A fox with geese his belly crams ;
 A wolf destroys a thousand lambs ;
 But search among the rhyming race,
 The brave are worried by the base.
 If on Parnassus' top you sit,
 You rare'y bite, are always bit :
 Each poet of inferior size
 On you shall rail and criticise,
 And strive to tear you limb from limb,
 While others do as much for him.
 The vermin only tease and pinch
 Their foes superior by an inch.
 So, naturalists observe, a flea
 Has smaller fleas that on him prey ;
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
 And so proceed ad infinitum.
 Thus every poet, in his kind,
 Is bit by him that comes behind :
 Who, though too little to be seen,
 Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Joseph Addison was born in 1672, and was educated at Oxford. His first efforts were in verse, stately, frigid, and artificial, read now only by the curious in literary history. An amusing reference to one of his "rhymed gazettes," the *Battle of Blenheim*, may be seen in "Henry Esmond." But verses in the interests of party have generally brought their price, and Addison was at once pensioned and distinguished. He rose through several public offices to be Secretary of State, but never displayed any marked ability as a statesman, and none whatever as a debater. It was fortunate that he was not diverted from the field in which he has gained an imperishable fame. His essays in the *Spectator* and *Tatler* are cited by all critics as models of pure English, "familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious." They touch upon a great variety of subjects, mostly of an unambitious sort, the minor morals and domestic life, together with occasional criticisms. Sir Roger de Coverley, who figures in the *Spectator* is a delightful creation "for anything finer," says Macaulay, "we must go to Shakespeare or Cervantes."

Addison was a shy and reserved man ; jealous and taciturn, his enemies said. Pope's

severe characterization of him as "Atticus" is too well known to be quoted here. He married a lady of high rank, the Countess of Warwick, with whom he lived unhappily, and from whose society he often escaped to the tavern, where he could talk upon literature with a friend over a bottle of claret. He died in 1719.

For a delightful essay upon his life and works the reader is referred to the *Essays of Macaulay*. The works we have mentioned are to be found in any collection of British authors.

[From the Spectator.]

No. 106. Monday, July 2, 1711.

Hinc tibi copia

Manabit ad plenum, benigno

Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. — HOR. OD. I. 17, 14.

Here plenty's liberal horn shall pour

Of fruits for thee a copious shower,

Rich honors of the quiet plain.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I ever have seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

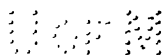
I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them

pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dépendant.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned; and without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table: for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled



upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years ; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them ; if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision ; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us ; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw, with a great deal of pleasure, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice ; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example ; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

No. 112. Monday, July 9, 1711.

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμῳ ὡς δικάζεται.
Τιμῇ. — ΡΥΤΗΛΑ.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship th' immortal gods.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular, and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and, indeed, outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's partic-

ularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer, and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church — which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place, and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers, while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order,

and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year, and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning ; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

No. 157. Thursday, August 30, 1711.

Genius natale comes qui temperat astrum
Naturæ Deus humanæ mortalis in unum —
 Quodque caput. — HOR., Epist. II. 2, 187.

IMITATED.

That directing power,
 Who forms the genius in the natal hour ;
 That God of nature, who, within us still
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will. — POPE.

I AM very much at a loss to express by any word that occurs to me in our language that which is understood by *Indoles* in Latin. The natural disposition to any particular art, science, profession, or trade, is very much to be consulted in the care of youth, and studied by men for their own conduct when they form to themselves any scheme of life. It is wonderfully hard indeed for a man to judge of his own capacity impartially ; that may look great to me which may appear little to another, and I may be carried by fondness towards myself so far, as to attempt things too high for my talents and accomplishments ; but it is not, methinks, so very difficult a matter to make a judgment of the abilities of others, especially of those who are in their infancy. My commonplace book directs me on this occasion to mention the dawning of greatness in Alexander, who being asked in his youth to contend for a prize in the Olympic games, answered he would, if he had kings to run against him. Cassius, who was one of the conspirators against Cæsar, gave as great a proof of his temper, when in his childhood he struck a play-fellow, the son of Sylla, for saying his father was master of the Roman people.

Scipio is reported to have answered (when some flatterers at supper were asking him what the Romans should do for a general after his death), Take Marius. Marius was then a very boy, and had given no instances of his valor ; but it was visible to Scipio from the manners of the youth, that he had a soul formed for the attempt and execution of great undertakings. I must confess I have very often with much sorrow bewailed the misfortune of the children of Great Britain, when I consider the ignorance and undiscerning of the generality of schoolmasters. The boasted liberty we talk of is but a mean reward for the long servitude, the many heartaches and terrors, to which our childhood is exposed in going through a grammar school ; many of these stupid tyrants exercise their cruelty without any manner of distinction of the capacities of children, or the intention of parents in their behalf. There are many excellent tempers which are worthy to be nourished and cultivated with all possible diligence and care, that were never designed to be acquainted with Aristotle, Tully, or Virgil ; and there are as many who have capacities for understanding every word those great persons have writ, and yet were not born to have any relish of their writings. For want of this common and obvious discerning in those who have the care of youth, we have so many hundred unaccountable creatures every age whipped up into great scholars, that are forever near a right understanding, and will never arrive at it. These are the scandal of letters, and these are generally the men who are to teach others. The sense of shame and honor is enough to keep the world itself in order without corporal punishment, much more to train the minds of uncorrupted and innocent children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a year, that a lad is chastised for a blockhead, when it is good apprehension that makes him incapable of knowing what his teacher means : a brisk imagination very often may suggest an error, which a lad could not have fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his master in explaining ; but there is no mercy even towards a wrong interpretation of his meaning ; the sufferings of the scholar's body are to rectify the mistakes of his mind.

I am confident that no boy who will not be allured to letters without blows, will ever be brought to anything with them. A great or good mind must necessarily be the worse for such indignities ; and it is a sad change to lose of its virtue for the improvement of its knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great school but must remember to have seen children of excellent and ingenuous natures (as has afterwards appeared in their manhood), I say no man has passed through this way of education but must

have seen an ingenuous creature expiring with shame, with pale looks, beseeching sorrow, and silent tears, throw up its honest eyes, and kneel on its tender knees to an inexorable blockhead, to be forgiven the false quantity of a word in making a Latin verse : the child is punished, and the next day he commits a like crime, and so a third with the same consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable man whether this lad, in the simplicity of his native innocence, full of shame, and capable of any impression from that grace of soul, was not fitter for any purpose in this life, than after that spark of virtue is extinguished in him, though he is able to write twenty verses in an evening.

Seneca says, after his exalted way of talking, "As the immortal gods never learnt any virtue, though they are endowed with all that is good, so there are some men who have so natural a propensity to what they should follow, that they learn it almost as soon as they hear it." Plants and vegetables are cultivated into the production of finer fruit than they would yield without that care ; and yet we cannot entertain hopes of producing a tender conscious spirit into acts of virtue, without the same methods as is used to cut timber, or give new shape to a piece of stone.

It is wholly to this dreadful practice that we may attribute a certain hardness and ferocity which some men, though liberally educated, carry about them in all their behavior. To be bred like a gentleman, and punished like a malefactor, must, as we see it does, produce that illiberal sauciness which we see sometimes in men of letters.

The Spartan boy who suffered the fox (which he had stolen and hid under his coat) to eat into his bowels, I dare say had not half the wit or petulance which we learn at great schools among us ; but the glorious sense of honor, or rather fear of shame, which he demonstrated in that action, was worth all the learning in the world without it.

It is, methinks, a very melancholy consideration, that a little negligence can spoil us, but great industry is necessary to improve us ; the most excellent natures are soon depreciated, but evil tempers are long before they are exalted into good habits. To help this by punishments, is the same thing as killing a man to cure him of a distemper ; when he comes to suffer punishment in that one circumstance, he is brought below the existence of a rational creature, and is in the state of a brute that moves only by the admonition of stripes. But since this custom of educating by the lash is suffered by the gentry of Great Britain, I would prevail only that honest,

heavy lads may be dismissed from slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth year, whether they expect any progress from them or not. Let the child's capacity be forthwith examined and [he] sent to some mechanic way of life, without respect to his birth, if nature designed him for nothing higher : let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a dereliction of mind for being what it is no guilt to be — a plain man. I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned men of either robe who have been whipped at school, are not still men of noble and liberal minds ; but I am sure they had been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that infamy.

No. 159. Saturday, September 1, 1711.

Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam. — VIRG., *Æn.* II. 604.

The cloud which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one, entitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them ; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated, word for word, as follows : —

“On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life ; and, passing from one thought to another, ‘Surely,’ said I, ‘man is but a shadow, and life a dream.’ Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard : they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of

good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I

saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it ; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that the throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them ; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scymetars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time ? I see vultures, harpyes, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain ! How is he given away to misery and mortality ! tortured in

life, and swallowed up in death!’ The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. ‘Look no more,’ said he, ‘on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.’ I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the side of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. ‘The islands,’ said he, ‘that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.’ I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, ‘Show me now, I beseech

thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

THE END OF THE FIRST VISION OF MIRZA.

No. 499. Thursday, October 2, 1712.

Nimis uncis

Naribus indulges. — *PERS.*, Sat. I. 40.

— You drive the jest too far. — *DRYDEN.*

My friend Will. Honeycomb has told me, for above this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical mistakes, I shall make a present of to the public.

DEAR SPEC.: I was, about two nights ago, in company with very agreeable young people of both sexes, where talking of some of your papers which are written on conjugal love, there arose a dispute among us, whether there were not more bad husbands in the world than bad wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for the ladies, took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous siege in Germany, which I have since found related in my historical dictionary, after the following manner: When the Emperor Conrade the Third had besieged Guelphus, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor that they might depart out of it, with so much as each of them could carry. The emperor, knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition, when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place with every one her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into tears, and after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the duke into his favor.

The ladies did not a little triumph at this story, asking us, at the

same time, whether in our consciences we believed that the men of any town in Great Britain would, upon the same offer, and at the same conjuncture, have loaden themselves with their wives, or, rather, whether they would not have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them? To this my very good friend Tom Dapperwit, who took upon him to be the mouth of our sex, replied, that they would be very much to blame if they would not do the same good office for the women, considering that their strength would be greater, and their burdens lighter. As we were amusing ourselves with discourses of this nature, in order to pass away the evening, which now begins to grow tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive diversion of Questions and Commands. I was no sooner vested with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies, under pain of my displeasure, to tell the company ingenuously, in case they had been in the siege above mentioned, and had the same offers made them as the good women of that place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the saving? There were several merry answers made to my question, which entertained us till bed-time. This filled my mind with such a huddle of ideas, that, upon my going to sleep, I fell into the following dream:—

I saw a town of this island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the inhabitants of it so straitened as to cry for quarter. The general refused any other terms than those granted to the above-mentioned town of Hensberg, namely, that the married women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the city gates flew open, and a female procession appeared, multitudes of the sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence in the enemy's camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of these female carriers, being very desirous to look into their several ladings. The first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders, which she set down with great care. Upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with China ware. The next appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a handsome young fellow upon her back. I could not forbear commending the young woman for her conjugal affection, when, to my great surprise, I found that she had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant. I saw the third, at some distance, with a little withered face peeping over her shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her spouse, till, upon her setting him down,

I heard her call him dear pug, and found him to be her favorite monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with her ; and the fifth a Bolonia lap-dog ; for her husband, it seems, being a very burly man, she thought, it would be less trouble for her to bring away little Cupid. The next was the wife of a rich usurer, loaden with a bag of gold. She told us that her spouse was very old, and by the course of nature could not expect to live long, and that, to show her tender regards for him, she had saved that which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards us with her son upon her back, who, we were told, was the greatest rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her husband behind, with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth.

It would be endless to mention the several persons, with their several loads, that appeared to me in this strange vision. All the place about me was covered with packs of ribbons, brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole street of toy-shops. One of the women, having a husband who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the same time that she carried a great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm ; but finding herself so overladen that she could not save both of them, she dropped the good man, and brought away the bundle. In short, I found but one husband among this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobbler, that kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, had scarce passed a day in his life without giving her the discipline of the strap.

I cannot conclude my letter, dear Spec., without telling thee one very odd whim in this my dream. I saw, methoughts, a dozen women employed in bringing off one man. I could not guess who it should be, till, upon his nearer approach, I discovered thy short phiz. The women all declared that it was for the sake of thy works, and not thy person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou shouldst continue the Spectator. If thou thinkest this dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy service, from,

Dear Spec., thine, sleeping and waking,

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

The ladies will see, by this letter, what I have often told them, that Will. is one of those old-fashioned men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shews his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has

often tried his fortune that way without success. I cannot, however, dismiss his letter without observing that the true story on which it is built does honor to the sex, and that, in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction.

No. 517. Thursday, October 23, 1712.

Heu pietas ! heu prisca fides ! — VIRG., *Æn.* VI. 878.

Mirror of ancient faith ! —

Undaunted worth ! inviolable truth ! — DRYDEN.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

HONORED SIR: Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman ; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom ; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew

worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life ; but this only proved a light'ning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother : he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church ; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum : the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quitrents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since ;

no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,
Honored sir, your most sorrowful servant,

EDWARD BISCUIT.

P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name.

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of Parliament. There was in particular the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

[From the Tatler.]

I MUST confess, there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean. A skilful artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either of these views. The finest authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In short, it is impossible to read a page in Plato, Tully, and a thousand other ancient moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out

of humor with myself and at everything about me. Their business is to depreciate human nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean interpretations and base motives to the worthiest actions: they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavor to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of men and that of brutes. As an instance of this kind of authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefoucauld, who is the great philosopher for administering of consolation to the idle, the envious, and worthless part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate understanding, but great vivacity, who, by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little smattering of knowledge, just enough to make an atheist or a free-thinker, but not a philosopher or a man of sense. With these accomplishments, he went to visit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wise, though not learned. The son, who took all opportunities to show his learning, began to establish a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions; in which he succeeded so well, that he had seduced the butler by his table-talk, and staggered his eldest sister. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, till one day, talking of his setting dog, the son said "he did not question but Tray was as immortal as any one of the family;" and, in the heat of the argument, told his father, "that, for his own part, he expected to die like a dog." Upon which, the old man, starting up in a very great passion, cried out, "Then, sirrah, you shall live like one!" and, taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his system.

This had so good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a bencher in the Middle Temple.



RICHARD STEELE.

Richard Steele was born in Dublin, of English parents, in 1675. He was a fellow-student with Addison at the Charter House School in London, and afterwards at Oxford. He enlisted in the army, to the great displeasure of his friends, and to the detriment of his own manners and morals. Later, in order to correct some of his own bad habits, he resorted to the unusual and not very successful expedient of writing a religious work, which he published under the title of *The Christian Hero*. From this he turned to the more congenial labor of writing comedies. Afterwards, in 1709, he projected the *Tatler*, a tri-weekly publi-

cation, in which some of the most delightful essays in the language appeared. This was succeeded in 1711 by *The Spectator*, issued daily. *The Guardian* came next, in 1713, and several other similar but less brilliant papers followed. Addison and Steele were the principal writers, Steele taking the lead in *The Tatler* and *The Guardian*, and Addison in *The Spectator*. The original conception of the "Spectator Club" was Steele's, but it was Addison that gave to their portraits most of the artistic touches that have continued to charm all readers.

During much of his life Steele was a man of fashion, always extravagant, and always in debt. He served in Parliament with some distinction, and, in a time of universal corruption, managed to keep his hands pretty clean. He was knighted by George I. He died in 1729.

In *The English Humorists* Thackeray has given a very picturesque sketch of his life and character.

[From the *Tatler*.]

THE first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledoor in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there.

My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me, in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no merit; but, having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humor as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which

befell us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely or unhappy deaths are what we are apt to lament ; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstances of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices ? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity ; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make it no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honor. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it ; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

[From the same. On Story-Tellers.]

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humor principally consists, so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy — he's gone ! — was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner when such a thing happened, in what ditch his bay horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John — no, it was William — started a hare in the common field, that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed, and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July or the beginning of August.

But of all evils in story-telling, the humor of telling tales one after another in great numbers is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pan-

dolf and his son gave my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, "Ay, but, father," saith the son, "let us have the Spirit in the Wood." After that hath been laughed at, "Ay, but, father," cries the booby again, "tell us how you served the robber." "Alack-a-day," saith Sir Harry with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, "I have almost forgot that; but it is a pleasant conceit, to be sure." Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order, and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever since the Revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he says, with a feigned concern in his countenance, "Madam, I have lost by you to-day." "How so, Sir Harry?" replies my lady. "Madam," says he, "I have lost an excellent appetite." At this his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.



LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, was born in 1678, was educated at Eton and Oxford, and entered at once into political life. He was possessed of brilliant talents and great personal influence, yet his public life was, nevertheless, a signal failure; and, although he was the most conspicuous figure among the literary men of Queen Anne's time, his works are no longer read. It is supposed that his ideas, communicated to Pope, form the staple of the famous *Essay on Man*, and this circumstance has kept alive a certain interest in his name. He died in 1751.

THE MIND SUPERIOR TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

BELIEVE me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us, the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest, lies most out of the reach of human power, can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, where it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours; and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly, wherever we are led by the

course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end—the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolutions of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets, which roll, like ours, in different orbits, round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous—that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

ALEXANDER POPE.

If, somewhat more than a hundred years ago, we had seen a little man—so little that he required a high chair to bring him to the level of an ordinary dining table; so lean, shrivelled, and weak that he must be wrapped in flannels, sewn up in corsets, and thrice stockinged; unable to dress or undress, or to lie down or rise, without assistance; so crooked and deformed as to be nicknamed an interrogation point; but with a fine, thin face, and an eye that glowed like a coal,—if we had seen this singular figure in a court suit of black, wearing a little sword, and distinguished by his elegant manners, we should not need any further introduction to Pope.

He was born in 1688, the son of a thriving tradesman in London, and received the rudiments of his education from the family confessor. Though he attended school somewhat, he was mainly his own teacher. As he says of himself, he “lisp[ed] in numbers,” and planned epic poems before he was twelve years old. His *Essay on Criticism* was published in his twentieth year. The *Rape of the Lock*, one of his most perfect pieces, is a mock heroic, founded upon the clipping of a curl from Miss Fermor by her lover, Lord Petrie. His principal work was the translation (or, in this case, according to the German idiom, the *oversetting*) of the *Iliad*, in which the reader, instead of the free and incommunicable simplicity and majesty of Homer, finds the strong and musical, but wholly artificial couplets of Mr. Pope's own make. In *The Dunciad* the poet took a terrible revenge upon his critics and jealous rivals, but not always with justice; for even so admirable a writer as Defoe is pilloried with the others. The *Essay on Man* has been alluded to in the notice of Bolingbroke.

There is not room to mention in detail the separate works of this most ingenious and

industrious author, nor to give more than the most meagre account of his busy life and literary quarrels. His satire was sharp, and there were few authors of eminence who did not at some time feel its edge. The literary history of the time is full of interest to the student, and the materials for its study are, fortunately, ample. The complete poetical works of Pope are published in many editions, that in the series of *The British Poets* being a prominent one. His letters deserve mention among the most easy and polished specimens of epistolary composition. He died in 1744.

[From the "Essay on Man."]

EPISTLE I.

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state :
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
 Or who could suffer being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 O, blindness to the future ! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
 • Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
 Man never is, but always to be, blest.
 The soul uneasy and confined, from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
 Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
 His soul proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven ;
 Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold :

To be, contents his natural desire ;
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends :
 Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass :
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam ;
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green ;
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood ?
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew !
 How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
 Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine !
 'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier !
 Forever separate, yet forever near !
 Remembrance and reflection, how allied !
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide !
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass the insuperable line !
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?
 The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one ?

What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
 Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head ?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this general frame ;
 Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
 The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,

Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same ;
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame ;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph, that adores and burns :
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
 Submit — In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear ;
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
 Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
 All discord, harmony not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good :
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

FROM EPISTLE III.

'Twas then, the studious head, or generous mind,
 Follower of God, or friend of human-kind,
 Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
 The faith and moral Nature gave before ;
 Relumed her ancient light, not kindled new ;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :
 Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
 Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too ;
 Till jarring interests of themselves create
 The according music of a well-mixed state.

Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
 From order, union, full consent of things :
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;
 More powerful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ;
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administered is best :
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right :
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity :
 All must be false that thwart this one great end ;
 And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives ;
 The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun,
 So two consistent motions act the soul ;
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature linked the general frame,
 And bade self-love and social be the same.

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EPISTLE IV.

O happiness ! our being's end and aim !
 Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name,
 That something still which prompts the eternal sigh.
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool, and wise,
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropped below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
 Fair opening to some court's propitious shrine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ?
 Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reaped in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ? — where grows it not ? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
 Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere ;

'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere :
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, St. John ! dwells with thee.

Honor and shame from no condition rise ;
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made ;
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ?"
 I'll tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
 The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Go ! if your ancient but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
 Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.

All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own :
 Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge :
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,

The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame !
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honored, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete !
In hearts of kings or arms of queens who lay,
How happy, those to ruin, these betray !
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed, as proud Venice rose ;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero sunk the man :
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for gold :
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plundered provinces.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find ;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God ;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below ;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God, and love of man.

Come then, my friend ! my genius ! come along ;
O master of the poet and the song !
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;
Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease.

Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 O, while along the stream of time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend !
 That urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
 For wit's false mirror held up Nature's light ;
 Showed erring pride, whatever is, is right ;
 That reason, passion, answer one great aim ;
 That true self-love and social are the same ;
 That virtue only makes our bliss below ;
 And all our knowledge is — ourselves to know.

[From "The Rape of the Lock."]

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
 I sing. This verse to Caryl, Muse, is due :
 This even Belinda may vouchsafe to view.
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
 If she inspire and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess, could compel
 A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle ?
 O, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
 Could make a gentle belle reject a lord ?
 In tasks so bold can little men engage,
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage ?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
 And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.
 Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
 And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake.
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,
 And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.
 Belinda still her downy pillow pressed ;
 Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears ;
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear.
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care ;
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.

Favors to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults if belles had faults to hide.
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth, ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray ;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous baron the bright locks admired ;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious Heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly Love — to Love an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billets-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain and long possess the prize.
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer ;
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides,
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die.
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,

Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay—
All but the sylph. With careful thoughts oppressed,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air ;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair.
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin, glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dies ;
While every beam new transient colors flings—
Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel placed ;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun : —

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins,
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye.
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain ;
Or alum styptics, with contracting power,
Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled flower ;
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below.

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend ;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear.
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO IIL

CLOSE by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home.
Here thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a court.
In various talk the instructive hours they passed—
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last.
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff or the fan supplies each pause of chat
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine ;
The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.

O, thoughtless mortals, ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate,
Sudden these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed forever this victorious day.

For, lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze.
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide.
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band ;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,

Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
 New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.
 Ah! cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too late;
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate.
 Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair.

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
 Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
 A two-edged weapon from her shining case.
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair;
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought.
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
 He watched the ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
 Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
 To enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
 Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
 (But airy substance soon unites again);
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head forever and forever.

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,

And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies ;
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast
When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last,
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,
And secret passions labored in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin, for thy ravished hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapor reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs forever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne : alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed,
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is filled ; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen ;
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride ;

On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapped in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise,
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Safe passed the gnome through this fantastic land,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand,
Then thus addressed the power : " Hail, wayward queen !
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen.
Parent of vapors and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays.
A nymph there is that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But O, if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game ;

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin ;
That single act gives half the world the spleen."

The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cried
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" replied),
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strained your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honor forbid! at whose unrialled shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost:
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand forever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow:
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs.

"It grieves me much," replied the peer again,
"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honors shall renew,
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew),

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall forever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honors of her head."

But Umbriel, hateful gnome ! forbears not so ;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drowned in tears ;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she raised ; and thus she said : —

"Forever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my favorite curl away !
Happy ! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen !
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.
O, had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land,
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste Bohea !
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam ?
O, had I staid, and said my prayers at home !
'Twas this the morning omens seemed to tell ;
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;
The tottering china shook without a wind ;
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late !
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
My hands shall rend what even thy rapine spares :
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck :
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone.
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
Uncurled it hangs ; the fatal shears demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
O, hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these ! "

CANTO V.

SHE said : the pitying audience melt in tears ;
 But Fate and Jove had stopped the baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails ?
 Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.

"To arms, to arms !" the fierce virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties and begin the attack ;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;
 Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found ;
 Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
 And heavenly breasts with human passions rage ;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :
 Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :
 Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
 Clapped his glad wings, and sate to view the fight :
 Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witling perished in the throng ;
 One died in metaphor, and one in song.
 "O, cruel nymph ! a living death I bear !"
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast :
 "Those eyes are made so killing !" was his last.
 Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
 The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown ;

She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But at her smile the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair ;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See ! fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
Nor feared the chief the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued :
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate !" incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings ; which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown :
Her infant grandam's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew ;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe !
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind ;
All that I dread is leaving you behind !
Rather than so, ah ! let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive."

"Restore the lock !" she cries ; and all around,
"Restore the lock !" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello, in so loud a strain,
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost !
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,

In every place is sought, but sought in vain :
With such a prize no mortal must be blest :
So Heaven decrees ! with Heaven who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases ;
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick men's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes.
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confessed in view.)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.

Then cease, bright nymph, to mourn thy ravished hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
Not all the tresses that fair heads can boast
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye ;
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust, —
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

JOHN GAY.

John Gay was born in 1688. It does not appear that he had the advantage of a classical education. He is chiefly noted for his successful burlesques of pastoral poetry and of the Italian opera, and for his fables. When Italian music was first introduced into London, the success of the *Beggars' Opera*, in which thieves, male and female, were the leading characters, turned the tide of popular favor to English drama enlivened by music. Probably there was never a more ignoble victory of senseless prejudice over cultivated taste ; but the effects of the onslaught upon the only correct style of vocalism are still visible in the notions of uncultivated Englishmen, many of whom suppose that English opera is the flower of musical art. The fables of Gay are full of good points, — well rhymed, and conveying the moral that knowledge of the world suggests. Very few of his poems can be read at this day, however, without expurgation. He lived a luxurious life, and died at the early age of forty-four.

THE FOX.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
 Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay ;
 All appetite had left his maw,
 And age disarmed his mumbling jaw.
 His numerous race around him stand,
 To learn their dying sire's command :
 He raised his head with whining moan,
 And thus was heard the feeble tone :
 " Ah, sons, from evil ways depart ;
 My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
 See, see the murdered geese appear !
 Why are those bleeding turkeys there ?
 Why all around this cackling train,
 Who haunt my ears for chicken slain ? "
 The hungry foxes round them stared,
 And for the promised feast prepared :
 " Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer ?
 Nor turkey, goose, nor hen, is here.
 These are the phantoms of your brain,
 And your sons lick their lips in vain."
 " O, gluttons ! " says the drooping sire ;
 " Restrain inordinate desire :
 Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
 When peace of conscience is no more.
 Does not the hound betray our pace,
 And gins and guns destroy our race ?
 Thieves dread the searching eye of power,
 And never feel the quiet hour.

Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein ;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem.”
“The counsel’s good,” a Fox replies,
“Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done ;
A line of thieves from son to son :
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath marked our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreased ;
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believed.
A lost good name is ne’er retrieved.
“Nay, then,” replies the feeble Fox —
“But, hark ! I hear a hen that clocks :
Go, but be moderate in your food ;
A chicken, too, might do me good.”

THE SHEPHERD’S DOG.

A SHEPHERD’S Dog, unskilled in sports,
Picked up acquaintance of all sorts ;
Amongst the rest a Fox he knew ;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.
Says Reynard, “’Tis a cruel case,
That man should stigmatize our race.
No doubt amongst us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind ;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries whate’er it can
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend ;
No prejudice can blind a friend ;
You know me free from all disguise ;
My honor as my life I prize.”

By talk like this, from all mistrust
The Dog was cured, and thought him just.
As on a time the Fox held forth
On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stopped; he cocked his ear;
Low dropped his brushy tail with fear.
"Bless us! the hunters are abroad;
What's all that clatter on the road?"
"Hold," says the Dog, "we're safe from harm,
'Twas nothing but a false alarm:
At yonder town 'tis market-day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way;
'Tis so, (I know her piebald mare) —
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware."
Reynard grew huff. Says he, "This sneer
From you I little thought to hear;
Your meaning in your looks I see:
Pray, what's Dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner?
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner."
"Friend," quoth the Cur, "I meant no harm;
Then why so captious? why so warm?
My words, in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for aught I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you."
At this, galled Reynard winced and swore —
Such language ne'er was given before.
What's lamb to me? This saucy hint
Shows me, base knave, which way you squint.
If th' other night your master lost
Three lambs, am I to pay the cost?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I'm the thief. You dog, you lie."
"Thou knave, thou fool," the Dog replied,
"The name is just; take either side;
Thy guilt these applications speak:
Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak."
So saying, on the Fox he flies;
The self-convicted felon dies.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, was born in 1690. She was married at the age of twenty-two, and accompanied her husband to Constantinople upon his appointment as ambassador. She subsequently left her husband, and resided in the East, though she still kept up her English acquaintances, and wrote home the splendid letters by which her name has been preserved. In vigor of thought, ease, and naturalness of expression, and purity of style, they are not exceeded by any similar correspondence in the language. In one of the letters of Horace Walpole (printed in this volume), a graphic picture of her personal appearance is given. Her wit and learning are visible in every line she has written; her excellences as a wife and a mother are not so conspicuous. She died in 1761.

LETTER VI. — TO MR. POPE.

I AM at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is all full of cypress trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do *boughs* and *vows* come into my mind at this minute! And must not you confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral? The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening; not with walking, — that is not one of their pleasures, — but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *fistula*, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels; there not being one instrument of music among the Greek

or Roman statues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favorite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and foot-ball to our British swains ; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of among them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labor, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruits and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted, in the town, I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of the trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer ; he has only given a plain image of the way of life among the peasants of his country ; who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of thrashing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen ; and butter — I speak it with sorrow — unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of ; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered

round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable ; and I never see half a dozen of old bashaws (as I do very often), with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sing, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead ; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

PASSAGES FROM LETTER XV.

I LEFT Constantinople the sixth of the last month, and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, though I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might impart some of the pleasure I found in this voyage through the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

Warmed with poetic transport, I survey
 The immortal islands, and the well-known sea ;
 For here so oft the muse her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung.

We saw very plainly from this promontory (Sigéum) the river Simois rolling from Mount Ida, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river, and is called Simores ; it is joined in the vale by the Scamander, which appeared a small stream half choked with mud, but is, perhaps, large in the winter. This was Xanthus among the gods, as Homer tells us ; and 'tis by that heavenly name the nymph C  none invokes it in her epistle to Paris.

All that is now left of Troy is the ground on which it stood ; for I am fully persuaded, whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it are much more modern, and I think Strabo says the same thing. However, there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. 'Tis certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great em-

pire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople, the harbor here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantinople inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north wind reigns.

North of the promontory of Sigéum we saw that of Rhœtœum, famed for the sepulchre of Ajax. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain is still just for it; and I spent several hours here in as agreeable cogitations as ever Don Quixote had on Mount Montesinos.

We passed Trinacria without hearing any of the sirens that Homer describes; and, being thrown on neither Scylla nor Charybdis, came safe to Malta, first called Melita, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock covered with very little earth. The Grand Master lives here in the state of a sovereign prince; but his strength at sea now is very small. The fortifications are reckoned the best in the world—all cut in the solid rock, with infinite expense and labor. Off this island we were tossed by a severe storm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into Porta Farine, on the African shore, where our ship now rides. At Tunis we were met by the English consul who resides there. I readily accepted of the offer of his house for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done by daylight; and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, 'tis impossible to travel at any other time.

About six miles from Tunis, we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which carried the water to Carthage over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. Wortley assured me that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polished, and so exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of Carthage. I was, however, half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments,

which they called *The Stables of the Elephants*, but which I cannot believe were ever designed for that use. I found in them many broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think anybody would take the insignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were designed for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of *Tents*, not far off, many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another.

When I was a little refreshed by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of Byrsa; and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of Carthage, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. 'Tis now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it but what I have described; and the history of it is too well known to want my abridgment of it.



JAMES THOMSON.

James Thomson was born in 1700, and was educated at Edinburgh. His poetical tendencies were manifested at a very early age. He went to London in search of fortune and fame, in which he succeeded better than most literary adventurers. He is described as being a person of sterling worth and of delicate sensibilities; but it is with a certain feeling of pity that we read of his flattering the great with dedications for guineas and a pension in return. His love for nature was sincere; but the style of *The Seasons* is so cumbrous and stilted that we are apt to think his raptures are laboriously pumped up. The Hymn which follows is his best production, as a whole, although some separate stanzas of the *Castle of Indolence* are finely finished. He was the author of several plays, none of them successful, and all now forgotten. He died at the age of forty-eight, having never been married.

HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.

Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year ;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled.
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast :
Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute, unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty Hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend ! join, every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky ;
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes :
O, talk of Him in solitary glooms !
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,

Who shake the astonished world, lift high to Heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike
Amid the spangled sky the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide
From world to world the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls : be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ; in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;

And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to Heaven.
 Or, if you rather, choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll !
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
 Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams ;
 Or winter rises in the blackening east,
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me,
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where He vital spreads there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons,
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

[From the Castle of Indolence.]

CANTO II. STANZA III.

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny :
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace

The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave :
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

STANZA XLVIII.

Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold ;
 Draw from its fountain life ! 'Tis thence, alone,
 We can excel. Up from unfeeling mould,
 To seraphs burning round the Almighty's throne,
 Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
 Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
 In universal nature this clear shown,
 Not needeth proof : to prove it were, I wist
 To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

STANZA L.

It was not by vile loitering in ease
 That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art ;
 That soft yet ardent Athens learned to please,
 To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
 In all supreme ! complete in every part !
 It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
 And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart ;
 For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;
 Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

STANZA LVIII.

Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps ;
 To senates some, and public sage debates,
 Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps,
 The world is poised, and managed mighty states ;
 To high discovery some, that new creates
 The face of earth ; some to the thriving mart ;
 Some to the rural reign and softer fates ;
 To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart :
 All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art !

HENRY FIELDING.

Henry Fielding, the son of Lieutenant General Fielding, and a descendant of the Earls of Denbigh, was born in Somersetshire in 1707. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards studied civil law at Leyden. He was compelled at an early age to rely upon his own resources, and was called to the bar in London; but although he appears to have been a good lawyer, he was not successful in obtaining a lucrative practice, and he supplied his wants by writing comedies and farces. Later in life he was a contributor to the newspaper press. But his fame rests on his novels, which are, in many respects, the best ever written. They are, Joseph Andrews, a burlesque upon the tedious Richardson's Pamela, Amelia, and Tom Jones. They are admirable pictures of English society, unequalled in the knowledge of human nature they display, charmingly simple in style, and abounding in wit and in a certain quaint humor. Cervantes was the model the author has followed, and it is a question whether even Don Quixote, though more imaginative, is, on the whole, a greater work than Tom Jones.

The illustrious Gibbon thus speaks of him: "Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburg. . . . The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of Tom Jones, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of Austria."

But there is another view to be taken of Fielding and of his works. He led a rather dissolute life in his youth, and although he has never intentionally countenanced immorality, it must be confessed that he has not set up a very high standard of conduct. Tom Jones, in spite of some good points, was rather a sorry fellow; and if, as we believe, the book fairly represents the manners of the time, we must be thankful for the great improvement which has since taken place. Profanity, indecency, and drunkenness appear to have been as common as the light, and air, and daily food. The books can only be commended to the mature and the stable-minded.

The selection here given has appeared in other compilations, and is repeated now for the simple reason that after a pretty careful search no other suitable extract could be found in any of his works.

Fielding was appointed a police magistrate at the age of forty-three, and discharged the duties of his office with marked ability. His experience in court led him to write the *Life of Jonathan Wild*, an amazing piece of satire, and equal probably to anything he has left. The *Journey from this World to the Next* has also many fine points.

In 1754, being in feeble health, he was induced to try a sea voyage. He sailed to Lisbon, and there, shortly after, he died.

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

[From Tom Jones.]

IN the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said "it was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out." While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam; the very picture of the man in the end of the Common-prayer Book, before the gunpowder treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when

all the candles were lighted, "that here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelve-month."

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention; nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones "what man that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armor; is it?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied, with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue until the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. "O, la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool, then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. O, here he is again! No further! No, you have gone far enough already; further than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir; don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open, the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be sur-

prised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them : not that it was the ghost that surprised me, neither ; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress ; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me." "And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case. But hush ! O, la ! what noise is that ? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are." Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, "Ay, you may draw your sword ; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil ?"

During the second act Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses ; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces ! *Nulla fides fronti*¹ is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder ?" He then inquired after the ghost ; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this ; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, "There, sir, now ; what say you now ? is he frightened now or no ? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears, I would not be in so bad a condition as — what's his name ? — Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me ! what's become of the spirit ? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it is only a play ; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so ; for, as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there ; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion ; shake the vile, wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business ; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet intro-

¹ Put no trust in a countenance.

duces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him ; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then, turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her "if she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched ; though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away ; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered "that it was one of the most famous burial-places about town." "No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are. I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough, too, at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"¹

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town, for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage." "He the best player !" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer. "Why, I could act as well myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me ; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country ; and the king for my money : he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

¹ No one is wise at all times.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, in 1709. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards went to London to live by authorship. His early struggles with poverty probably sharpened a natural harshness of temper, so that, in after life, even when he was above want, and was the acknowledged leader of men of letters, he often showed the manners of a boor, and used the speech of a bully. There is no author, of any age or nation, whom we know so intimately as Johnson. His biographer, Boswell, whose name has become the synonym of servility, of impertinent curiosity, and the indefatigable jotting down of all things that men of sense and spirit would suppress, has produced a book without a parallel in absorbing interest, and containing the most faithful *photographic* portrait ever put on paper. Johnson's poems, as might be expected, have weight of thought, and a sonorous and stately diction, but are deficient in imagination and grace. Indeed, the faculty of imagination seems to have been wanting in this sturdy mind, and the admirer of the poetry of an earlier day will be almost sure to dislike everything that the burly critic has approved. Johnson was, in fact, an embodiment of the understanding, a huge epitome of the common sense of mankind, and a poem in his hands fared as would a butterfly between a clown's horny thumb and finger. His principal works are his English Dictionary, *Rasselas*, *Tour to the Hebrides*, *London*, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, the *Lives of the Poets*, and essays in *The Rambler* and *The Idler*.

Apart from his disagreeable manners, Johnson is to be honored for his manly independence, his unflinching honesty, and his generous nature. His heart was as sound as his head; and if he was a despot in his circle, he delighted in acts of personal kindness just as much as he did in overwhelming an opponent with a Mississippi current of argument. In one of Macaulay's essays is a most admirable sketch of this remarkable man. Later in this volume, in one of the letters of Walpole, there is an amusing reference to him by a political opponent.

The style of Johnson cannot be commended to the student as a model for imitation.

[Letter to Lord Chesterfield.]

February 7, 1755.

MY LORD: I have been lately informed by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*, that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew, at last, acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,

Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

[From *Rasselas*. — A Dissertation on Poetry.]

“WHEREVER I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And yet it fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best; whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once, or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received by accident at first, or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them but transcription of the

same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art ; that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

"I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors. I could never describe what I had not seen ; I could not hope to move those with delight or terror whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw everything with a new purpose ; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified ; no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination ; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety ; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth, and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

"All the appearances of nature I was, therefore, careful to study ; and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers."

"In so wide a survey," said the prince, "you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I had never beheld before, or never heeded."

"The business of a poet," said Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species ; to remark general properties and large appearances. He does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to

exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features as recall the original to every mind, and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

“But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet ; he must be acquainted, likewise, with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country ; he must consider right and wrong in their abstracted and invariable state ; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same. He must, therefore, content himself with the slow progress of his name, condemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations — as a being superior to time and place.

“His labor is not yet at an end. He must know many languages and many sciences, and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony.”

Imlac now felt the enthusiastic fit, and was proceeding to aggrandize his own profession, when the prince cried out, “Enough ; thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet. Proceed with thy narration.”

[From *Rasselas*. — The Insane Astronomer.]

“At last the time came when the secret burst his reserve. We were sitting together last night in the turret of his house, watching the emersion of a satellite of Jupiter. A sudden tempest clouded the sky, and disappointed our observation. We sat a while silent in the dark, and then he addressed himself to me in these words : —

“Imlac, I have long considered thy friendship as the greatest blessing of my life. Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful. I

have found in thee all the qualities requisite for trust, benevolence, experience, and fortitude. I have long discharged an office which I must soon quit at the call of nature, and shall rejoice, in the hour of imbecility and pain, to devolve it upon thee.'

"I thought myself honored by this testimony, and protested that whatever would conduce to his happiness would add likewise to mine.

"Hear, Imlac, what thou wilt not without difficulty credit. I have possessed for five years the regulation of the weather and the distribution of the seasons. The sun has listened to my dictates, and passed from tropic to tropic by my direction ; the clouds, at my call, have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command ; I have restrained the rage of the Dog-star, and mitigated the fervors of the Crab. The winds alone, of all the elemental powers, have hitherto refused my authority, and multitudes have perished by equinoctial tempest, which I found myself unable to prohibit or restrain. I have administered this great office with exact justice, and made to the different nations of the earth an impartial dividend of rain and sunshine. What must have been the misery of half the globe, if I had limited the clouds to particular regions, or confined the sun to either side of the equator !'

"I suppose he discovered in me, through the obscurity of the room, some tokens of amazement and doubt ; for, after a short pause, he proceeded thus : —

"Not to be easily credited will neither surprise nor offend me ; for I am, probably, the first of human beings to whom this trust has been imparted. Nor do I know whether to deem the distinction a reward or punishment. Since I have possessed it I have been far less happy than before, and nothing but the consciousness of good intention could have enabled me to support the weariness of unremitted vigilance.'

"How long, sir,' said I, 'has this great office been in your hands ?'

"About ten years ago,' said he, 'my daily observations of the changes of the sky led me to consider whether, if I had the power of the seasons, I could confer greater plenty upon the inhabitants of the earth. This contemplation fastened upon my mind, and I sat days and nights in imaginary dominion, pouring upon this country and that the showers of fertility, and seconding every fall of rain with a due proportion of sunshine. I had yet only the will to do good, and did not imagine that I should ever have the power. One day, as I was looking on the fields withering with heat, I felt

in my mind a sudden wish that I could send rain on the southern mountains, and raise the Nile to an inundation. In the hurry of my imagination, I commanded rain to fall ; and, by comparing the time of my command with that of the inundation, I found that the clouds had listened to my lips.'

" 'Might not some other cause,' said I, 'produce this concurrence? The Nile does not always rise on the same day.'

" 'Do not believe,' said he, with impatience, 'that such objections could escape me. I reasoned long against my own conviction, and labored against truth with the utmost obstinacy. I sometimes suspected myself of madness, and should not have dared to impart this secret but to a man like you, capable of distinguishing the wonderful from the impossible, and the incredible from the false.'

" 'Why, sir,' said I, 'do you call that incredible which you know, or think you know, to be true?'

" 'Because,' said he, 'I cannot prove it by any external evidence ; and I know too well the laws of demonstration to think that my conviction ought to influence another, who cannot, like me, be conscious of its force. I, therefore, shall not attempt to gain credit by disputation. It is sufficient that I feel this power that I have long possessed, and every day exerted it. But the life of man is short, the infirmities of age increase upon me, and the time will soon come when the regulator of the year must mingle with the dust. The care of appointing a successor has long disturbed me. The night and the day have been spent in comparisons of all the characters which have come to my knowledge, and I have yet found none so worthy as thyself. Hear, therefore, what I shall impart with attention, such as the welfare of a world requires. If the task of a king be considered as difficult, who has the care only of a few millions, to whom he cannot do much good or harm, what must be the anxiety of him on whom depend the action of the elements, and the great gifts of light and heat? Hear me, therefore, with attention. I have diligently considered the position of the earth and sun, and formed innumerable schemes in which I changed their situation. I have sometimes turned aside the axis of the earth, and sometimes varied the ecliptic of the sun ; but I have found it impossible to make a disposition by which the world may be advantaged. What one region gains another loses by an imaginable alteration, even without considering the distant parts of the solar system with which we are unacquainted. Do not, therefore, in thy administration of the year, indulge thy pride by innovation. Do not please thyself with

thinking that thou canst make thyself renowned to all future ages, by disordering the seasons. The memory of mischief is no desirable fame. Much less will it become thee to let kindness or interest prevail. Never rob other countries of rain, to pour it on thine own. For us the Nile is sufficient.'

"I promised, that when I possessed the power, I would use it with inflexible integrity; and he dismissed me, pressing my hand. 'My heart,' said he, 'will be now at rest, and my benevolence will no more destroy my quiet; I have found a man of wisdom and virtue, to whom I can cheerfully bequeath the inheritance of the sun.'"

The prince heard this narration with very serious regard; but the princess smiled, and Pekuah convulsed herself with laughter. "Ladies," said Imlac, "to mock the heaviest of human afflictions is neither charitable nor wise. Few can attain this man's knowledge, and few practise his virtues; but all may suffer his calamity. Of the uncertainties of our present state, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason."

DAVID HUME.

David Hume was born in Edinburgh in 1711, and was educated in his native city. His early treatises upon moral and metaphysical subjects, though profound and keenly analytic, were not in accordance with the usual Christian teachings, and it may be supposed that he got neither money nor reputation from them. His efforts were afterwards given to historical composition; and to complete his work he lived with an heroic frugality that contrasts nobly with the hat-in hand complaisance of so many authors of his century. He has written the history of England from the Tory's point of view. Every scholar knows how eloquently Macaulay has presented the opposite, or Whig theory, of the British constitution. But the lover of liberty, while his sympathies have been with the ardent assailant of royal prerogative, has been sorry to find that his judgment of the facts of history mainly accords with that of the conservative narrator. Hume doubtless intended to write accurately as well as dispassionately; but the critical examination of state papers, and of the memoirs of public men in eventful times, had not then begun, and his history is not often an authority as to any disputed point; but, as a whole, it is so learned, so even in tone, and so clear in narration, that it continues to hold a high rank, and is indispensable to every student.

The autobiography of Hume is singularly interesting, as being the portrait of a modest, firm, independent, and just man. He died with the same calm serenity in which he had lived, at the age of sixty-six.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

THE Norman fleet and army had been assembled, early in the summer, at the mouth of the small river Dives, and all the troops had been instantly embarked; but the winds proved long contrary, and

detained them in that harbor. The authority, however, of the duke, the good discipline maintained among the seamen and soldiers, and the great care in supplying them with provisions, had prevented any disorder ; when at last the wind became favorable, and enabled them to sail along the coast, till they reached St. Valori. There were, however, several vessels lost in this short passage ; and, as the wind again proved contrary, the army began to imagine that Heaven had declared against them, and that, notwithstanding the pope's benediction, they were destined to certain destruction. These bold warriors, who despised real dangers, were very subject to the dread of imaginary ones ; and many of them began to mutiny, some of them even to desert their colors, when the duke, in order to support their drooping hopes, ordered a procession to be made with the relics of St. Valori, and prayers to be said for more favorable weather. The wind instantly changed ; and, as this incident happened on the eve of the feast of St. Michael, the tutelar saint of Normandy, the soldiers, fancying they saw the hand of Heaven in all these concurring circumstances, set out with the greatest alacrity : they met with no opposition on their passage. A great fleet which Harold had assembled, and which had cruised all summer off the Isle of Wight, had been dismissed on his receiving false intelligence that William, discouraged by contrary winds and other accidents, had laid aside his preparations. The Norman armament, proceeding in great order, arrived, without any material loss, at Pevensey, in Sussex ; and the army quietly disembarked. The duke himself, as he leaped on shore, happened to stumble and fall, but had the presence of mind, it is said, to turn the omen to his advantage, by calling aloud that he had taken possession of the country. And a soldier, running to a neighboring cottage, plucked some thatch, which, as if giving him seizin of the kingdom, he presented to his general. The joy and alacrity of William and his whole army was so great, that they were nowise discouraged, even when they heard of Harold's great victory over the Norwegians. They seemed rather to wait with impatience the arrival of the enemy.

The victory of Harold, though great and honorable, had proved in the main prejudicial to his interests, and may be regarded as the immediate cause of his ruin. He lost many of his bravest officers and soldiers in the action, and he disgusted the rest by refusing to distribute the Norwegian spoils among them — a conduct which was little agreeable to his usual generosity of temper, but which his desire of sparing the people, in the war that impended over him from

the Duke of Normandy, had probably occasioned. He hastened by quick marches to reach this new invader ; but though he was reinforced at London and other places with fresh troops, he found himself also weakened by the desertion of his old soldiers, who from fatigue and discontent secretly withdrew from their colors. His brother Gurth, a man of bravery and conduct, began to entertain apprehensions of the event, and remonstrated with the king, that it would be better policy to prolong the war ; at least, to spare his own person in the action. He urged to him that the desperate situation of the Duke of Normandy made it requisite for that prince to bring matters to a speedy decision, and put his whole fortune on the issue of a battle ; but that the King of England, in his own country, beloved by his subjects, provided with every supply, had more certain and less dangerous means of insuring to himself the victory : that the Norman troops, elated, on the one hand, with the highest hopes, and seeing, on the other, no resource in case of a discomfiture, would fight to the last extremity ; and, being the flower of all the warriors of the continent, must be regarded as formidable to the English ; that if their first fire, which is always the most dangerous, were allowed to languish for want of action, if they were harassed with small skirmishes, straitened in provisions, and fatigued with the bad weather and deep roads during the winter season, which was approaching, they must fall an easy and a bloodless prey to their enemy : that if a general action were delayed, the English, sensible of the imminent danger to which their properties, as well as liberties, were exposed from those rapacious invaders, would hasten from all quarters to his assistance, and would render his army invincible ; that, at least, if he thought it necessary to hazard a battle, he ought not to expose his own person, but reserve, in case of disastrous accidents, some resource to the liberty and independence of the kingdom : and that having once been so unfortunate as to be constrained to swear, and that upon the holy relics, to support the pretensions of the Duke of Normandy, it were better that the command of the army should be intrusted to another, who not being bound by those sacred ties, might give the soldiers more assured hopes of a prosperous issue to the combat.

Harold was deaf to all these remonstrances. Elated with his past prosperity, as well as stimulated by his native courage, he resolved to give battle in person : and for that purpose he drew near to the Normans, who had removed their camp and fort to Hastings, where they fixed their quarters. He was so confident of success,

that he sent a message to the duke, promising him a sum of money if he would depart the kingdom without effusion of blood ; but his offer was rejected with disdain ; and William, not to be behind with his enemy in vaunting, sent him a message by some monks, requiring him either to resign the kingdom, or to hold it of him in fealty, or to submit their cause to the arbitration of the pope, or to fight him in single combat. Harold replied that the God of battles would soon be the arbiter of all their differences.

The English and Normans now prepared themselves for this important decision ; but the aspect of things, on the night before the battle, was very different in the two camps. The English spent the time in riot, and jollity, and disorder ; the Normans, in silence, and in prayer, and in the other functions of their religion. On the morning, the duke called together the most considerable of his commanders, and made them a speech suitable to the occasion. He represented to them, that the event which they and he had long wished for was approaching ; the whole fortune of the war now depended on their swords, and would be decided in a single action ; that never army had greater motives for exerting a vigorous courage, whether they considered the prize which would attend their victory, or the inevitable destruction which must ensue upon their discomfiture ; that if their martial and veteran bands could once break those raw soldiers, who had rashly dared to approach them, they conquered a kingdom at one blow, and were justly entitled to all its possessions as the reward of their prosperous valor ; that, on the contrary, if they remitted in the least their wonted prowess, an enraged enemy hung upon their rear, the sea met them in their retreat, and an ignominious death was the certain punishment of their imprudent cowardice ; that by collecting so numerous and brave a host, he had insured every human means of conquest ; and the commander of the enemy, by his criminal conduct, had given him just cause to hope for the favor of the Almighty, in whose hands alone lay the event of wars and battles ; and that a perjured usurper, anathematized by the sovereign pontiff, and conscious of his own breach of faith, would be struck with terror on their appearance, and would prognosticate to himself that fate which his multiplied crimes had so justly merited. The duke next divided his army into three lines : the first, led by Montgomery, consisted of archers and light-armed infantry ; the second, commanded by Martel, was composed of his bravest battalions, heavy armed, and ranged in close order ; his cavalry, at whose head he placed himself, formed the

third line, and were so disposed, that they stretched beyond the infantry, and flanked each wing of the army. He ordered the signal of battle to be given; and the whole army, moving at once, and singing the hymn or song of Roland, the famous peer of Charlemagne, advanced, in order and with alacrity, towards the enemy.

Harold had seized the advantage of a rising ground, and, having likewise drawn some trenches to secure his flanks, he resolved to stand upon the defensive, and to avoid all action with the cavalry, in which he was inferior. The Kentish men were placed in the van—a post which they had always claimed as their due; the Londoners guarded the standard; and the king himself, accompanied by his two valiant brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, dismounting, placed himself at the head of his infantry, and expressed his resolution to conquer or to perish in the action. The first attack of the Normans was desperate, but was received with equal valor by the English; and after a furious combat, which remained long undecided, the former, overcome by the difficulty of the ground, and hard pressed by the enemy, began first to relax their vigor, then to retreat; and confusion was spreading among the ranks, when William, who found himself on the brink of destruction, hastened, with a select band, to the relief of his dismayed forces. His presence restored the action; the English were obliged to retire with loss; and the duke, ordering his second line to advance, renewed the attack with fresh forces and with redoubled courage. Finding that the enemy, aided by the advantage of ground, and animated by the example of their prince, still made a vigorous resistance, he tried a stratagem which was very delicate in its management, but which seemed advisable in his desperate situation, where, if he gained not a decisive victory, he was totally undone: he commanded his troops to make a hasty retreat, and to allure the enemy from their ground by the appearance of flight. The ruse succeeded against those inexperienced soldiers, who, heated by the action, and sanguine in their hopes, precipitately followed the Normans into the plain. William gave orders that as soon as the infantry should fall about upon their pursuers, and the cavalry make an assault upon their wings, and both of them pursue the advantage, which the surprise and terror of the enemy must give them in that critical and decisive moment. The English were repulsed with great slaughter, and driven back to the hill, where, being rallied by the direction of Harold, they were able, notwithstanding their loss of numbers, the just and continue

the combat. The duke tried the same stratagem a second time with the same success ; but even after this double advantage, he still found a great body of the English, who, maintaining themselves in firm array, seemed determined to dispute the victory to the last extremity. He ordered his heavy-armed infantry to make an assault upon them, while his archers, placed behind, should gall the enemy, who were exposed by the situation of the ground, and who were intent in defending themselves against the swords and spears of the assailants. By this disposition he at last prevailed : Harold was slain by an arrow, while he was combating with great bravery at the head of his men ; his two brothers shared the same fate ; and the English, discouraged by the fall of those princes, gave ground on all sides, and were pursued with great slaughter by the victorious Normans. A few troops, however, of the vanquished had still the courage to turn upon their pursuers, and, attacking them in deep and miry ground, obtained some revenge for the slaughter and dishonor of the day. But the appearance of the duke obliged them to seek their safety by flight ; and darkness saved them from any further pursuit by the enemy.

Thus was gained by William, Duke of Normandy, the great and decisive victory of Hastings, after a battle which was fought from morning till sunset, and which seemed worthy, by the heroic valor displayed by both armies and by both commanders, to decide the fate of a mighty kingdom. William had three horses killed under him ; and there fell near fifteen thousand men on the side of the Normans : the loss was still more considerable on that of the vanquished, besides the death of the king and his two brothers. The dead body of Harold was brought to William, and was generously restored without ransom to his mother. The Norman army left not the field of battle without giving thanks to Heaven, in the most solemn manner, for their victory ; and the prince, having refreshed his troops, prepared to push to the utmost his advantage against the divided, dismayed, and discomfited English.

LAURENCE STERNE.

Laurence Sterne was born in 1713, was educated at Cambridge; and took holy orders. His chief work is *Tristram Shandy*, a rambling rovel with the merest thread of story, but containing a few characters conceived and sketched with such force and humor that they are as real as historical portraits. The eccentricity of treatment is copied from Rabelais, but the personages of the story are genuine creations, and the purity of style and musical flow of some passages have never been surpassed in English. The *Sentimental Journey* has many similar traits. Both works are stained by indelicacies, doubly offensive from the pen of a clergyman. His life, judged by his own letters, was anything but creditable to his profession. The student who would read a powerful and not friendly view of Sterne's character can consult Thackeray's *English Humorists*. Sterne died in 1768.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

[From *Tristram Shandy*.]

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back your honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor, sick lieutenant." "Is he in the army, then?" said my uncle Toby. "He is," said the corporal. "And in what regiment?" said my uncle Toby. "I'll tell your honor," replied the corporal, "everything straight forwards, as I learned it." "Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee till thou hast done: so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again." The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it. *That lower is good*: and having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honor about the lieutenant and his son; for, when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked"—"That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby.—"I was answered, and please your honor, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with four horses, which soon finding himself unable to proceed to him, I suppose, the regiment, he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'Oh, I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to let the man 'we can hire horses from hence'—'But this, he says, your honor will never go from hence,' said the lieutenant to me, 'so I heard the death-

watch all night long; and, when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth. 'Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. 'I believe, sir,' said he, very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.' 'I am sure,' said I, 'his honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears." "Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby; "he has been bred up from an infant in the army; and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend. I wish I had him here."

"I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honor?" "Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honor (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house or cellar—" "And thou mightst have added, my purse, too," said my uncle Toby; "he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honor), but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went up stairs with the toast. 'I warrant you, my dear,' said I, as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.' Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong," added the corporal. "I think so, too," said my uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that, in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step up stairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.'

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.' 'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, 'very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.' 'Are you

sure of it?' replied the curate. 'A soldier, an' please your reverence,' said I, 'prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor, too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.'" "'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby. "'But when a soldier,' said I, 'an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged,' said I, 'for months together, in long and dangerous marches, harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day, harassing others to-morrow, detached here, countermanded there, resting this night out upon his arms, beat up in his shirt the next, benumbed in his joints, perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on, he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe,' said I, 'for I was piqued,'" quoth the corporal, "for the reputation of the army, 'I believe, an' please your reverence,' said I, 'that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.'" "Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby; "for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then, it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." "I hope we shall," said Trim. "It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby; "and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." "I hope not," said the corporal. "But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed, and as he arose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it down at the same time. That I remain there, my dear," said the lieutenant.

"Will you not offer to speak to me?" said he, who walked up close to the lieutenant. "I am your devoted servant," said he, "you must present the thanks to your master, which my little boy's thanks

along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Levens's,' said the lieutenant. I told him your honor was. 'Then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's; but he knows me not,' said he, a second time, musing; 'possibly he may my story,' added he. 'Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.' 'I remember the story, an't please your honor,' said I, 'very well.' 'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; 'then well may I.' In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. 'Here, Billy,' said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and, falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

"I wish," said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, "I wish, Trim, I was asleep."

"Your honor, replied the corporal, "is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe?" "Do, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment. But finish the story thou art upon." "'Tis finished already," said the corporal, "for I could stay no longer; so wished his honor a good night." Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. "But alas!" said the corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over!" "Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honor, though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves, that, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that

they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner, — that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn ; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved, or not, by the French king, as the French king thought good, and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell thee in what, Trim : in the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre, as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself." "Your honor knows," said the corporal. "I had no orders." "True," quoth my uncle Toby ; "thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man. In the second place, — for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse," continued my uncle Toby, — "when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim ; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim ; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks," added my uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march." "He will never march, an' please your honor, in this world," said the corporal. "He *will* march," said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off. "An' please your honor," said the corporal, "he will never march but to his grave." "He *shall* march," cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, "he *shall* march to his regiment." "He cannot stand it," said the corporal. "He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby. "He'll drop at last," said the corporal. "and what will become of his boy ?" "He *shall not* drop," said my uncle Toby, firmly. "A-well-a-day ! do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die." "He *shall not die, by G—*," cried my uncle Toby.

The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in ; and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and, having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's ; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids ; and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did ; how he had rested in the night ; what was his complaint ; where was his pain ; and what he could do to help him ; and, without giving him time to answer any one of these inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

"You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter ; and we'll have an apothecary ; and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it, which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him ; so that, before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back ; the film forsook his eyes for a moment ; he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy ; and that *ligament*, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbd again ; the film returned to its place ; the pulse fluttered — stopped — went on — throbbed — stopped again — moved — stopped. — Shall I go on ? No.

THE STARLING.

[From the Sentimental Journey.]

AND as for the Bastile, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty ! for they are in it twice a year. But with nine *livres* a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks, at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion — I forget what — to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account, and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. "Beshrew the *sombre* pencil!" said I, vauntingly; "for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened. Reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true," said I, correcting the proposition, "the Bastile is not an evil to be despised. But strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper, and not of a man, which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint."

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained it could not get out. I looked up and down the passage, and, seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and, looking up, I saw it was a starling, hung in a little cage. "I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out," said the starling. "God help thee!" said I; "but I'll let thee out, cost what it will." So I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance,

and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty." "No," said the starling; "I can't get out — I can't get out."

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened, nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits to which my reason had been a bubble were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess," — addressing myself to Liberty, — "whom all, in public or in private, worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven!" cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, "grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them."

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close by my table, and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood. He had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children! —

But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh. I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears. I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

THOMAS GRAY.

Thomas Gray was born in London in 1716, and was educated at Eton and at Cambridge. Excepting a continental tour in company with Horace Walpole, his life was marked by no incident worth mention. He lived as a resident fellow at Cambridge, a literary celibate — considered one of the most learned men of the time, but without any active occupation. He was a person of refined taste, and what might be termed *superfine* manners, but in society was silent, if not dull. He died in 1771.

His few productions — The Progress of Poesy, the Odes, and the Elegy — have given him a place among the first of English poets. Though the fire of an original glowing mind, the spontaneous flow of lyric verse, are wholly wanting, — enough the scholar can trace every one of his picturesque epithets to their origin in older poems, as the shining bits of a mosaic are referred to their several sources, — still his sentiments are so in accord with our better nature, his images are so appropriate in themselves, and so exquisitely toned, and the whole composition pervaded by such perfect and unobtrusive art, that few authors, even of a higher order of genius, have attained such enduring renown. After the lapse of a century, in which the works and the reputations of so many poets have gone to oblivion, Dr. Johnson's wholesale condemnation of Gray is an instructive lesson to critics. The *Lives of the Poets* seems now, for the most part, like a neglected churchyard.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the art a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds, —

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke.
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire —
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre ; —

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes, —

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined —
Forbade to walk through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind, —

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“ One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree.
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“ The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read — for thou canst read — the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery — all he had — a tear,
He gained from Heaven — 'twas all he wished — a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, —
There they alike in trembling hope repose, —
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF
GOLDFISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared ;
The fair, round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed ; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide —
The genii of the stream.
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw,
A whisker first, and then a claw ;

With many an ardent wish,
 She stretched in vain to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise ?
 What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent,
 Again she stretched, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between.
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled.)
 The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
 She mewed to every watery god
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No dolphin came, no Nereid stirred,
 No cruel Tom nor Susan heard.
 A favorite has no friend.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
 And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
 Nor all that glisters gold.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take ;
 The laughing flowers that round them blow
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign ;
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

O, sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs !
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen cares
 And frantic passions hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curbed the fury of his car,
 And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing ;
 Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
 Tempered to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet green
 The rosy-crownéd Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day ;
 With antic Sport and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures,
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet.
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow, melting strains their queen's approach declare ;
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way.
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

II. I.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
 Labor, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate !
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,

Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky ;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles that crown the Ægean deep,
 Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish !
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around ;
 Every shade and hallowed fountain
 Murmured deep a solemn sound,
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power
 And coward Vice that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, O Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. I.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,

To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
 "This pencil take," she said, "whose colors clear
 Richly paint the vernal year.
 Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy ;
 This can unlock the gates of joy,
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

III. 2.

Nor second he that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph wings of Ecstasy
 The secrets of the abyss to spy.
 He passed the flaming bounds of place and time ;
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark ! his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
 But, ah ! 'tis heard no more.
 O, lyre divine ! what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride nor ample pinion
 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
 With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun ;
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far, — but far above the great.

HORACE WALPOLE.

Horace Walpole was born in 1717, succeeded to his father's title as Earl of Orford in 1791, and died in 1797. He received from his father, for many years prime minister, a number of sinecure offices, which enabled him to gratify his artistic tastes by collecting an immense museum of curiosities and relics of ancient art in his villa at Strawberry Hill. The catalogue alone of these treasures would make a respectable volume. He was an inveterate letter writer; and his native sprightliness, his unusual facilities for obtaining early and accurate information, together with his long practice in writing, served to make his correspondence the most lively and entertaining, if not the most finished, in the language. The style is always simple and direct; if the sentences cost him any labor, no marks of revision can be seen. He wrote one grotesque, or supernatural romance, *The Castle of Otranto*, which was very popular for some time. He also wrote a tragedy, which was never performed. His sympathy with the American colonies, as well as his dislike of Dr. Johnson, as shown in the extracts following, proceeded rather from his partisan feelings than from any leaning towards liberty, or any just appreciation of Johnson's character. He was not wholly a trifler, certainly not a statesman, and he was content with cultivating a taste that was curious rather than refined, and with chronicling court scandal and the politics of the privy closet, instead of aspiring to the place among active men which his clever intellect and fortunate birth might have secured him. His letters have been published in eight volumes. He also wrote a work entitled *Royal and Noble Authors*.

WALPOLE'S LETTERS TO SIR HORACE MANN.

[A Description of Lady M. W. Montagu.]

I AM ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost—a ghost that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennine. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg, who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I have left my name for him. But I will tell you who is come, too—Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to visit her. I give you my honor,—and you, who know her, would credit me without it,—the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bed-chamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with colored and silver flowers, and lined with furs; bodice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprigged, velvet muffeteens on her arms, gray stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years

than I could have imagined ; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery ; but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful, she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted, that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice. I really pity Lady Bute. What will the progress be of such a commencement !

UPON AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

YOU have seen the accounts from Boston. The tocsin seems to be sounded to America. I have many visions about that country, and fancy I see twenty empires and republics forming upon vast scales over all that continent, which is growing too mighty to be kept in subjection to half a dozen exhausted nations in Europe. As the latter sinks, and the others rise, they who live between the eras will be a sort of Noahs, witnesses to the period of the old world and origin of the new. I entertain myself with the idea of a future senate in Carolina and Virginia, where their patriots will harangue on the austere and incorruptible virtue of the ancient English ! will tell their auditors of our disinterestedness and scorn of bribes and pensions, and make us blush in our graves at their ridiculous panegyrics ! Who knows but even our Indian usurpations and villanies may become topics of praise to American school-boys ? As I believe our virtues are extremely like those of our predecessors, the Romans, so I am sure our luxury and extravagance are, too.

LORD MACAULAY'S VISION.

FOR our part, I repeat it, we shall contribute nothing to the *Histoire des Mœurs*, not for want of materials, but for want of writers. We have comedies without novelty, gross satires without stings, metaphysical eloquence, and antiquarians that discover nothing.

Bæotism in crasso jurares aere natos ! (See Appendix.)

Don't tell me I am grown old, and peevish, and supercilious ; name the geniuses of 1774, and I submit. The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last, some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra. But am I not prophesying, contrary to my consummate prudence, and casting horoscopes of empires, like Rousseau ? Yes ; well, I will go and dream of my visions.

PROGRESS OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

STRAWBERRY HILL, August 3, 1775.

IN spite of all my modesty, I cannot help thinking I have a little something of the prophet about me. At least, we have not conquered America yet. I did not send you immediate word of our victory at Boston, because the success not only seemed very equivocal, but because the conquerors lost three to one more than the vanquished. The last do not pique themselves upon modern good breeding, but level only at the officers, of whom they have slain a vast number. We are a little disappointed, indeed, at their fighting at all, which was not in our calculation. We knew we could conquer America in Germany, and I doubt had better have gone thither now for that purpose, as it does not appear hitherto to be quite so feasible in America itself. However, we are determined to know the worst, and are sending away all the men and ammunition we can muster. The Congress, not asleep, neither, have appointed a generalissimo, Washington, allowed a very able officer, who distinguished himself in the last war. Well, we had better have gone on robbing the Indies ! it was a more lucrative trade.

WALPOLE'S RESIDENCE AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

I SHALL now be expecting your nephew soon, and, I trust, with a perfectly good account of you. The next time he visits you, I may be able to send you a description of my Galleria. I have long been preparing it ; and it is almost finished, with some prints, which, however, I doubt, will convey no very adequate idea of it. In the first place, they are but moderately executed : I could not afford to pay our principal engravers, whose prices are equal to, nay, far above,

those of former capital painters. In the next, as there is a solemnity in the house, of which the cuts will give you an idea, they cannot add the gay variety of the scene without, which is very different from every side, and almost from every chamber, and makes a most agreeable contrast, the house being placed almost in an elbow of the Thames, which surrounds half, and consequently beautifies three of the aspects. Then my little hill—and diminutive enough it is—gazes up to royal Richmond; and Twickenham on the left, and Kingstonwick on the right, are seen across bends of the river, which on each hand appears like a Lilliputian seaport. Swans, cows, sheep, coaches, post-chaises, carts, horsemen, and foot-passengers are continually in view. The fourth scene is a large common-field, a constant prospect of harvest and its stages, traversed under my windows by the great road to Hampton Court; in short, an animated view of the country. These moving pictures compensate the conventual gloom of the inside, which, however, when the sun shines, is gorgeous, as he appears all crimson, and gold, and azure through the painted glass. Now, to be quite fair, you must turn the perspective, and look at this vision through the diminishing end of the telescope; for nothing is so small as the whole, and even Mount Richmond would not reach up to Fiesole's shoe-buckle. If your nephew is still with you, he will confirm the truth of all the pomp, and all the humility, of my description. I grieve that you would never come and cast an eye on it! But are even our visions pure from alloy? Does not some drawback always hang over them? and, being visions, how rapidly must not they fleet away! Yes, yes; our smiles and our tears are almost as transient as the lustre of the morning and the shadows of the evening, and almost as frequently interchanged. Our passions form airy balloons—we know not how to direct them; and the very inflammable matter that transports them often makes the bubble burst. Adieu!

DR. JOHNSON'S BIOGRAPHERS.

I HAVE very lately been lent a volume of poems, composed and printed at Florence, in which another of our ex-heroines, Mrs. Piozzi, has a considerable share; her associates, three of the English bards who assisted in the little garland which Ramsay the painter sent me. The present is a plump octavo; and, if you have not sent me a copy by your nephew, I should be glad if you could get one for me—not for the merit of the verses, which are moderate enough, and faint imitations of our good poets, but for a short, and sensible, and gen-

teel preface by La Piozzi, from whom I have just seen a very clever letter to Mrs. Montagu, to disavow a jackanapes who has lately made a noise here, one Boswell, by anecdotes of Dr. Johnson. In a day or two we expect another collection by the same signora.

Two days ago appeared Madame Piozzi's Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson. I am lamentably disappointed — in her, I mean, not in him. I had conceived a favorable opinion of her capacity. But this new book is wretched; a high-varnished preface to a heap of rubbish, in a very vulgar style, and too void of method even for such a farrago. Her panegyric is loud in praise of her hero; and almost every fact she relates disgraces him. She allows and proves he was arrogant, yet affirms he was not proud; as if arrogance were not the flower of pride. A man may be proud, and may conceal it; if he is arrogant, he declares he is proud. She, and all Johnson's disciples, seem to have taken his brutal contradictions for *bon-mots*. Some of his own works show that he had, at times, strong, excellent sense, and that he had the virtue of charity to a high degree, is indubitable; but his friends (of whom he made woful choice) have taken care to let the world know that in behavior he was an ill-natured bear, and in opinions as senseless a bigot as an old washerwoman — a brave composition for a philosopher! Let me turn from such a Hottentot to his reverse — to *you*; to you, the mild, benevolent, beneficent friend of mankind, and the true contented philosopher in every stage. Your last resigned letter is an antidote to all Johnson's coarse, meditated, offensive apophthegms.



WILLIAM COLLINS.

William Collins was born at Chichester, in 1721, was educated at Winchester and at Oxford, and afterwards went to London to engage in literary pursuits. He knew Goldsmith, Thomson, and Johnson intimately, and was highly esteemed as a scholar; but his poetry was not popular, and was not even appreciated by his friends. He suffered all the miseries of poverty, but felt still more keenly the pangs of unmerited neglect. After some years he received a legacy of two thousand pounds from a maternal uncle; but the relief came too late; his spirits were broken, and his health impaired; he sank into a melancholy imbecility bordering on lunacy, and died in his thirty-ninth year.

The Odes of Collins, though never deeply touching human sympathies, nor astonishing us by strokes of genius, are yet so elevated in thought, so rich in imagery, so graceful in fancy, and so musical in rhythm, that they contend with those of Gray for the chief place among the minor poems of the language.

THE PASSIONS, AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell ;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting ;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined ;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound ;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each — for madness ruled the hour —
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,

She called on Echo still through all the song ;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair :

And longer had she sung, but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose ;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed :
Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted Love, now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
And from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ;
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial ;
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;
 But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
 Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay, fantastic round ;
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
 Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that loved Athenian bower,
 You learned an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders in that godlike age
 Fill thy recording sister's page ;
 'Tis said, — and I believe the tale, —
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,

Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Even all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
 O, bid our vain endeavors cease ;
 Revive the just designs of Greece ;
 Return in all thy simple state ;
 Confirm the tales her sons relate.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
 With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises, 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim, borne in heedless hum :
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial, loved return !

For when thy folding-star, arising, shows
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant hours, and elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray,
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve ;
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes. —

So long, sure found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favorite name.

—
ONE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould.

She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !



WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

William Robertson, the son of a Scotch clergyman, was born near Edinburgh in 1721, and at the age of twenty-two became minister of a church. In 1759 he published his first work, *History of Scotland under Queen Mary and James VI.*, which was immediately successful. Ten years later he gave to the world the work by which he is best known to modern readers, the *History of Charles V.* This history, with additions by Prescott, is still a most valuable work, and one which every student must read, since the author has had no competitor in the same field ; although Motley, in his *History of the Netherlands*, presents many of the same events with far greater effect from a different point of view. Robertson wrote also a *History of America*.

The style of Robertson is dignified and correct, but never dramatic, and with little imaginative coloring. His works have a certain level excellence that produces a pleasant impression, but there are few, if any, scenes that will bear cutting out from the general narrative. On this account the specimens here given hardly do him justice. He died in 1793.

[From the *History of Charles V.*]

WHEN Charles and Francis entered the lists as candidates for the imperial dignity, they conducted their rivalry with many professions of regard for each other, and with repeated declarations that they would not suffer any tincture of enmity to mingle itself with honorable emulation. "We both court the same mistress," said Francis, with his usual vivacity ; "each ought to urge his suit with all the address of which he is master ; the most fortunate will prevail, and the other must rest contented." But though two young and high-spirited princes, and each of them animated with the hope of success, might be capable of forming such a generous resolution, it was soon found that they promised upon a moderation too refined and disinterested for human nature. The preference given to Charles in the sight of all Europe mortified Francis extremely, and inspired him with all the passions natural to disappointed ambition. To this were owing the personal jealousy and rivalry which sub-

sisted between the two monarchs during their whole reign ; and the rancor of these, augmented by a real opposition of interest, which gave rise to many unavoidable causes of discord, involved them in almost perpetual hostilities.

The pope had equal reason to dread the two rivals, and saw that he who prevailed would become absolute master in Italy. If it had been in his power to engage them in hostilities, without rendering Lombardy the theatre of war, nothing would have been more agreeable to him than to see them waste each other's strength in endless quarrels. But this was impossible. Leo foresaw that, on the first rupture between the two monarchs, the armies of France and Spain would take the field in the Milanese ; and while the scene of their operations was so near, and the subject for which they contended so interesting to him, he could not long remain neuter. He was obliged, therefore, to adapt his plan of conduct to his political situation. He courted and soothed the Emperor and the King of France with equal industry and address. Though warmly solicited by each of them to espouse his cause, he assumed all the appearances of entire impartiality, and attempted to conceal his real sentiments under that profound dissimulation which seems to have been affected by most of the Italian politicians in that age.

But the chief attention both of Charles and of Francis was employed in order to gain the King of England, from whom each of them expected assistance more effectual, and afforded with less political caution. Henry VIII. had ascended the throne of that kingdom in the year 1509, with such circumstances of advantage as promised a reign of distinguished felicity and splendor. The union in his person of the two contending titles of York and Lancaster, the alacrity and emulation with which both factions obeyed his commands, not only enabled him to exert a degree of vigor and authority in his domestic government which none of his predecessors could have safely assumed, but permitted him to take a share in the affairs of the continent, from which the attention of the English had long been diverted by their unhappy intestine divisions. The great sums of money which his father had amassed rendered him the most wealthy prince in Europe. The peace which had subsisted under the cautious administration of that monarch had been of sufficient length to recruit the population of the kingdom after the desolation of the civil wars, but not so long as to enervate its spirit ; and the

English, ashamed of having rendered their own country so long a scene of discord and bloodshed, were eager to display their valor in some foreign war, and to revive the memory of the victories gained on the continent by their ancestors. Henry's own temper perfectly suited the state of his kingdom, and the disposition of his subjects. Ambitious, active, enterprising, and accomplished in all the martial exercises which in that age formed a chief part in the education of persons of noble birth, and inspired them with an early love of war, he longed to engage in action, and to signalize the beginning of his reign by some remarkable exploit.

[Meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I.]

His interview with that prince was in an open plain between Guisnes and Ardres, where the two kings and their attendants displayed their magnificence with such emulation, and profuse expense, as procured it the name of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Feats of chivalry, parties of gallantry, together with such exercises and pastimes as were in that age reckoned manly or elegant, rather than serious business, occupied both courts during eighteen days that they continued together.¹ Whatever impression the engaging manners of Francis, or the liberal and unsuspicious confidence with which he treated Henry, made on the mind of that monarch, was soon effaced by Wolsey's artifices, or by an interview he had with the Emperor at Gravelines, which was conducted with less pomp than that near Guisnes, but with greater attention to what might be of political utility.

¹ The French and English historians describe the pomp of this interview, and the various spectacles, with great minuteness. One circumstance mentioned by the Maréchal de Fleuranges, who was present, and which must appear singular in the present age, is commonly omitted. "After the tournament," says he, "the French and English wrestlers made their appearance, and wrestled in presence of the kings and the ladies; and as there were many stout wrestlers there, it afforded excellent pastime; but as the King of France had neglected to bring any wrestlers out of Bretagne, the English gained the prize. After this, the Kings of France and England retired to a tent, where they drank together, and the King of England, seizing the King of France by the collar, said, 'My brother, I must wrestle with you,' and endeavored once or twice to trip up his heels; but the King of France, who is a dexterous wrestler, twisted him round, and threw him on the earth with prodigious violence. The King of England wanted to renew the combat, but was prevented."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in Ireland in 1728, the son of a clergyman who is supposed to have been the original of the vicar of Wakefield, and of the pastor depicted in *The Deserted Village*. The poet was educated at Dublin, and then commenced a wandering career. Love of adventure, of play, of dress, the vanity of social distinction, habitual improvidence and unthrift, were enough to have ruined the worldly prospects of any one, even if he had had twice Goldsmith's great capacity for literary work. Some episodes in his early life seem like pleasing fictions; for one can hardly imagine a cultivated man making his way half over Europe, starting with on'y his flute, a guinea, and one shirt. But while his simple melodies and easy manners gained him friends, with food and shelter, among peasants, he studied at seats of learning, and everywhere used those powers of observation of which we have the abundant results in his poems.

He commenced his literary life, in the usual way, as a bookseller's hack, and, with incredible industry and tact, turned every species of writing to account. His talent for acquisition was only exceeded by his fatal facility in expense. The club of which he was a member is one of the most memorable in literary annals. Some glimpses of it appear in the poem *Retaliation*. Besides the works before alluded to, he wrote two highly successful comedies, *The Good-Natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*; also, *The Traveller*, an exquisitely-finished poem; *The Citizen of the World*, a series of Letters purporting to have been written by a Chinese tourist in England, full of good-humored satire; a *History of England*, and an abridgment of Roman History. He had begun, also, to write a *History of Animated Nature*, which he did not live to complete. All these were exclusive of an infinity of task-work in reviews, much of it no longer recognizable. He died in 1774.

Whatever mist of oblivion may obscure the other members of that brilliant club, Goldsmith's name and works are immortal. Fertile invention, a simple and beautiful style, natural sentiments, an instinctive symmetry in plan, and the rejection of every weak line of verse, and of every useless sentence in prose, combine to give his works a perpetual charm.

The Life of Goldsmith has been written by John Forster, of London, and by Washington Irving. The student will find also a very admirable summary in Mr. Epes Sargent's edition of Goldsmith's poems.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :
Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm, —
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !

Sweet-smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn !
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green.
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more ;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered. Trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.
Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green, —
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, — and God has given my share, —
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;
I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations passed,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below ;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind, —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the blooming flush of life is fled —
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feeble bends beside the plashy spring.

She, wretched matron, — forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn, —
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place :
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour.
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed :
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But, in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,

And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last, faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face.
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But passed is all his fame : the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place, —
The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose,
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around ;
Yet count our gains : this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss : the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied —
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horse, his equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth ;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,

Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies :
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe :
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy ;
Sure these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts ? — Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When, idly first ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her-pain ?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no ! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between.
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away !
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their last ;
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main ;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire, the first, prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave ;
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms ;
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done ;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural Virtues leave the land :
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, — a melancholy band, —
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand :
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness are there,

And Piety, with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame —
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so —
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue — fare thee well.
Farewell ! and O, where'er thy voice be tried,
On Tornea's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime.
Aid slighted truth ; with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him, that states of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blessed ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

RETALIATION.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united ;
If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself — and he brings the best dish :
Our dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;
Our Burke shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains ;
Our Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavor ;
And Dick with his pepper shall heighten their savor ;
Our Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain ;
And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain ;
Our Garrick's a salad — for in him we see

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree ;
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am
 That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb ;
 That Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at ;
 Alas ! that such frolic should now be so quiet !
 What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim !
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb ;
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball ;
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all !
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wished him full ten times a day at Old Nick ;
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wished to have Dick back again.

Here lies David Garrick — describe me, who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man :
 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine ;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line ;
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings — a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,

And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a day.
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick,
 He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them **back**.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
 Till, his relish grown callous almost to disease,
 Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind ;
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave !
 How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
 While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be-praised !
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :
 Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;
 Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind :
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
 Still born to improve us in every part —
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering.
 When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing !
 When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray ;

"For here, forlorn and lost, I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And, though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn, to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows —
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn,
Taught by that power who pities me,
I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring —
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care ;

The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest,

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly pressed, and smiled,
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppressed ;
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast ?

"From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love ?

"Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep ?

"And love is still an emptier sound —
The modern fair one's jest ;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth ; thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said ;
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confessed,
A maid in all her charms.

"And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried,
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne;
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine;
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumbered suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feigned a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had —
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He carolled lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,

Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried
And clasped her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turned to chide —
'Twas Edwin's self that pressed.

"Turn, Angelina! ever dear —
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin, here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life — my all that's mine!

"No, never, from this hour to part,
We live and love so true:
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

EDMUND BURKE.

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin in 1730, and, after finishing his education, went to London, where for a time he studied law, but never followed it as a profession. His earliest work of any importance, *On the Sublime and Beautiful*, has little philosophical value, and, as Macaulay says, is as dry as a parliamentary report. It was in political life that his great talents as an orator and writer were developed; and such was the part he took in public affairs, that to write his memoir would be to write the history of England during his time. His principal efforts were his orations *On the Impeachment of Warren Hastings*, his *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, *A Letter to a Noble Lord*, and his speeches upon the American War. The French Revolution appears to have disturbed Burke's equanimity more than any other event; it colored all his speeches, and clouded his life. But the scholar who studies the history of France will find that that explosion, terrible as it was, was as necessary as a thunder-storm after a sultry day.

The *Letter to a Noble Lord*, which is here printed, somewhat abridged, has been selected as a specimen, because it is, in some measure, a review of Burke's life and public services, because it gives some idea of the state of parties, and because it shows, quite as forcibly as any of his works, his power of consecutive thought, the ample fullness of his diction, his exuberant imagery, and the manly dignity of his character. He is at once the most philosophical, the most ornate, and the most powerful writer among modern statesmen, and we shall be obliged to go back to Cicero, at least, to find his equal. Burke died at Beaconsfield in 1797. A complete and beautiful edition of his works, in twelve volumes, is published by Messrs. Little, Brown, and Co.

[*A Letter to a Noble Lord on the Attacks made upon Mr. Burke and his Pension, in the House of Lords, by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, 1796.*]

MY LORD: I could hardly flatter myself with the hope that so very early in the season I should have to acknowledge obligations to the Duke of Bedford and to the Earl of Lauderdale. These noble persons have lost no time in conferring upon me that sort of honor which it is alone within their competence, and which it is certainly most congenial to their nature and their manners, to bestow.

To be ill spoken of, in whatever language they speak, by the zealots of the new sect in philosophy and politics, of which these noble persons think so charitably, and of which others think so justly, to me is no matter of uneasiness or surprise. To have incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans, or the Duke of Bedford, to fall under the censure of Citizen Brissot, or of his friend the Earl of Lauderdale, I ought to consider as proofs, not the least satisfactory, that I have produced some part of the effect I proposed by my endeavor. I have labored hard to earn what the noble lords are generous enough to pay. Personal offence I have given them none. The part they take against me is from zeal to the cause. It is well—it is perfectly well. I have to do homage to their justice. I have to thank the Bedfords and the Lauderdalees for having so faith-

fully and so fully acquitted towards me whatever arrear of debt was left undischarged by the Priestleys and the Paines.

Some, perhaps, may think them executors in their own wrong: I, at least, have nothing to complain of. They have gone beyond the demands of justice. They have been (a little, perhaps, beyond their intention) favorable to me. They have been the means of bringing out by their invectives the handsome things which Lord Grenville has had the goodness and condescension to say in my behalf. Retired as I am from the world, and from all its affairs and all its pleasures, I confess it does kindle in my nearly extinguished feelings a very vivid satisfaction to be so attacked and so commended. It is soothing to my wounded mind to be commended by an able, vigorous, and well-informed statesman, and at the very moment when he stands forth, with a manliness and resolution worthy of himself and of his cause, for the preservation of the person and government of our sovereign, and therein for the security of the laws, the liberties, the morals, and the lives of his people. To be in any fair way connected with such things is indeed a distinction. No philosophy can make me above it; no melancholy can depress me so low as to make me wholly insensible to such an honor. Why will they not let me remain in obscurity and inaction? Are they apprehensive, that, if an atom of me remains, the sect has something to fear? Must I be annihilated, lest, like old John Zisca's, my skin might be made into a drum, to animate Europe to eternal battle against a tyranny that threatens to overwhelm all Europe and all the human race?

In one thing I can excuse the Duke of Bedford for his attack upon me and my mortuary pension: He cannot readily comprehend the transaction he condemns. What I have obtained was the fruit of no bargain, the production of no intrigue, the result of no compromise, the effect of no solicitation. The first suggestion of it never came from me, mediately or immediately, to his majesty or any of his ministers. It was long known that the instant my engagements would permit it, and before the heaviest of all calamities had forever condemned me to obscurity and sorrow, I had resolved on a total retreat. I had executed that design. I was entirely out of the way of serving or of hurting any statesman or any party, when the ministers so generously and so nobly carried into effect the spontaneous bounty of the crown. Both descriptions have acted as became them. When I could no longer serve them, the ministers have

considered my situation. When I could no longer hurt them, the revolutionists have trampled on my infirmity. My gratitude, I trust, is equal to the manner in which the benefit was conferred. It came to me, indeed, at a time of life, and in a state of mind and body, in which no circumstance of fortune could afford me any real pleasure. But this was no fault in the royal donor, or in his ministers, who were pleased, in acknowledging the merits of an invalid servant of the public, to assuage the sorrows of a desolate old man.

For whatever I have been (I am now no more) I put myself on my country. I ought to be allowed a reasonable freedom, because I stand upon my deliverance; and no culprit ought to plead in irons. Even in the utmost latitude of defensive liberty, I wish to preserve all possible decorum. Whatever it may be in the eyes of these noble persons themselves, to me their situation calls for the most profound respect. If I should happen to trespass a little, which I trust I shall not, let it always be supposed that a confusion of characters may produce mistakes; that, in the masquerades of the grand carnival of our age, whimsical adventures happen, odd things are said and pass off. If I should fail a single point in the high respect I owe to those illustrious persons, I cannot be supposed to mean the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale of the House of Peers, but the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale of Palace Yard—the Dukes and Earls of Brentford. There they are on the pavement; there they seem to come nearer to my humble level, and, virtually at least, to have waived their high privilege.

Making this protestation, I refuse all revolutionary tribunals, where men have been put to death for no other reason than that they had obtained favors from the crown. I claim, not the letter, but the spirit of the old English law—that is, to be tried by my peers. I decline his Grace's jurisdiction as a judge. I challenge the Duke of Bedford, as a juror, to pass upon the value of my services. Whatever his natural parts may be, I cannot recognize in his few and idle years the competence to judge of my long and laborious life. If I can help it, he shall not be on the inquest of my *quantum meruit*. Poor rich man! he can hardly know anything of public industry in its exertions, or can estimate its compensations when its work is done. I have no doubt of his Grace's readiness in all the calculations of vulgar arithmetic; but I shrewdly suspect that he is little studied in the theory of moral proportions, and has never learned the rule of three in the arithmetic of policy and state.

His Grace thinks I have obtained too much. I answer, that my exertions, whatever they have been, were such as no hopes of pecuniary reward could possibly excite; and no pecuniary compensation can possibly reward them. Between money and such services, if done by abler men than I am, there is no common principle of comparison: they are quantities incommensurable. Money is made for the comfort and convenience of animal life. It cannot be a reward for what mere animal life must, indeed, sustain, but never can inspire. With submission to his Grace, I have not had more than sufficient. As to any noble use, I trust I know how to employ as well as he a much greater fortune than he possesses. In a more confined application, I certainly stand in need of every kind of relief and easement much more than he does. When I say I have not received any more than I deserve—is this the language I hold to Majesty? No! Far, very far, from it! Before that presence I claim no merit at all. Everything towards me is favor and bounty. One style to a gracious benefactor; another to a proud and insulting foe.

Let me tell my youthful censor that the necessities of that time required something very different from what others then suggested, or what his Grace now conceives. Let me inform him that it was one of the most critical periods in our annals.

Astronomers have supposed that, if a certain comet, whose path intersected the ecliptic, had met the earth in some (I forget what) sign, it would have whirled us along with it, in its eccentric course, into God knows what regions of heat and cold. Had the portentous comet of the Rights of Man (which “from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war,” and “with fear of change perplexes monarchs”), had that comet crossed upon us in that internal state of England, nothing human could have prevented our being irresistibly hurried out of the highway of heaven into all the vices, crimes, horrors, and miseries of the French Revolution.

Happily, France was not then Jacobinized. Her hostility was at a good distance. We had a limb cut off, but we preserved the body; we lost our colonies, but we kept our Constitution. There was, indeed, much intestine heat; there was a dreadful fermentation. Wild and savage insurrection quitted the woods, and prowled about our streets in the name of Reform. Such was the distemper of the public mind, that there was no madman, in his maddest ideas and maddest projects, who might not count upon numbers to support his principles and execute his designs.

Many of the changes, by a great misnomer called Parliamentary Reforms, went, not in the intention of all the professors and supporters of them, undoubtedly, but went in their certain, and, in my opinion, not very remote effect, home to the utter destruction of the Constitution of this kingdom. Had they taken place, not France, but England, would have had the honor of leading up the death-dance of democratic revolution. Other projects, exactly coincident in time with those, struck at the very existence of the kingdom under any Constitution. There are who remember the blind fury of some, and the lamentable helplessness of others; here, a torpid confusion, from a panic fear of the danger — there, the same inaction, from a stupid insensibility to it; here, well-wishers to the mischief — there, indifferent lookers-on. At the same time, a sort of National Convention, dubious in its nature, and perilous in its example, nosed Parliament in the very seat of its authority, sat with a sort of superintendence over it, and little less than dictated to it, not only laws, but the very form and essence of legislature itself. In Ireland things ran in a still more eccentric course. Government was unnerved, confounded, and in a manner suspended. Its equipoise was totally gone. I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of Lord North. He was a man of admirable parts, of general knowledge, of a versatile understanding fitted for every sort of business, of infinite wit and pleasantry, of a delightful temper, and with a mind most perfectly disinterested. But it would be only to degrade myself by a weak adulation, and not to honor the memory of a great man, to deny that he wanted something of the vigilance and spirit of command that the time required. Indeed, a darkness next to the fog of this awful day lowered over the whole region. For a little time the helm appeared abandoned.

Ipsæ diem noctemque negat discernere cœlo,
Nec meminisse viæ mediâ Palinurus in undâ.*

At that time I was connected with men of high place in the community. They loved liberty as much as the Duke of Bedford can do; and they understood it at least as well. Perhaps their politics, as usual, took a tincture from their character, and they cultivated what they loved. The liberty they pursued was a liberty inseparable from order, from virtue, from morals, and from religion, and was neither hypocritically nor fanatically followed. They did not wish that liberty, in itself one of the first of blessings, should in its perversion become the greatest curse which could fall upon mankind. To pre-

* See Appendix.

serve the Constitution entire, and practically equal to all the great ends of its formation, not in one single part, but in all its parts, was to them the first object. Popularity and power they regarded alike. These were with them only different means of obtaining that object, and had no preference over each other in their minds, but as one or the other might afford a surer or a less certain prospect of arriving at that end. It is some consolation to me, in the cheerless gloom which darkens the evening of my life, that with them I commenced my political career, and never for a moment, in reality nor in appearance, for any length of time, was separated from their good wishes and good opinion.

By what accident it matters not, nor upon what desert, but just then, and in the midst of that hunt of obloquy which ever has pursued me with a full cry through life, I had obtained a very considerable degree of public confidence. I know well enough how equivocal a test this kind of popular opinion forms of the merit that obtained of it. I am no stranger to the insecurity of its tenure. I do not boast of it. It is mentioned to show, not how highly I prize the thing, but my right to value the use I made of it. I endeavored to turn that short-lived advantage to myself into a permanent benefit to my country. Far am I from detracting from the merit of some gentlemen, out of office or in it, on that occasion. No! it is not my way to refuse a full and heaped measure of justice to the aids that I receive. I have through life been willing to give everything to others, and to reserve nothing for myself but the inward conscience that I had omitted no pains to discover, to animate, to discipline, to direct the abilities of the country for its service, and to place them in the best light to improve their age, or to adorn it. This conscience I have. I have never suppressed any man, never checked him for a moment in his course, by any jealousy, or by any policy. I was always ready, to the height of my means (and they were always infinitely below my desires), to forward those abilities which overpowered my own. He is an ill-furnished undertaker who has no machinery but his own hands to work with. Poor in my own faculties, I ever thought myself rich in theirs. In that period of difficulty and danger, more especially, I consulted and sincerely coöperated with men of all parties, who seemed disposed to the same ends, or to any main part of them. Nothing to prevent disorder was omitted: when it appeared, nothing to subdue it was left uncounselled nor unexecuted, as far as I could prevail. At the time I speak of, and having a momentary lead, so aided and so encouraged, and as a feeble instrument in a

mighty hand — I do not say I saved my country ; I am sure I did my country important service. There were few, indeed, that did not at that time acknowledge it ; and that time was thirteen years ago. It was but one voice, that no man in the kingdom better deserved an honorable provision should be made for him.

It cannot at this time be too often repeated, line upon line, precept upon precept, until it comes into the currency of a proverb, *To innovate is not to reform*. The French revolutionists complained of everything ; they refused to reform anything ; and they left nothing, no, nothing at all, *unchanged*. The consequences are *before* us, not in remote history, not in future prognostication : they are about us, they are upon us. They shake the public security ; they menace private enjoyment. They dwarf the growth of the young ; they break the quiet of the old. If we travel, they stop our way. They infest us in town ; they pursue us to the country. Our business is interrupted, our repose is troubled, our pleasures are saddened, our very studies are poisoned and perverted, and knowledge is rendered worse than ignorance by the enormous evils of this dreadful innovation.

If his Grace can contemplate the result of this complete innovation, or, as some friends of his will call it, *reform*, in the whole body of its solidity and compound mass, at which, as Hamlet says, the face of heaven glows with horror and indignation, and which, in truth, makes every reflecting mind and every feeling heart perfectly thoughtsick, without a thorough abhorrence of everything they say and everything they do, I am amazed at the morbid strength or the natural infirmity of his mind.

It was, then, not my love, but my hatred to innovation, that produced my plan of reform. Without troubling myself with the exactness of the logical diagram, I considered them as things substantially opposite. It was to prevent that evil that I proposed the measures which his Grace is pleased, and I am not sorry he is pleased, to recall to my recollection. I had (what I hope that noble Duke will remember in all his operations) a state to preserve, as well as a state to reform. I had a people to gratify, but not to inflame or mislead. I do not claim half the credit for what I did as for what I prevented from being done. In that situation of the public mind, I did not undertake, as was then proposed, to new-model the House of Commons or the House of Lords, or to change the authority under which

any officer of the crown acted, who was suffered at all to exist. Crown, lords, commons, judicial system, system of administration, existed as they had existed before, and in the mode and manner in which they had always existed. My measures were, what I then truly stated them to the House to be, in their intent, healing and mediatorial. A complaint was made of too much influence in the House of Commons : I reduced it in both Houses ; and I gave my reasons, article by article, for every reduction, and showed why I thought it safe for the service of the state. I heaved the lead every inch of way I made. A disposition to expense was complained of : to that I opposed, not mere retrenchment, but a system of economy, which would make a random expense, without plan or foresight, in future, not easily practicable. . . .

I have ever abhorred, since the first dawn of my understanding to this its obscure twilight, all the operations of opinion, fancy, inclination, and will, in the affairs of government, where only a sovereign reason, paramount to all forms of legislation and administration, should dictate. Government is made for the very purpose of opposing that reason to will and to caprice, in the reformers or in the reformed, in the governors or in the governed, in kings, in senates, or in people.

But do I justify his Majesty's grace on these grounds ? I think them the least of my services. The time gave them an occasional value. What I have done in the way of political economy was far from confined to this body of measures. I did not come into Parliament to con my lesson. I had earned my pension before I set my foot in St. Stephen's Chapel. I was prepared and disciplined to this political warfare. The first session I sat in Parliament, I found it necessary to analyze the whole commercial, financial, constitutional, and foreign interests of Great Britain and its empire. A great deal was then done ; and more, far more, would have been done, if more had been permitted by events. Then, in the vigor of my manhood, my constitution sunk under my labor. Had I then died (and I seemed to myself very near death) I had then earned for those who belonged to me more than the Duke of Bedford's ideas of service are of power to estimate. But, in truth, these services I am called to account for are not those on which I value myself the most. If I were to call for a reward (which I have never done) it should be for those in which, for fourteen years without intermission, I showed the most industry and had the least success : I mean in the affairs of India. They are those on which I value myself the most ; most for

the importance, most for the labor, most for the judgment, most for constancy and perseverance in the pursuit. Others may value them most for the *intention*. In that, surely, they are not mistaken.

I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator : "*Nitor in adversum*" is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favor and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life (for in every step was I traversed and opposed), and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to show my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honor of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws, and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home. Otherwise, no rank, no toleration even, for me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in spite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp will I stand.

Had his Grace condescended to inquire concerning the person whom he has not thought it below him to reproach, he might have found, that, in the whole course of my life, I have never, on any pretence of economy, or any other pretence, so much as in a single instance, stood between any man and his reward of service or his encouragement in useful talent and pursuit, from the highest of those services and pursuits to the lowest. On the contrary, I have on a hundred occasions exerted myself with singular zeal to forward every man's even tolerable pretensions. I have more than once had good-natured reprehensions from my friends for carrying the matter to something bordering on abuse. This line of conduct, whatever its merits might be, was partly owing to natural disposition, but I think full as much to reason and principle. I looked on the consideration of public service or public ornament to be real and very justice ; and I ever held a scanty and penurious justice to partake of the nature of a wrong. I held it to be, in its consequences, the worst economy in the world. In saving money I soon can count up all the good I do ; but when by a cold penury I blast the abilities of a nation, and stunt the growth of its active energies, the ill I may do is beyond all calculation. Whether it be too much or too little, whatever I have done has been general and systematic. I have never entered into those trifling, vexatious and oppressive details that have been falsely and most ridiculously laid to my charge.

It may be new to his Grace, but I beg leave to tell him that mere parsimony is not economy. It is separable in theory from it; and in fact it may or it may not be a part of economy, according to circumstances. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. If parsimony were to be considered as one of the kinds of that virtue, there is, however, another and a higher economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists, not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection. The other economy has larger views. It demands a discriminating judgment, and a firm, sagacious mind. It shuts one door to impudent importunity, only to open another, and a wider, to unpresuming merit. If none but meritorious service or real talent were to be rewarded, this nation has not wanted, and this nation will not want, the means of rewarding all the service it ever will receive, and encouraging all the merit it ever will produce. No state, since the foundation of society, has been impoverished by that species of profusion. Had the economy of selection and proportion been at all times observed, we should not now have had an overgrown Duke of Bedford, to oppress the industry of humble men, and to limit, by the standard of his own conceptions, the justice, the bounty, or, if he pleases, the charity of the crown.

His Grace may think as meanly as he will of my deserts in the far greater part of my conduct in life. It is free for him to do so. There will always be some difference of opinion in the value of political services. But there is one merit of mine which he, of all men living, ought to be the last to call in question. I have supported with very great zeal, and I am told with some degree of success, those opinions, or, if his grace likes another expression better, those old prejudices, which buoy up the ponderous mass of his nobility, wealth, and titles. I have omitted no exertion to prevent him and them from sinking to that level to which the meretricious French faction his Grace at least coquets with omit no exertion to reduce both. I have done all I could to discountenance their inquiries into the fortunes of those who hold large portions of wealth without any apparent merit of their own. I have strained every nerve to keep the Duke of Bedford in that situation which alone makes him my superior. Your lordship has been a witness of the use he makes of that preëminence.

The Duke of Bedford conceives that he is obliged to call the attention of the House of Peers to his Majesty's grant to me, which he considers as excessive and out of all bounds.

I know not how it has happened, but it really seems, that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to *me*, but took the subject-matter from the crown grants to *his own* family. This is "the stuff of which his dreams are made." In that way of putting things together his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the house of Russell were so enormous as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk, he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst "he lies floating many a rood," he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray, everything of him and about him is from the throne. Is it for *him* to question the dispensation of the royal favor?

I really am at loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his Grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine, on the favorable construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves. In private life, I have not at all the honor of acquaintance with the noble Duke; but I ought to presume, — and it costs me nothing to do so, — that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why, truly, it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself, in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services and my attempts to be useful to my country. It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal: his are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptionous about the merit of all other grantees of the crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said, "'Tis his estate: that's enough. It is his by law: what have I to do with

it or its history?" He would naturally have said, on his side, "'Tis this man's fortune. He is as good now as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions; he is an old man with very young pensions — that's all."

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr. Russell, a person of an ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of Henry the Eighth. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favorite was in all likelihood much such another as his master. The first of those immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion, having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favorites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favorite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the church. In truth, his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind, so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign; his from Henry the Eighth.

Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men. His grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a *levelling* tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was *great and noble*. Mine has been in endeavoring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who, in the bad times of confiscating princes, confiscating chief governors, or confiscating demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil, with a prince who plundered a part of the national church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of

all countries, from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to a contempt of *all* prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of *all* property, and thence to universal desolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favorite and chief adviser to a prince who left no liberty to their native country. My endeavor was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it. Mine was to support with unrelaxing vigilance every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer, and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language, and religion, in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection, of the British crown.

His founder's merits were, by arts in which he served his master and made his fortune, to bring poverty, wretchedness, and depopulation on his country. Mine were under a benevolent prince, in promoting the commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of his kingdom, — in which his Majesty shows an eminent example, who even in his amusements is a patriot, and in hours of leisure an improver of his native soil.

His founder's merit was the merit of a gentleman raised by the arts of a court and the protection of a Wolsey to the eminence of a great and potent lord. His merit in that eminence was, by instigating a tyrant to injustice, to provoke a people to rebellion. My merit was, to awaken the sober part of the country, that they might put themselves on their guard against any one potent lord, or any greater number of potent lords, or any combination of great leading men of any sort, if ever they should attempt to proceed in the same courses, but in the reverse order, — that is, by instigating a corrupted populace to rebellion, and, through that rebellion, introducing a tyranny yet worse than the tyranny which his Grace's ancestor supported, and of which he profited in the manner we behold in the despotism of Henry the Eighth.

Thus stands the account of the comparative merits of the crown grants which compose the Duke of Bedford's fortune as balanced against mine. In the name of common sense, why should the Duke of Bedford think that none but of the House of Russell are entitled to the favor of the crown. Why should he imagine that no king of England has been capable of judging of merit but King Henry the

Eighth? Indeed, he will pardon me, he is a little mistaken : all virtue did not end in the first Earl of Bedford ; all discernment did not lose its vision when his creator closed his eyes. Let him remit his rigor on the disproportion between merit and reward in others, and they will make no inquiry into the origin of his fortune. They will regard with much more satisfaction, as he will contemplate with infinitely more advantage, whatever in his pedigree has been dulcified by an exposure to the influence of heaven in a long flow of generations from the hard, acidulous, metallic tincture of the spring. It is little to be doubted that several of his forefathers in that long series have degenerated into honor and virtue.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family : I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honor, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant, wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behooves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me ; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The

patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbors of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury, it is a privilege, it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety which he would have performed to me: I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

The crown has considered me after long service: the crown has paid the Duke of Bedford by advance. He has had a long credit for any service which he may perform hereafter. He is secure, and long may he be secure, in his advance, whether he performs any services or not. But let him take care how he endangers the safety of that Constitution which secures his own utility or his own insignificance, or how he discourages those who take up even puny arms to defend an order of things which, like the sun of heaven, shines alike on the useful and the worthless. His grants are ingrafted on the public law of Europe, covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages. They are guarded by the sacred rules of prescription found in that full treasury of jurisprudence from which the jejune-ness and penury of our municipal law has by degrees been enriched and strengthened. This prescription I had my share—a very full share—in bringing to its perfection. The Duke of Bedford will stand as long as prescriptive law endures—as long as the great, stable laws of property, common to us with all civilized nations, are kept in their integrity, and without the smallest intermixture of the laws, maxims, principles, or precedents of the grand Revolution. They are secure against all changes but one. The whole Revolutionary system, institutes, digest, code, novels, text, gloss, com-

ment, are not only not the same, but they are the very reverse, and the reverse fundamentally, of all the laws on which civil life has hitherto been upheld in all the governments of the world. The learned professors of the rights of man regard prescription not as a title to bar all claim set up against old possession, but they look on prescription as itself a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than a long-continued, and therefore an aggravated injustice.

Such are *their* ideas, such *their* religion, and such *their* law. But as to *our* country, and *our* race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British sion — as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers — as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dikes of the low, fat, Bedford level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm, — the triple cord which no man can break, — the solemn, sworn, constitutional frank-pledge of this nation, the firm guarantees of each other's being and each other's rights, the joint and several securities, each in its place and order, for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity, — as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe, and we are all safe together, the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity, the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt. Amen ! and so be it, and so it will be, —

Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.*

But if the rude inroad of Gallic tumult, with its sophistical rights of man to falsify the account, and its sword as a make-weight to throw into the scale, shall be introduced into our city by a misguided populace, set on by proud, great men, themselves blinded and intoxicated by a frantic ambition, we shall all of us perish and be overwhelmed in a common ruin. If a great storm blow on our coast, it will cast the whales on the strand, as well as the periwinkles. His Grace will not survive the poor grantee he despises — no, not for a twelvemonth. If the great look for safety in the services they render to this Gallic cause,

* See Appendix.

it is to be foolish even above the weight of privilege allowed to wealth. If his Grace be one of those whom they endeavor to proselytize, he ought to be aware of the character of the sect whose doctrines he is invited to embrace. With them insurrection is the most sacred of revolutionary duties to the state. Ingratitude to benefactors is the first of revolutionary virtues. Ingratitude is, indeed, their four cardinal virtues compacted and amalgamated into one ; and he will find it in everything that has happened since the commencement of the philosophic Revolution to this hour. If he pleads the merit of having performed the duty of insurrection against the order he lives in, — God forbid he ever should ! — the merit of others will be to perform the duty of insurrection against him. If he pleads — again God forbid he should ! and I do not suspect he will — his ingratitude to the crown for its creation of his family, others will plead their right and duty to pay him in kind. They will laugh, indeed they will laugh, at his parchment and his wax. His deeds will be drawn out with the rest of the lumber of his evidence-room, and burnt to the tune of *Ça ira* in the courts of Bedford (then Equality) House.

I assure his Grace, that if I state to him the designs of his enemies in a manner which may appear to him ludicrous and impossible, I tell him nothing that has not exactly happened, point by point, but twenty-four miles from our own shore. I assure him that the Frenchified faction, more encouraged than others are warned by what has happened in France, look at him and his landed possessions as an object at once of curiosity and rapacity. He is made for them in every part of their double character. As robbers, to them he is a noble booty ; as speculatists, he is a glorious subject for their experimental philosophy. He affords matter for an extensive analysis in all the branches of their science, geometrical, physical, civil, and political.

These philosophers are fanatics. Independent of any interest, which, if it operated alone, would make them much more tractable, they are carried with such a headlong rage towards every desperate trial, that they would sacrifice the whole human race to the slightest of their experiments. I am better able to enter into the character of this description of men than the noble Duke can be. I have lived long and variously in the world. Without any considerable pretensions to literature in myself, I have aspired to the love of letters. I have lived for a great many years in habitudes with those

who professed them. I can form a tolerable estimate of what is likely to happen from a character chiefly dependent for fame and fortune on knowledge and talent, as well in its morbid and perverted state as in that which is sound and natural. Naturally men so formed and finished are the first gifts of Providence to the world. But when they have once thrown off the fear of God, which was in all ages too often the case, and the fear of man, which is now the case, and when in that state they come to understand one another, and to act in corps, a more dreadful calamity cannot arise out of hell to scourge mankind. Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thorough-bred metaphysician. It comes nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked spirit than to the frailty and passion of a man. It is like that of the Principle of Evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil. It is no easy operation to eradicate humanity from the human breast. What Shakespeare calls the "compunctious visitings of nature" will sometimes knock at their hearts, and protest against their murderous speculations. But they have a means of compounding with their nature. Their humanity is not dissolved: they only give it a long prorogation. They are ready to declare that they do not think two thousand years too long a period for the good that they pursue. It is remarkable that they never see any way to their projected good but by the road of some evil. Their imagination is not fatigued with the contemplation of human suffering through the wild waste of centuries added to centuries of misery and desolation. Their humanity is at their horizon, and, like the horizon, it always flies before them. The geometricians and the chemists bring — the one from the dry bones of their diagrams, and the other from the soot of their furnaces — dispositions that make them worse than indifferent about those feelings and habitudes which are the supports of the moral world. Ambition is come upon them suddenly; they are intoxicated with it, and it has rendered them fearless of the danger which may from thence arise to others or to themselves. These philosophers consider men in their experiments no more than they do mice in an air-pump, or in a recipient of mephitic gas. Whatever his Grace may think of himself, they look upon him, and everything that belongs to him, with no more regard than they do upon the whiskers of that little, long-tailed animal that has been long the game of the grave, demure, insidious, spring-nailed, velvet-pawed, green-eyed philosophers, whether going upon two legs or upon four.

His Grace's landed possessions are irresistibly inviting to an

agrarian experiment. They are a downright insult upon the rights of man. They are more extensive than the territory of many of the Grecian republics, and they are, without comparison, more fertile than most of them. There are now republics in Italy, in Germany, and in Switzerland which do not possess anything like so fair and ample a domain. There is scope for seven philosophers to proceed in their analytical experiments upon Harrington's seven different forms of republics in the acres of this one duke. Hitherto they have been wholly unproductive to speculation, fitted for nothing but to fatten bullocks, and to produce grain for beer, still more to stupefy the dull English understanding. Abbè Sieyès has whole nests of pigeon-holes full of constitutions ready made, ticketed, sorted, and numbered, suited to every season and every fancy ; some with the top of the pattern at the bottom, and some with the bottom at the top ; some plain, some flowered ; some distinguished for their simplicity, others for their complexity ; some of blood color, some of *boue de Paris* ; some with directories, others without a direction ; some with councils of elders and councils of youngsters, some without any council at all ; some where the electors choose the representatives, others where the representatives choose the electors ; some in long coats, some in short cloaks ; some with pantaloons, some without breeches ; some with five-shilling qualifications, some totally unqualified. So that no constitution-fancier may go unsuited from his shop, provided he loves a pattern of pillage, oppression, arbitrary imprisonment, confiscation, exile, revolutionary judgment, and legalized, premeditated murder, in any shapes into which they can be put. What a pity it is that the progress of experimental philosophy should be checked by his Grace's monopoly ! Such are their sentiments, I assure him ; such is their language, when they dare to speak ; and such are their proceedings, when they have the means to act.

Is it not a singular phenomenon, that, whilst the *sans-culottes* carcass-butchers and the philosophers of the shambles are pricking their dotted lines upon his hide, and, like the print of the poor ox that we see in the shop windows at Charing Cross, alive as he is, and thinking no harm in the world, he is divided into rumps, and sirloins, and briskets, and into all sorts of pieces for roasting, boiling, and stewing, that all the while they are measuring *him*, his Grace is measuring *me*—is invidiously comparing the bounty of the crown with the deserts of the defender of his order, and in the same

moment fawning on those who have the knife half out of the sheath?
 Poor innocent! —

“Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.”

No man lives too long who lives to do with spirit and suffer with resignation what Providence pleases to command or inflict; but, indeed, they are sharp incommo^dities which beset old age. It was but the other day, that, on putting in order some things which had been brought here, on my taking leave of London forever, I looked over a number of fine portraits, most of them of persons now dead, but whose society, in my better days, made this a proud and happy place. Amongst these was the picture of Lord Keppel. It was painted by an artist worthy of the subject, the excellent friend of that excellent man from their earliest youth, and a common friend of us both, with whom we lived for many years without a moment of coldness, of peevishness, of jealousy, or of jar, to the day of our final separation.

Pardon, my lord, the feeble garrulity of age, which loves to diffuse itself in discourse of the departed great. At my years, we live in retrospect alone, and, wholly unfitted for the society of vigorous life, we enjoy — the best balm to all wounds — the consolation of friendship, in those only whom we have lost forever. Feeling the loss of Lord Keppel at all times, at no time did I feel it so much as on the first day when I was attacked in the House of Lords.

Had he lived, that reverend form would have risen in its place, and, with a mild, parental reprehension to his nephew, the Duke of Bedford, he would have told him that the favor of that gracious prince who had honored his virtues with the government of the navy of Great Britain, and with a seat in the hereditary great council of his kingdom, was not undeservedly shown to the friend of the best portion of his life, and his faithful companion and counsellor under his rudest trials. He would have told him, that, to whomever else these reproaches might be becoming, they were not decorous in his near kindred. He would have told him, that when men in that rank lose decorum, they lose everything.

Lord Keppel had two countries, one of descent, and one of birth. Their interest and their glory are the same, and his mind was capacious of both. His family was noble, and it was Dutch: that is, he was of the oldest and purest nobility that Europe can boast, among

a people renowned above all others for love of their native land. Though it was never shown in insult to any human being, Lord Keppel was something high. It was a wild stock of pride, on which the tenderest of all hearts had grafted the milder virtues. He valued ancient nobility; and he was not disinclined to augment it with new honors. He valued the old nobility and the new, not as an excuse for inglorious sloth, but as an incitement to virtuous activity.

Looking to his Batavian descent, how could he bear to behold his kindred, the descendants of the brave nobility of Holland, whose blood, prodigally poured out, had, more than all the canals, meres, and inundations of their country, protected their independence, to behold them bowed in the basest servitude to the basest and vilest of the human race—in servitude to those who in no respect were superior in dignity, or could aspire to a better place than that of hangman to the tyrants to whose sceptred pride they had opposed an elevation of soul that surmounted and overpowered the loftiness of Castile, the haughtiness of Austria, and the overbearing arrogance of France!

Would Keppel have borne to see the ruin of the virtuous patriots, that happy union of the noble and the burgher, who, with signal prudence and integrity, had long governed the cities of the confederate republic, the cherishing fathers of their country, who, denying commerce to themselves, made it flourish in a manner unexampled under their protection? Could Keppel have borne that a vile faction should totally destroy this harmonious construction in favor of a robbing democracy founded on the spurious rights of man?

He was no great clerk, but he was perfectly well versed in the interests of Europe; and he could not have heard with patience that the country of Grotius, the cradle of the law of nations, and one of the richest repositories of all law, should be taught a new code by the ignorant flippancy of Thomas Paine, the presumptuous foppery of La Fayette, with his stolen rights of man in his hand, the wild, profligate intrigue and turbulency of Marat, and the impious sophistry of Condorcet in his insolent addresses to the Batavian Republic.

Could Keppel, who idolized the House of Nassau, who was himself given to England along with the blessings of the British and Dutch Revolutions, with revolutions of stability, with revolutions which consolidated and married the liberties and the interests of

the two nations forever — could he see the fountain of British liberty itself in servitude to France? Could he see with patience a Prince of Orange expelled as a sort of diminutive despot, with every kind of contumely, from the country which that family of deliverers had so often rescued from slavery, and obliged to live in exile in another country, which owes its liberty to his house?

But, above all, what would he have said if he had heard it made a matter of accusation against me by his nephew, the Duke of Bedford, that I was the author of the war? Had I a mind to keep that high distinction to myself (as from pride I might, but from justice I dare not), he would have snatched his share of it from my hand, and held it with the grasp of a dying convulsion to his end.

It would be a most arrogant presumption in me to assume to myself the glory of what belongs to his Majesty, and to his ministers, and to his parliament, and to the far greater majority of his faithful people; but, had I stood alone to counsel, and that all were determined to be guided by my advice, and to follow it implicitly, then I should have been the sole author of a war. But it should have been a war on my ideas and my principles. However, let his Grace think as he may of my demerits with regard to the war with Regicide, he will find my guilt confined to that alone. He never shall, with the smallest color of reason, accuse me of being the author of a peace with Regicide. But that is high matter, and ought not to be mixed with anything of so little moment as what may belong to me, or even to the Duke of Bedford.

I have the honor to be, &c.

EDMUND BURKE.

WILLIAM COWPER.

William Cowper was born in 1731, the son of a clergyman in Hertfordshire, and connected by birth with a family then and since distinguished. It would seem that he was a person of a mild temper, of refined and almost feminine sensibilities, an ardent lover of nature, and full of an unaffected natural piety; but some tendencies to insanity appeared quite early: these developed in after life with varying intensity, at times into a mild melancholy, and again into utter wretchedness and despair. He was never married, but resided for the greater part of his life in the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin. The references to Mrs. Unwin are numerous through his poems. He translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* into blank verse, for which he gained some reputation, but in a manner that late in life he received a pension of three hundred pounds. His chief original poem, *The Task*, has many fine passages, as the extracts here given show, but it is very unequal; often, when the author thought he was rising to a sublime height of poetry, he was merely *paraphrasing* with a remembered fervor. His devotional hymns, considered as poems solely, are among

the best which any Christian anthology can show. His letters, which are numerous, are all tinged with a pervading gloom, but are delightfully easy and natural in style.

It is a pity that a mispronunciation of his name has become so common in America, that when it is correctly sounded few even among educated people know who is meant. A note from "A Fable for the Critics" will explain:—

"To demonstrate quickly and easily how perversely absurd 'tis to sound this name Cowper,
As people in general call him named *super*,
I just add that he rhymes it himself with horse-trooper."

Cowper died in his seventieth year, having been in a wretched mental state for some years. His poems, in three volumes, are included in the British Poets before mentioned.

[From The Task.]

FOR I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swath, close cropped by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,
E'er since a truant boy I passed my bounds
To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames;
And still remember, not without regret
Of hours that sorrow since has much endeared,
How oft, my slice of pocket store consumed,
Still hungering, penniless, and far from home,
I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
Or blushing crabs, or berries that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite
Disdains not, nor the palate, undepraved
By culinary arts, unsavory deems.
No Sofa then awaited my return;
Nor Sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue; and, though our years,
As life declines, speed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep,—
A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and color from the locks they spare;
The elastic spring of an unwearied foot,
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence;
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes

Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me, —
Mine have not pilfered yet ; nor yet impaired
My relish of fair prospect ; scenes that soothed
Or charmed me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing, and of power to charm me still.

Thence, with what pleasure we have just discerned
The distant plough, slow moving, and beside
His laboring team, that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy !
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favorite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;
While, far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds,
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.
Scenes must be beautiful, which daily viewed
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years —
Praise justly due to those that I describe.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall

Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that, with a livelier green,
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night ; nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me ;
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening know.

No rattling wheels stop short before these gates,
No powdered pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves and quake ;
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair —
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest ;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry : the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence — a Roman meal,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed — spare feast — a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth :
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,

The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlooked for, life preserved, and peace restored —
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

O, evenings worthy of the gods ! exclaimed
The Sabine bard. O, evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace,
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long !
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day ;
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems ;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, nor worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come, then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift ;
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil,
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit,
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before :
Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.

Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate, heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires ; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. Unconcerned who formed
The Paradiſe he ſees, he finds it ſuch,
And ſuch well pleaſed to find it, aſks no more.
Not ſo the mind that has been touched from Heaven,
And in the ſchool of ſacred wiſdom taught
To read his wonders, in whoſe thought the world,
Fair as it is, exiſted ere it was.
Nor for its own ſake merely, but for His
Much more who fashioned it, he gives it praiſe—
Praiſe that from earth reſulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once
Its only juſt proprietor in Him.
The ſoul that ſees Him, or receives ſublimed
New faculties, or learns at leaſt to employ
More worthily the powers ſhe owned before,
Discerns in all things what, with ſtupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then ſhe overlooked—
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terreſtrial in the vaſt and the minute ;
The unambiguous footſteps of the God,
Who gives its luſtre to an inſect's wing,
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much converſant with heaven, ſhe often holds
With theſe fair miniſters of light to man,
That fill the ſkies nightly with ſilent pomp,
Sweet conference ; inquires what ſtrains were they
With which heaven rang, when every ſtar, in haſte
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the ſons of God
Shouted for joy. — Tell me, ye ſhining hoſts,
That navigate a ſea that knows no ſtorms,
Beneath a vault unſullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view

Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
 And systems of whose birth no tidings yet
 Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race
 Favored as ours ; transgressors from the womb,
 And hasting to a grave, yet doomed to rise,
 And to possess a brighter heaven than yours ?
 As one, who, long detained on foreign shores,
 Pants to return, and when he sees afar
 His country's weather-bleached and battered rocks,
 From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
 Radiant with joy towards the happy land,
 So I with animated hopes behold,
 And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
 That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
 Ordained to guide the embodied spirit home
 From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
 Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
 That give assurance of their own success,
 And that, infused from heaven, must thither tend."

ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smiles I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 " Grieve not, my child ; chase all thy fears away ! "
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes—
 Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it — here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd'st me honor, with an artless song
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own :
 And while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief ;
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers, Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return :
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

And now, farewell. Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again :
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown :
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
" Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

" To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

" My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, " I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear ;
Therefore it shall be done.

" I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, " That's well said ;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels ;
Were never folk so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs :
" The wine is left behind !"

" Good lack !" quoth he ; " yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mrs. Gilpin — careful soul ! —
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, " Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out, "Well done !"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he ?
His fame soon spread around ;
He carries weight ! he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound !

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house,"
They all aloud did cry ;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired !"
Said Gilpin, "So am I !"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ? his owner had a house,
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

"What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
Tell me you must and shall ;
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

"I came because your horse would come :
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for your pleasure you came here;
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down

Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space,
The tollmen thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

JAMES BEATTIE.

James Beattie was born in Scotland in 1735, and was educated at Aberdeen. He was intended for the church, but gave up the study of divinity, and became a teacher of youth. He was afterwards professor of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal College, his *alma mater*. His prose works, especially his Essay on Truth, — an answer to the sceptical doctrines of Hume, — gained him great celebrity. Oxford conferred upon him his doctor's degree, the king gave him a pension of two hundred pounds, and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his portrait with the allegorical accessories admired in that day. He is now chiefly remembered for *The Minstrel*, a poem in the Spenserian stanza, containing many pleasing natural scenes, with many excellent but rather prosy moral sentiments. He died in 1803, His poems, in one volume, are included in the *British Poets*.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove,
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began :
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

" Ah ! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthrall ;
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay ;
Mourn, sweetest complainer ; man calls thee to mourn ;
O, soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass away ;
Full quickly they pass, but they never return.

" Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays ;
But lately I marked when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again ;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is love's no more :
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you :

For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew ;
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn.
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save ;
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?
 O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?

“ ’Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
 My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 ‘ O, pity, great Father of Light,’ then I cried,
 ‘ Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee ;
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ;
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.’

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,
 And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom ;
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

[From The Minstrel.]

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell —
 The wild brook, babbling down the mountain side ;
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold’s simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide,
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide ;
 The hum of bees, the linnet’s lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove ?

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings ;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs ;

Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

EDWARD GIBBON.

Edward Gibbon was born at Putney, county of Surrey, in 1737. He was educated partly at Oxford, and afterwards more thoroughly at Lausanne, in Switzerland. He sat for a time in Parliament, but made no figure there. The work to which he gave his life was the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The scholar will not need to be reminded that this is a vast work, to which all the learning of the ages has been made tributary, written in a noble style (though somewhat too ornate, and lacking variety), and without a rival in any part of its extended field. As the reader contemplates the marvellous narrative, in which nothing, however remote or obscure, is omitted, — which depicts as well the movements of armies as the growth of legal science, the magnificence of barbaric rulers, and the manners of the humble poor, — the only sensation is that of wonder at such unexampled literary skill, such prodigious reading, such power of ranging topics in order, and such philosophic connection of events.

The Christian world objected, and probably with reason, to his account of the spread of the new religion in the old pagan empire, since he had treated it with coldly critical phrases ; and the current editions of the *History* in question are now furnished with notes by the late Dean Milman and by M. Guizot, supplying omissions, and correcting what they deem misstatements in the text.

During the last part of the time occupied in writing his *History*, Gibbon resided at Lausanne. The work was completed in 1787, and the author went to London to attend to its publication. He then returned to Lausanne, where he lived until 1793. He died in London in January, 1794.

THE OVERTHROW OF ZENOBIA.

[From the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.]

AURELIAN had no sooner secured the person and provinces of Tetricus, than he turned his arms against Zenobia, the celebrated Queen of Palmyra and the East. Modern Europe has produced several illustrious women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire, nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. But if we except the doubtful achievements of Semiramis, Zenobia is, perhaps, the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valor. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of a dark complexion (for in speaking of a lady these trifles become important). Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large, black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most

attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of Oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.

This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odenathus, who, from a private station, raised himself to the dominion of the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war, Odenathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting; he pursued with ardor the wild beasts of the desert, lions, panthers, and bears; and the ardor of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of the troops. The success of Odenathus was, in a great measure, ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude. Their splendid victories over the great king, whom they twice pursued as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the foundations of their united fame and power. The armies which they commanded, and the provinces which they had saved, acknowledged not any other sovereigns than their invincible chiefs. The senate and people of Rome revered a stranger who had avenged their captive emperor, and even the insensible son of Valerian accepted Odenathus for his legitimate colleague.

After a successful expedition against the Gothic plunderers of Asia, the Palmyrenian prince returned to the city of Emesa, in Syria. Invincible in war, he was there cut off by domestic treason, and his favorite amusement of hunting was the cause, or at least the occasion, of his death. His nephew Mæonius presumed to dart his javelin before that of his uncle, and, though admonished of his error, repeated the same insolence. As a monarch and as a sportsman Odenathus was provoked, took away his horse, — a mark of ignominy among the barbarians, — and chastised the rash youth by a short confinement. The offence was soon forgot, but the punishment was remembered; and Mæonius, with a few daring associates, assassinated his uncle in the midst of a great entertainment. Herod, the son of Odenathus, though not of Zenobia, a young man of a soft and effeminate temper, was killed with his father. But Mæonius obtained only the pleasure of revenge by this bloody deed. He had

scarcely time to assume the title of Augustus before he was sacrificed by Zenobia to the memory of her husband.

With the assistance of his most faithful friends, she immediately filled the vacant throne, and governed with manly councils Palmyra, Syria, and the East above five years. By the death of Odenathus, that authority was at an end which the senate had granted him only as a personal distinction; but his martial widow, disdaining both the senate and Gallienus, obliged one of the Roman generals, who was sent against her, to retreat into Europe, with the loss of his army and his reputation. Instead of the little passions which so frequently perplex a female reign, the steady administration of Zenobia was guided by the most judicious maxims of policy. If it was expedient to pardon, she could calm her resentment; if it was necessary to punish, she could impose silence on the voice of pity. Her strict economy was accused of avarice; yet on every proper occasion she appeared magnificent and liberal. The neighboring states of Arabia, Armenia, and Persia dreaded her enmity, and solicited her alliance. To the dominions of Odenathus, which extended from the Euphrates to the frontiers of Bithynia, his widow added the inheritance of her ancestors, the populous and fertile kingdom of Egypt. The Emperor Claudius acknowledged her merit, and was content that, while *he* pursued the Gothic war, *she* should assert the dignity of the empire in the East. The conduct, however, of Zenobia was attended with some ambiguity; nor is it unlikely that she had conceived the design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy. She blended with the popular manners of Roman princes the stately pomp of the courts of Asia, and exacted from her subjects the same adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus. She bestowed on her three sons a Latin education, and often showed them to the troops adorned with the imperial purple. For herself she reserved the diadem, with the splendid but doubtful title of Queen of the East.

When Aurelian passed over into Asia, against an adversary whose sex alone could render her an object of contempt, his presence restored obedience to the province of Bithynia, already shaken by the arms and intrigues of Zenobia. Advancing at the head of his legions, he accepted the submission of Ancyra, and was admitted into Tyana, after an obstinate siege, by the help of a perfidious citizen. The generous though fierce temper of Aurelian abandoned the traitor to the rage of the soldiers; a superstitious reverence induced him to treat with lenity the countrymen of Apollonius, the philoso-

pher. Antioch was deserted on his approach, till the emperor, by his salutary edicts, recalled the fugitives, and granted a general pardon to all who, from necessity rather than choice, had been engaged in the service of the Palmyrenian queen. The unexpected mildness of such a conduct reconciled the minds of the Syrians, and, as far as the gates of Emesa, the wishes of the people seconded the terror of his arms.

Zenobia would have ill deserved her reputation had she indolently permitted the Emperor of the West to approach within a hundred miles of her capital. The fate of the East was decided in two great battles, so similar, in almost every circumstance, that we can scarcely distinguish them from each other, except by observing that the first was fought near Antioch, and the second near Emesa. In both the Queen of Palmyra animated the armies by her presence, and devolved the execution of her orders on Zabdas, who had already signalized his military talents by the conquest of Egypt. The numerous forces of Zenobia consisted for the most part of light archers, and of heavy cavalry clothed in complete steel. The Moorish and Illyrian horse of Aurelian were unable to sustain the ponderous charge of their antagonists. They fled in real or affected disorder, engaged the Palmyrenians in a laborious pursuit, harassed them by a desultory combat, and at length discomfited this impenetrable but unwieldy body of cavalry. The light infantry, in the mean time, when they had exhausted their quivers, remaining without protection against a closer onset, exposed their naked sides to the swords of the legions. Aurelian had chosen these veteran troops, who were usually stationed on the Upper Danube, and whose valor had been severely tried in the Alemannic war. After the defeat of Emesa, Zenobia found it impossible to collect a third army. As far as the frontier of Egypt, the nations subject to her empire had joined the standard of the conqueror, who detached Probus, the bravest of his generals, to possess himself of the Egyptian provinces. Palmyra was the last resource of the widow of Odenathus. She retired within the walls of her capital, made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, and declared, with the intrepidity of a heroine, that the last moment of her reign and of her life should be the same.

Amid the barren deserts of Arabia, a few cultivated spots rise like islands out of the sandy ocean. Even the name of Tadmor, or Palmyra, by its signification in the Syriac as well as in the Latin language, denoted the multitude of palm trees which afforded shade and verdure to that temperate region. The air was pure, and the soil,

watered by some invaluable springs, was capable of producing fruits as well as corn. A place possessed of such singular advantages, and situated at a convenient distance between the Gulf of Persia and the Mediterranean, was soon frequented by the caravans which conveyed to the nations of Europe a considerable part of the rich commodities of India. Palmyra insensibly increased into an opulent and independent city, and, connecting the Roman and the Parthian monarchies by the mutual benefits of commerce, was suffered to observe a humble neutrality, till at length, after the victories of Trajan, the little republic sank into the bosom of Rome, and flourished more than one hundred and fifty years in the subordinate though honorable rank of a colony. It was during that peaceful period, if we may judge from a few remaining inscriptions, that the wealthy Palmyrenians constructed those temples, palaces, and porticos of Grecian architecture, whose ruins, scattered over an extent of several miles, have deserved the curiosity of our travellers. The elevation of Odenathus and Zenobia appeared to reflect new splendor on their country, and Palmyra, for a while, stood forth the rival of Rome; but the competition was fatal, and ages of prosperity were sacrificed to a moment of glory.

In his march over the sandy desert between Emesa and Palmyra, the Emperor Aurelian was perpetually harassed by the Arabs; nor could he always defend his army, and especially his baggage, from those flying troops of active and daring robbers, who watched the moment of surprise, and eluded the slow pursuit of the legions. The siege of Palmyra was an object far more difficult and important, and the emperor, who, with incessant vigor, pressed the attacks in person, was himself wounded with a dart. "The Roman people," says Aurelian, in an original letter, "speak with contempt of the war which I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and of the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons. Every part of the walls is provided with two or three *ballistæ*, and artificial fires are thrown from her military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage. Yet still I trust in the protecting deities of Rome, who have hitherto been favorable to all my undertakings." Doubtful, however, of the protection of the gods, and of the event of the siege, Aurelian judged it more prudent to offer terms of an advantageous capitulation: to the queen, a splendid retreat; to the citizens, their ancient privileges. His proposals were obstinately rejected, and the refusal was accompanied with insult.

The firmness of Zenobia was supported by the hope, that in a very short time famine would compel the Roman army to repass the desert ; and by the reasonable expectation that the kings of the East, and particularly the Persian monarch, would arm in the defence of their most natural ally. But fortune, and the perseverance of Aurelian, overcame every obstacle. The death of Sapor, which happened about this time, distracted the councils of Persia, and the inconsiderable succors that attempted to relieve Palmyra were easily intercepted either by the arms or the liberality of the emperor. From every part of Syria a regular succession of convoys safely arrived in the camp, which was increased by the return of Probus with his victorious troops from the conquest of Egypt. It was then that Zenobia resolved to fly. She mounted the fleetest of her dromedaries, and had already reached the banks of the Euphrates, about sixty miles from Palmyra, when she was overtaken by the pursuit of Aurelian's light horse, seized, and brought back a captive to the feet of the emperor. Her capital soon afterwards surrendered, and was treated with unexpected lenity. The arms, horses, and camels, with an immense treasure of gold, silver, silk, and precious stones, were all delivered to the conqueror, who, leaving only a garrison of six hundred archers, returned to Emesa, and employed some time in the distribution of rewards and punishments at the end of so memorable a war, which restored to the obedience of Rome those provinces that had renounced their allegiance since the captivity of Valerian.

When the Syrian queen was brought into the presence of Aurelian, he sternly asked her how she had presumed to rise in arms against the emperors of Rome ! The answer of Zenobia was a prudent mixture of respect and firmness : " Because I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aureolus or a Gallienus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign." But as female fortitude is commonly artificial, so it is seldom steady or consistent. The courage of Zenobia deserted her in the hour of trial ; she trembled at the angry clamors of the soldiers, who called aloud for her immediate execution, forgot the generous despair of Cleopatra, which she had proposed as her model, and ignominiously purchased life by the sacrifice of her fame and her friends. It was to their counsels, which governed the weakness of her sex, that she imputed the guilt of her obstinate resistance ; it was on their heads that she directed the vengeance of the cruel Aurelian. The fame of Longinus, who was included among the numerous and perhaps innocent victims of her fear, will survive that of the queen who betrayed, or the tyrant

who condemned him. Genius and learning were incapable of moving a fierce, unlettered soldier, but they had served to elevate and harmonize the soul of Longinus. Without uttering a complaint, he calmly followed the executioner, pitying his unhappy mistress, and bestowing comfort on his afflicted friends.

Since the foundation of Rome, no general had more nobly deserved a triumph than Aurelian; nor was a triumph ever celebrated with superior pride and magnificence. The pomp was opened by twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and above two hundred of the most curious animals from every climate of the north, the east, and the south. They were followed by sixteen hundred gladiators, devoted to the cruel amusement of the amphitheatre. The wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of so many conquered nations, and the magnificent plate and wardrobe of the Syrian queen, were disposed in exact symmetry or artful disorder. The ambassadors of the most remote parts of the earth, of Æthiopia, Arabia, Persia, Bactriana, India, and China, all remarkable by their rich or singular dresses, displayed the fame and power of the Roman emperor, who exposed likewise to the public view the presents that he had received, and particularly a great number of crowns of gold, the offerings of grateful cities. The victories of Aurelian were attested by the long train of captives who reluctantly attended his triumph — Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians, and Egyptians. Each people was distinguished by its peculiar inscription, and the title of Amazons was bestowed on ten martial heroines of the Gothic nation who had been taken in arms. But every eye, disregarding the crowd of captives, was fixed on the Emperor Tetricus and the Queen of the East. The former, as well as his son, whom he had created Augustus, was dressed in Gallic trousers, a saffron tunic, and a robe of purple. The beauteous figure of Zenobia was confined by fetters of gold; a slave supported the gold chain which encircled her neck, and she almost fainted under the intolerable weight of jewels. She preceded on foot the magnificent chariot, in which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome. It was followed by two other chariots, still more sumptuous, of Odenathus and of the Persian monarch. The triumphal car of Aurelian (it had formerly been used by a Gothic king) was drawn, on this memorable occasion, either by four stags or by four elephants. The most illustrious of the senate, the people, and the army, closed the solemn procession. Unfeigned joy, wonder, and gratitude, swelled the acclamations of the multi-

tude ; but the satisfaction of the senate was clouded by the appearance of Tetricus ; nor could they suppress a rising murmur, that the haughty emperor should thus expose to public ignominy the person of a Roman and a magistrate.

But, however in the treatment of his unfortunate rivals Aurelian might indulge his pride, he behaved towards them with a generous clemency, which was seldom exercised by the ancient conquerors. Princes who, without success, had defended their throne or freedom, were frequently strangled in prison, as soon as the triumphal pomp ascended the Capitol. These usurpers, whom their defeat had convicted of the crime of treason, were permitted to spend their lives in affluence and honorable repose. The emperor presented Zenobia with an elegant villa at Tibur, or Tivoli, about twenty miles from the capital ; the Syrian queen insensibly sunk into a Roman matron, her daughters married into noble families, and her race was not yet extinct in the fifth century.



LADY ANNE BARNARD.

Lady Anne Barnard, daughter of the Earl of Balcarres, was born in 1750, and died in 1825. She was a friend and correspondent of Scott and of Lady Byron ; some of her letters to the latter have been published during the late controversy as to the cause of her separation from Lord Byron.

The ballad which follows, written when she was twenty-one years of age, is unsurpassed for tender feeling and truth to nature.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving ae crown-piece he had naething beside ;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound — they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm and the cow was stown away ;
My mither she fell sick — my Jamie was at sea,
And Auld Robin Gray came a courting mè.

My father couldna wark — my mither couldna spin —
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win ;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
 Said, "Jeanie, O, for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back ;
 But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack ;
 His ship was a wrack — why didna Jamie die,
 Or why am I spared to cry wae is me ?

My father urged me sair — my mither didna speak,
 But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break ;
 They gied him my hand — my heart was in the sea —
 And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
 When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he
 Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee!"

O, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a' ;
 I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa' :
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
 For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young, wae is me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For, O, Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, near the town of Ayr, in Scotland. Both his parents are said to have been possessed of more than common abilities. The future poet was in his boyhood a grave and dull lad, but was well instructed by his teacher and by his father in the ordinary branches of an English education. At fifteen he performed the labor of a man on the farm, but contrived to find leisure for reading many books, especially some plays of Shakespeare, the works of Pope, and a collection of songs. "I pored over them," says he, "driving my cart or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noticing the true tender or sublime from affectation and fustian." After the death of his father he took a farm at Mossgiel, where he resided four years. This was the most fruitful period of his life, during which he wrote many of his most striking poems. These were printed at Kilmarnock, and copies finding their way to Edinburgh, their suc-

cess was immediate and unbounded. The poet was invited to the capital, and was received with the heartiest enthusiasm. A new edition of his poems was published, by which he realized a handsome sum, and he returned home a famous man. Shortly after he was appointed an exciseman, with a salary of seventy pounds. It is very seldom that a public office does not work some mischief to the incumbent, and the case of Burns was no exception to the rule. His character and habits from this time were changed rapidly for the worse. Evil associates gathered around him, dragging him deeper into dissipation, until, while still in early manhood, his vital powers gave way, and he died at the age of thirty-seven.

Perhaps the best idea of the songs of Burns can be had from his own preface: "The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures, of my native soil, in my native tongue. I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired." The finest phrases of the critic can add nothing to this. Every lover of poetry feels a thrill in reading Burns—the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. His songs are as far from the learned verses made by antique rules, as his own Daisy, wet with the morning dew, is from its waxen counterfeit; they are Nature's blossoms, that can give no account of themselves, opening to the eye of heaven, and not to the eye of man; they are the miracles which are impossible till they happen. Genius in its absolute sense is always a superlative; the differences are in kind, but not in degree; and probably the world will wait as long for another Burns as for another Shakespeare.

The poems of Burns are published in a great variety of forms. Critical articles without number have appeared in the reviews; but the reader who wishes to obtain the most accurate idea of the man, and of his genius, should read the able, thorough, and appreciative essay by his great countryman, Carlyle.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.¹

My loved, my honored, much respected friend,
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise.
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
 The shortening winter day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
 The blackening trains o' craws² to their repose;
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes, —

¹ A legal practitioner in Ayr, of considerable oratorical talents, who was among the first to befriend the poet.

² Crows.

This night his weekly moil is at an end, —
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher ¹ through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' ² noise and glee.
 His wee bit ingie ³ blinkin' bonnily,
 His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh ⁴ an' care beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve, ⁵ the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out amang the farmers roun' :
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie ⁶ rin
 A cannie ⁷ errand to a neibor town :
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw ⁸ new gown,
 Or déposite her sair-worn penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's welfare kindly spiers : ⁹
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;
 Each tells the uncos ¹⁰ that he sees or hears.
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view :
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars ¹¹ auld claes ¹² look amaist ¹³ as weel's the new ;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command
 The youngers a' are warnéd to obey,
 An' mind their labors wi' an eydent ¹⁴ hand,
 An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk ¹⁵ or play :

¹ Stagger.	² Fluttering.	³ Fireplace.	⁴ Anxiety.	⁵ By and by.
⁶ Heedful.	⁷ Careful.	⁸ Fine.	⁹ Asks.	¹⁰ News.
¹¹ Makes.	¹² Clothes.	¹³ Almost.	¹⁴ Diligent.	¹⁵ Trifle.

"An' O, be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang¹ astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might :
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !"

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, an' flush her cheek ;
 Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins² is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleased the mother hears its nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben³ —
 A strappin' youth ; he tak's the mother's eye ;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.⁴
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But, blate⁵ an' laithfu',⁶ scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave ;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.⁷

O, happy love ! — where love like this is found !
 O, heartfelt raptures ! — bliss beyond compare !
 I've pacéd much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare —
 "If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there in human form, that bears a heart,
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,

¹ Go.² Almost half³ Into the room.⁴ Cows.⁵ Bashful.⁶ Hesitating.⁷ Rest.

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch,¹ chief of Scotia's food;
 The soupe their only hawkie² does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan³ snugly chows her cud:
 The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck⁴ fell,⁵
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond⁶ auld, sin' lint⁷ was i' the bell.⁸

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-bible, ance⁹ his father's pride;
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets¹⁰ wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales¹¹ a portion with judicious care;
 And, "Let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
 Or noble Elgin beets¹² the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
 Nae unison ha'e they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page—
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;

¹ Porridge.² Cow.³ Porch.⁴ Well-saved cheese.⁵ Biting.⁶ Twelvemonth.⁷ Flax.⁸ In flower.⁹ Once.¹⁰ Gray temples.¹¹ Selects.¹² Adds fuel to.

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint an' wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme —
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head ;
 How His first followers and servants sped,
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
 How he, who lone in Patmos banishéd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
 The power incensed the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God ;"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ? — a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
And O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou, who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !),
O, never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I LANG ha'e thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Though it should serve nae ither end
 Than just a kind memento ;
 But how the subject-theme may gang,
 Let time an' chance determine ;
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
 An', Andrew, dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco¹ squad,
 An' muckle² they may grieve ye :
 For care an' trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attain'd ;
 An' a' your views may come to nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strain'd.

I'll no say men are villains a' ;
 The real, hardened wicked,
 Wha ha'e nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restrict'd ;
 But, och ! mankind are unco³ weak,
 An' little to be trust'd ;
 If self the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjust'd !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure,
 For still th' important end of life
 They equally may answer ;
 A man may ha'e an honest heart,
 Tho' poortith⁴ hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak' a neighbor's part,
 Yet ha'e nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel'⁵
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek⁶ through ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe⁶ o' weel-placed love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;
 But never tempt th' illicit rove,
 Tho' naething should divulge it :

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But, och ! it hardens a' within,
 An' petrifies the feeling !

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 An' gather gear⁷ by ev'ry wile
 That's justified by honor ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train-attendant,
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your honor grip,
 Let that aye be your border :
 Its slightest touches, instant pause,
 Debar a' side pretences ;
 An' resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere
 Must sure become the creature ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 An' ev'n the rigid feature :
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An atheist laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gi'e a random sting,
 It may be little minded :
 But when on life we're tempest driven,
 A conscience but a canker,
 A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven
 Is sure a noble anchor !

Adieu ! dear, amiable youth,
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting !
 May prudence, fortitude, an' truth
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
 Still daily to grow wiser :
 An' may you better reckon the rede⁸
 Than ever did th' adviser !

¹ Strange.² Much.³ Very.⁴ Poverty.⁵ look.⁶ Flame.⁷ Wealth.⁸ Heed, counsel.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekeit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !¹
 I wad be laith² to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring prattle !³

 I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

 I doubt na, whyles,⁴ but thou may thieve ;
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun⁵ live !
 A daimen icker in a thrave⁶
 'S a sma' request ;
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,⁷
 An' never miss't !

 Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !⁸
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin'
 Baith⁹ snell¹⁰ an' keen !

 Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wasso,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

 That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
 But¹¹ house or hald,¹²
 To thole¹³ the winter's sleety dribble,¹⁴
 An' cranreuch cauld !¹⁵

 But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
 Gang aft a-gley,¹⁶
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promised joy.

 Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING DOWN ONE WITH A PLOUGH, APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun¹⁷ crush amang the stoure¹⁸
 Thy slender stem :
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

 Alas ! it's no thy neibor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe to greet
 The purpling east.

 The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods an' wa's maun²⁰ shield :
 But thou, beneath the random field²¹
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie²² stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

¹ Hurrying speed.² Loath.³ Plough-stick.⁴ Sometimes.⁵ Must.⁶ An ear of corn now and then in twenty-four sheaves.⁷ Rest.⁸ Rank grass.⁹ Both.¹⁰ Sharp.¹¹ Without.¹² Hold.¹³ Endure.¹⁴ Drizzle.¹⁵ Hoar frost.¹⁶ Go oft wrong.¹⁷ Must.¹⁸ Dust¹⁹ Glanced.²⁰ Must.²¹ Shelter.²² Dry.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise :

But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betrayed,

And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless star'd !
Unskilful he to note the card

Of prudent lore,
Till bil'lows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven
He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O, Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget ?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love ?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace ;
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning
green :
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene ;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray —
Till too, too soon, the g'owing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care !
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, an' a' that ?
The coward slave we pass him by ;
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toil's obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold¹ for a' that.

¹ Gold.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin² gray, an' a' that ;
Gi'e fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

² Coarse cloth.

Ye see yon birkie,¹ ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof² for a' that;
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His ribbo³ i, star, an' a' that,
 The man of independent mund,
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon³ his might;
 Gude faith, he manna fa'⁴ that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that,
 The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
 Are higher raziks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree,⁵ an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the wauld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!

ROBERT HALL.

The Rev. Robert Hall was born in 1764, and was educated for the ministry of the Baptist Church at Bristol. He was also a student for a time at Aberdeen, where he formed a lasting intimacy with Sir James Mackintosh. He is the author of six volumes of sermons, which are remarkable for power, eloquence, and purity of style. At one period his mind was beclouded, his nervous system having been weakened by too incessant study; his reason was restored, however, and he preached many years afterwards. Probably no clergyman among English Dissenters has had a higher or more enduring reputation. He died in 1831 at Bristol.

[Extract from a Sermon on the Death of the Princess Charlotte.]

It has been the approved practice of the most enlightened teachers of religion to watch for favorable occasions to impress the mind with the lessons of wisdom and piety; with a view to which they

¹ Smart fellow.

² Fool.

³ Above.

⁴ Must not attempt.

⁵ Supremacy.

have been wont to advert to recent events of an interesting order, that, by striking in with a train of reflection already commenced, they might the more easily and forcibly insinuate the instruction it was their wish to convey. A sound discretion, it must be acknowledged, is requisite to make the selection. To descend to the details and occurrences of private life would seldom consist with the dignified decorum suited to religious assemblies : the events to which the attention is directed on such occasions should be of a nature somewhat extraordinary, and calculated to produce a deep and permanent impression. Admonition, imparted under such circumstances, is styled, in Scripture, a word in season, or, as it is emphatically expressed in the original, a word on the wheels, denoting the peculiar facility with which it makes its way to the heart.

In such a situation, the greatest difficulty a speaker has to surmount is already obviated ; attention is awake, an interest is excited, and all that remains is to lead the mind, already sufficiently susceptible, to objects of permanent utility. He originates nothing ; it is not so much he that speaks, as the events which speak for themselves ; he only presumes to interpret their language, and to guide the confused emotions of a sorrowful and swollen heart into the channels of piety. Let them turn their eyes, then, for a moment, to this illustrious princess, who, while she lived, concentrated in herself whatever distinguishes the higher orders of society, and may now be considered as addressing them from the tomb.

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, she enjoyed (what is not always the privilege of that rank) the highest connubial felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life with the splendor of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centred, and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity, except perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her royal birth and lofty destination she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature and the charms of retirement, where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her distinguished consort, the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power and the cares of empire. One thing only was wanting to render our satisfaction complete in the prospect of the accession of such a

princess; it was that she might become the living mother of children. The long-wished-for moment at length arrived; but alas! the event anticipated with such eagerness will form the most melancholy part of our history.

It is no reflection on this amiable princess to suppose that, in her early dawn, with the dew of her youth so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation, which she was born to govern, and that, while she contemplated its preëminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth, she considered them so many component parts of her grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling ecstasy, when she reflected that it was her province to live entirely for others, to compose the felicity of a great people, to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy the most enlarged, of wisdom the most enlightened, and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials for history, and to impart that impulse to society which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling, or surpassing, the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her, in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and, being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would, gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon, amidst the embraces of her family, and the benedictions of her country. But alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room but the funeral pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! O, the unspeakable vanity of human hopes! the incurable blindness of man to futurity! ever doomed to grasp at shadows, to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands, to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind. How must the heart of the royal parent be torn in anguish on this occasion!

Deprived of a daughter who combined every quality suited to engage his affection and elevate his hopes, — an only child, the heir of his throne, and doomed apparently to behold the sceptre pass from his posterity into other hands, — his sorrow must be such as words are inadequate to portray. Nor is it possible to withhold our tender sympathy from the unhappy mother, who, in addition to the wounds she has received by the loss of her nearest relations, and by still more trying vicissitudes, has witnessed the extinction of her last hope in the sudden removal of one in whose bosom she might naturally hope to repose her griefs, and find a peaceful haven from the storms of life and the tossings of the ocean. But, above all, the illustrious consort of this lamented princess is entitled to the deepest commiseration. How mysterious are the ways of Providence in rendering the virtues of this distinguished personage the source of his greatest trials! By these he merited the distinction to which monarchs aspired in vain, and by these he exposed himself to a reverse of fortune the severity of which can only be adequately estimated by this illustrious mourner. These virtues, however, will not be permitted to lose their reward. They will find it in the grateful attachment of the British nation, in the remembrance of his having contributed the principal share to the happiness of the most amiable and exalted of women, and, above all, we humbly hope, when the agitations of time shall cease, in a reunion with the object of his attachment before the presence of Him who will wipe every tear from the eye.

The fruition of religious objects calms and purifies as much as it delights; it strengthens, instead of enervating, the mind, which it fills without agitating, and, by settling it on its proper basis, diffuses an unspeakable repose through all its powers.

As the connection between means and ends is not so indissolubly fixed as to preclude the possibility of disappointment, and the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift, nor riches to men of understanding, the votary of the world is never secure of his object, which frequently mocks his pursuit by vanishing at the moment when he is just on the point of seizing it. He often possesses not even the privilege of failing with impunity, and has no medium left between complete success and infallible destruction. In the struggles of ambition, in violent competitions for power or for glory, how slender the partition betwixt the widest extremes of fortune! and how few the steps, and apparently slight the circumstances, which sever the throne from the prison, the palace from the

tomb! So Tibni died, says the sacred historian, with inimitable simplicity, and Omri reigned. He who makes the care of his eternal interests his chief pursuit is exposed to no such perils and vicissitudes. His hopes will be infallibly crowned with success. The soil on which he bestows his labor will infinitely more than recompense his care; and, however disproportioned the extent and duration of his efforts to the magnitude of their object, however insufficient to secure it by their intrinsic vigor, the faithfulness of God is pledged to bring them to a prosperous issue.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

The Hon. William Robert Spencer, born in 1770, was the grandson of Charles, the second Duke of Marlborough. He was the author of some spirited translations and of some ballads. The composition that follows has been so much admired that it has appeared in nearly every collection made since it was written. The little that is known of the author is not much to his credit. He died at Paris in 1834.

BETH GELERT, OR THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come, Gêlert, come — wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"O, where does faithful Gêlert roam —
The flower of all his race,
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries.

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child ; no voice replied ;
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound, my child's by thee devoured,"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh ;
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry !

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
'Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear :
His gallant bound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe ;
"Best of thy kind, adieu ;
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked,
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved ;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

William Wordsworth was born in Cumberland in 1770. He was sent to Cambridge by his uncles in 1787, where he studied the classics and the Italian language, and read what his fancy chose ; but as he neglected mathematics, his rank was not high. He did not incline either to the church or the bar, but determined to make his slender patrimony last till the public should acknowledge his merits as a poet. In youth he was a furious republican, approving even of the French Revolution ; in his age he opposed every just measure of political reform in his own country—a striking illustration of Emerson's saying, that "a conservative is a radical gone to seed." During the poet's long life he had changed his residence several times, but he settled at last in the place with which his name is now forever connected—Rydal Mount. His sister Dora was his constant companion, the complement of his nature, and more truly poetical in feeling than he. Without her his verses would probably have been still more like the burlesque in Smith's Rejected Addresses :—

"My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-Year's day," &c., &c.

Doubtless there is a poetry as well as a beauty in common things ; but the early theory and practice of Wordsworth would make no distinction between a village gala day and an old-wife's washing day, — between Bonaparte after Waterloo, with a continent lost, and a fisherman with a broken net or a swamped boat. That Wordsworth came to greatness was not by following to absurdity his early notions, but by preserving his severe simplicity of style,

while he raised his eyes to higher ideal subjects, and by rejecting, as unworthy of the muse, the mean and trivial affairs which all people know and experience, but do not care to see set down, with or without rhyme.

The friendship of our author for Coleridge and Southey forms a prominent feature in his life, for which the biographies must be consulted. He was happily married, and it was to his wife, after three years, that he addressed the charming little poem, —

“She was a phantom of delight,” &c.

He died in his eightieth year, having passed a serene and honored old age. It is too soon, perhaps, to say what is to be his place among poets. For many of the minor poems we can predict the affectionate regard of generations. In proportion as readers attain to a certain spiritual height, their admiration for Wordsworth as a philosophic poet must increase. We doubt whether his longer poems, especially *The Excursion*, which, as Lord Byron says, is —

“Writ in a manner that is my aversion,”

deserve to be or ever will be popular. The poet has been too impartial: like the sun, he gilds a cow-shed as soon as a palace; whereas the function of the writer, according to Emerson, is to select the “eminent and characteristic experiences.”

Wordsworth's complete poems, in seven volumes, are included in the Pickering edition.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters, on a starry night,
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
 The soul that rises with us — our life's star —
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar,
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home.
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy ;
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy ;
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The youth who daily farthest from the east
 Must travel still is nature's priest.
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

IX.

O, joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive.
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction : not, indeed,
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast ;
 Not for thee I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence ; truths that wake
 To perish never ;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy.
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

XL

And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Forbode not any severing of our loves ;
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might.
 I only have relinquished one delight,
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I loved the brooks which down their channels fret
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet.

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

[From Lines composed near Tintern Abbey.]

I CANNOT paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite ; a feeling and a love
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, or any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur ; other gifts
 Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
 A motion and a spirit that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
In nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

STANZAS SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A
STORM.

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged pile ;
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee ;
I saw thee every day ; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air,
So like, so very like, was day to day,
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there.
It trembled ; but it never passed away.

Ah, *then*, if mine had been the painter's hand
To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream, —

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
Amid a world how different from this !
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile,
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent nature's breathing life.

O, 'tis a passionate work ; yet wise and well,
Well chosen is the spirit which is here ;
That hulk which labors in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear.

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
 I love to see the look with which it braves,
 Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

SONNET COMPOSED ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, 1803.

[London in early Morning.]

EARTH has not anything to show more fair.
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty ;
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning. Silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep.
 The river glideth at his own sweet will.
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep,
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.

A PORTRAIT.

SHE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn —
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too ;
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet

Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,
 The very pulse of the machine :
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller betwixt life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned
 To warn, to comfort, and command,
 And yet a spirit still, and bright,
 With something of an angel light.

WE ARE SEVEN.

— A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl ;
She was eight years old, she said :
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And, wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you, tell."
She answered, "Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie, —
My sister and my brother, —
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them, with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;
Yet ye are seven. I pray you, tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid ;
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green ; they may be
seen,"

The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's
door ;
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit —
I sit and sing to them.

"And often, after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played —
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go ;
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven ?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O, master ! we are seven."

"But they are dead — those two are dead ;
Their spirits are in heaven."
'Twas throwing words away : for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and received his education in the High School and University of his native city. He studied law, and appears to have made a successful beginning in his profession. He held the office of sheriff, and afterwards of clerk of the Court of Sessions, from which he received an ample income. His first poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, was received with acclamations. The style was animated, and the field was new; the public was in raptures with the picturesque descriptions of the days of chivalry, and amazed at the antiquarian lore with which the poem was filled. In rapid succession came *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *The Vision of Don Roderick*, *Rokeby*, *The Bridal of Triermain*, *The Lord of the Isles*, *The Field of Waterloo*, and *Harold the Dauntless*. The vein was apparently exhausted; people were tired of the fatal facility of octosyllabic rhyme; Byron had appeared, and the world turned to greet the newly risen sun. But the "Wizard of the North" had not tried his master-spell. The novel of *Waverley* appeared anonymously, followed by a long train of brilliant romances, — the most absorbing in interest, the most dramatic in characterization, the most exquisite in style, the most correct in historical coloring, of any that the world had seen. The work begun for fame was continued for other motives. Scott had been secretly a partner in a publishing house in Edinburgh, and had built a very costly residence, in mediæval style, at Abbotsford. All his vast earnings, in amount far exceeding what any author had ever received before, were swallowed up by the failure of the house with which he was connected, and he found himself in debt no less than one hundred and seventeen thousand pounds. Heroically he set to work to pay off this immense sum, and in four years (1830) he had passed over to his creditors seventy thousand pounds. But the task was too great — his brain had been overworked. He was prevailed upon to take some rest, and sailed to the Mediterranean in a national ship to pass a winter at Naples. He returned the following summer, and died at Abbotsford in September, 1832.

The poems of Scott are full of vivid scenes, in easy, natural verse, nowhere flagging in interest, never taxing the reader's powers of thought, and rarely turning from the busy outer world to the inner chambers of reflection. It is through the medium of these bright and stirring narratives that most students have been inducted into the realms of imagination, and have come to love poetry for its own sake. Of the romances it is difficult to speak with any critical calmness. They are a library of themselves, alone, unparalleled in literature; and, without disparaging any novelist that has since appeared, no works have yet supplanted, or are likely to supplant them in the permanent regard of all cultivated readers.

Besides the works already mentioned, Scott wrote a *Life of Napoleon*, a work of great labor, but unfair, and deeply tinged with prejudice against the French. His own life has been written by his son-in-law, J. G. Lockhart. The poems of Scott are to be had complete in many different styles; many editions of the novels have also been published both in England and in the United States.

THE VISIT OF JEANIE DEANS TO THE QUEEN.

[From the Heart of Mid-Lothian.]

FROM her kind and officious, but somewhat gossiping friend, Mrs. Glass, Jeanie underwent a very close catechism on their road to the Strand, where the Thistle of the good lady flourished in full glory, and, with its legend *Nemo me impune*, distinguished a shop then well known to all Scottish folk of high and low degree.

"And were you sure aye to say *your Grace* to him?" said the

good old lady ; " for ane should make a distinction between MacCallummore and the bits o' southern bodies that they ca' lords here — there are as mony o' them, Jeanie, as would gar ane think they maun cost but little fash in the making — some of them I wadna trust wi' six pennies-worth of black-rappee — some of them I wadna gie mysell the trouble to put up a hapny-worth in brown paper for — but I hope you showed your breeding to the Duke of Argyle, for what sort of folk would he think your friends in London, if you had been lording him, and him a Duke ? "

" He didna seem muckle to mind," said Jeanie ; " he kend that I was landward bred."

" Weel, weel," answered the good lady. " His Grace kens me weel ; so I am the less anxious about it. I never fill his snuff-box but he says, ' How d'ye do, good Mrs. Glass ? How are all our friends in the north ? ' or, it may be, ' Have ye heard from the north lately ? ' And you may be sure I make my best courtesy, and answer, ' My Lord Duke, I hope your Grace's noble Duchess, and your Grace's young ladies, are well ; and I hope the snuff continues to give your Grace satisfaction.' And then ye will see the people in the shop begin to look about them ; and if there's a Scotsman, as there may be three or half a dozen, aff go the hats, and mony a look after him, and ' There goes the Prince of Scotland, God bless him ! ' But ye have not told me yet the very words he said t'ye."

Jeanie had no intention to be quite so communicative. She had, as the reader may have observed, some of the caution and shrewdness, as well as of the simplicity, of her country. She answered generally, that the Duke had received her very compassionately, and had promised to interest himself in her sister's affair, and to let her hear from him in the course of the next day or the day after.

" You have been punctual, I see, Jeanie," said the Duke of Argyle, as Archibald opened the carriage door. " You must be my companion for the rest of the way. Archibald will remain here with the hackney-coach till your return."

Ere Jeanie could make answer, she found herself, to her no small astonishment, seated by the side of a duke, in a carriage which rolled forward at a rapid yet smooth rate, very different in both particulars from the lumbering, jolting vehicle which she had just left ; and which, lumbering and jolting as it was, conveyed to one who had seldom been in a coach before, a certain feeling of dignity and importance.

"Young woman," said the Duke, "after thinking as attentively on your sister's case as is in my power, I continue to be impressed with the belief that great injustice may be done by the execution of her sentence. So are one or two liberal and intelligent lawyers of both countries whom I have spoken with. Nay, pray hear me out before you thank me. I have already told you my personal conviction is of little consequence, unless I could impress the same upon others. Now I have done for you what I would certainly not have done to serve any purpose of my own — I have asked an audience of a lady whose interest with the King is deservedly very high. It has been allowed me, and I am desirous that you should see her and speak for yourself. You have no occasion to be abashed; tell your story simply, as you did to me."

"I am much obliged to your Grace," said Jeanie, remembering Mrs. Glass's charge, "and I am sure, since I have had the courage to speak to your Grace in poor Effie's cause, I have less reason to be shamefaced in speaking to a leddy. But, sir, I would like to ken what to ca' her, whether your grace, or your honor, or your leddyship, as we say to lairds and leddies in Scotland, and I will take care to mind it; for I ken leddies are full mair particular than gentlemen about their titles of honor."

"You have no occasion to call her anything but madam. Just say what you think is likely to make the best impression — look at me from time to time — and if I put my hand to my cravat, so," — showing her the motion, — "you will stop; but I shall only do this when you say anything that is not likely to please."

"But, sir, your Grace," said Jeanie, "if it wasna ower much trouble, wad it no be better to tell me what I should say, and I could get it by heart?"

"No, Jeanie; that would not have the same effect — that would be like reading a sermon, you know, which we good Presbyterians think has less unction than when spoken without book," replied the Duke. "Just speak as plainly and boldly to this lady, as you did to me the day before yesterday; and if you can gain her consent, I'll wad ye a plack, as we say in the north, that you get the pardon from the King."

The carriage rolled rapidly onwards through fertile meadows ornamented with splendid old oaks, and catching occasionally a glance of the majestic mirror of a broad and placid river. After passing through a pleasant village, the equipage stopped on a com-

manding eminence, where the beauty of English landscape was displayed in its utmost luxuriance. Here the Duke alighted, and desired Jeanie to follow him. They paused for a moment on the brow of a hill, to gaze on the unrivalled landscape which it presented. A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas, and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessory, and bore on his bosom a hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gayly fluttering pennons gave life to the whole.

Then adopting an unfrequented foot-path, he conducted Jeanie through several complicated mazes, to a postern-door in a high brick wall.

It was shut; but as the Duke tapped slightly at it, a person in waiting within, after reconnoitring through a small iron grate, contrived for the purpose, unlocked the door and admitted them. They entered, and it was immediately closed and fastened behind them. This was all done quickly, the door so instantly closing, and the person who opened it so suddenly disappearing, that Jeanie could not even catch a glimpse of his exterior.

They found themselves at the extremity of a deep and narrow alley, carpeted with the most verdant and close-shaven turf, which felt like velvet under their feet, and screened from the sun by the branches of the lofty elms which united over the path, and caused it to resemble, in the solemn obscurity of the light which they admitted, as well as from the range of columnar stems, and intricate union of their arched branches, one of the narrow side aisles in an ancient Gothic cathedral.

She remarked that the Duke's dress, though still such as indicated rank and fashion (for it was not the custom of men of quality at that time to dress themselves like their own coachmen or grooms), was nevertheless plainer than that in which she had seen him upon a former occasion, and was divested, in particular, of all those badges of external decoration which intimated superior consequence. In short, he was attired as plainly as any gentleman of fashion could appear in the streets of London in a morning; and this circumstance helped to shake an opinion which Jeanie began to entertain,

that, perhaps, he intended she should plead her cause in the presence of royalty itself. "But surely," said she to herself, "he wad hae putten on his braw star and garter, an he had thought o' coming before the face of Majesty — and after a', this is mair like a gentleman's policy than a royal palace."

It was a very consistent part of Queen Caroline's character to keep up many private correspondences with those to whom in public she seemed unfavorable, or who, for various reasons, stood ill with the court. By this means she kept in her hands the thread of many a political intrigue, and, without pledging herself to anything, could often prevent discontent from becoming hatred, and opposition from exaggerating itself into rebellion. If by any accident her correspondence with such persons chanced to be observed or discovered, which she took all possible pains to prevent, it was represented as a mere intercourse of society, having no reference to politics; an answer with which even the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was compelled to remain satisfied, when he discovered that the Queen had given a private audience to Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, his most formidable and most inveterate enemy.

From the narrow alley which they had traversed, the Duke turned into one of the same character, but broader and still longer. Here, for the first time since they had entered these gardens, Jeanie saw persons approaching them.

They were two ladies; one of whom walked a little behind the other, yet not so much as to prevent her from hearing and replying to whatever observation was addressed to her by the lady who walked foremost, and that without her having the trouble to turn her person. As they advanced very slowly, Jeanie had time to study their features and appearance. The Duke also slackened his pace, as if to give her time to collect herself, and repeatedly desired her not to be afraid. The lady who seemed the principal person had remarkably good features, though somewhat injured by the small-pox, that venomous scourge which each village Esculapius (thanks to Jenner) can now tame as easily as their tutelary deity subdued the Python. The lady's eyes were brilliant, her teeth good, and her countenance formed to express at will either majesty or courtesy. Her form, though rather *embonpoint*, was nevertheless graceful; and the elasticity and firmness of her step gave no room to suspect, what was actually the case, that she suffered occasionally from a

disorder the most unfavorable to pedestrian exercise. Her dress was rather rich than gay, and her manner commanding and noble.

Her companion was of lower stature, with light brown hair and expressive blue eyes. Her features, without being absolutely regular, were perhaps more pleasing than if they had been critically handsome. A melancholy, or at least a pensive, expression, for which her lot gave too much cause, predominated when she was silent, but gave way to a pleasing and good-humored smile when she spoke to any one.

When they were within twelve or fifteen yards of these ladies, the Duke made a sign that Jeanie should stand still, and, stepping forward himself, with the grace which was natural to him, made a profound obeisance, which was formally, yet in a dignified manner, returned by the personage whom he approached.

"I hope," she said, with an affable and condescending smile, "that I see so great a stranger at court, as the Duke of Argyle has been of late, in as good health as his friends there and elsewhere could wish him to enjoy."

The Duke replied that he had been perfectly well; and added, that the necessity of attending to the public business before the House, as well as the time occupied by a late journey to Scotland, had rendered him less assiduous in paying his duty at the levee and drawing-room than he could have desired.

"When your Grace *can* find time for a duty so frivolous," replied the Queen, "you are aware of your title to be well received. I hope my readiness to comply with the wish which you expressed yesterday to Lady Suffolk is a sufficient proof that one of the royal family, at least, has not forgotten ancient and important services in resenting something which resembles recent neglect." This was said apparently with great good humor, and in a tone which expressed a desire of conciliation.

The Duke replied that he would account himself the most unfortunate of men if he could be supposed capable of neglecting his duty, in modes and circumstances when it was expected, and would have been agreeable. He was deeply gratified by the honor which her Majesty was now doing to him personally; and he trusted she would soon perceive that it was in a manner essential to his Majesty's interest that he had the boldness to give her this trouble.

"You cannot oblige me more, my Lord Duke," replied the Queen, "than by giving me the advantage of your lights and experience on any point of the King's service. Your Grace is aware that I can

only be the medium through which the matter is subjected to his Majesty's superior wisdom ; but if it is a suit which respects your Grace personally, it shall lose no support by being preferred through me."

"It is no suit of mine, madam," replied the Duke ; "nor have I any to prefer for myself personally, although I feel in full force my obligation to your Majesty. It is a business which concerns his Majesty, as a lover of justice and of mercy, and which, I am convinced, may be highly useful in conciliating the unfortunate irritation which at present subsists among his Majesty's good subjects in Scotland."

There were two parts of this speech disagreeable to Caroline. In the first place, it removed the flattering notion she had adopted, that Argyle designed to use her personal intercession in making his peace with the administration, and recovering the employments of which he had been deprived ; and next, she was displeased that he should talk of the discontents in Scotland as irritations to be conciliated, rather than suppressed.

Under the influence of these feelings, she answered hastily, "That his Majesty has good subjects in England, my Lord Duke, he is bound to thank God and the laws—that he has subjects in Scotland, I think he may thank God and his sword."

The Duke, though a courtier, colored slightly, and the Queen, instantly sensible of her error, added, without displaying the least change of countenance, and as if the words had been an original branch of the sentence, "And the swords of those real Scotchmen who are friends to the House of Brunswick, particularly that of his Grace of Argyle."

"My sword, madam," replied the Duke, "like that of my fathers, has been always at the command of my lawful King, and of my native country—I trust it is impossible to separate their real rights and interests. But the present is a matter of more private concern, and respects the person of an obscure individual."

"What is the affair, my Lord?" said the Queen. "Let us find out what we are talking about, lest we should misconstrue and misunderstand each other."

"The matter, madam," answered the Duke of Argyle, "regards the fate of an unfortunate young woman in Scotland, now lying under sentence of death for a crime of which I think it highly probable that she is innocent ; and my humble petition to your Majesty is, to obtain your powerful intercession with the King for pardon."

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"I must first impose on your Grace the duty of confession," said the Queen, "before I grant you absolution. What is your particular interest in this young woman? She does not seem"—and she scanned Jeanie, as she said this, with the eye of a connoisseur—"much qualified to alarm my friend the Duchess's jealousy."

"I think your Majesty," replied the Duke, smiling in his turn, "will allow my taste may be a pledge for me on that score."

"Then, though she has not much the air *d'une grande dame*, I suppose she is some thirtieth cousin in the terrible chapter of Scottish genealogy?"

"No, madam," said the Duke; "but I wish some of my nearer relations had half her worth, honesty, and affection."

"Her name must be Campbell, at least?" said Queen Caroline.

"No, madam; her name is not quite so distinguished, if I may be permitted to say so," answered the Duke.

"Ah! but she comes from Inverary or Argyleshire?" said the Sovereign.

"She has never been farther north in her life than Edinburgh, madam."

"Then my conjectures are all ended," said the Queen, "and your Grace must yourself take the trouble to explain the affair of your protégée."

"If your Majesty," he said, "would condescend to hear my poor countrywoman herself, perhaps she may find an advocate in your own heart more able than I am to combat the doubts suggested by your understanding."

The Queen seemed to acquiesce, and the Duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained watching countenances which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned,—an admirable thing in woman,—and eke besought "her Laddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature," in tones so affecting, that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

"Stand up, young woman," said the Queen, but in a kind tone, "and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your countryfolk are,

where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours."

"If your Ledyship pleases," answered Jeanie, "there are many places beside Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood."

It must be observed that the disputes between George the Second and Frederick Prince of Wales were then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the Queen. She colored highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character first at Jeanie, and then at the Duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the Duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, "My unlucky protégée has with this luckless answer shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success."

Lady Suffolk, good-humoredly and skilfully, interposed in this awkward crisis. "You should tell this lady," she said to Jeanie, "the particular causes which render this crime common in your country."

"Some thinks it's the Kirk-Session—that is—it's the—it's the cutty-stool, if your Ledyship pleases," said Jeanie, looking down and courtesying.

"The what?" said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

"That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your Ledyship," answered Jeanie, "for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command." Here she raised her eyes to the Duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

"The deuce take the lass," thought the Duke of Argyll to himself; "there goes another shot—and she has hit with both barrels, right and left!"

Indeed, the Duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance-

hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her Majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a Queen, but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of "her good Suffolk." She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, "The Scotch are a rigidly moral people." Then, again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked how she travelled up from Scotland.

"Upon my foot mostly, madam," was the reply.

"What! all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?"

"Five and twenty miles and a bittock."

"And a what?" said the Queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

"And about five miles more," replied the Duke.

"I thought I was a good walker," said the Queen, "but this shames me sadly."

"May your Ledyship never hae sae weary a heart that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs," said Jeanie.

"That came better off," thought the Duke; "it's the first thing she has said to the purpose."

"And I didna just a'thegither walk the hail way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferry-bridge — and divers other easements," said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the Duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

"With all these accommodations, answered the Queen, "you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite."

"She will sink herself now outright," thought the Duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay under ground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

"She was confident," she said, "that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature."

"His Majesty has not found it so in the late instance," said the Queen; "but I suppose my Lord Duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged, and who spared?"

"No, madam," said the Duke; "but I would advise his Majesty

to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort ; and then, I am sure, punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance."

"Well, my Lord," said her Majesty, "all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favor to your, — I suppose I must not say rebellious, — but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man ; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognized ? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depositary of the secret. Hark you, young woman ; had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob ?"

"No, madam," answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

"But I suppose," continued the Queen, "if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it a matter of conscience to keep it to yourself ?"

"I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam," answered Jeanie.

"Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations," replied her Majesty.

"If it like you, madam," said Jeanie, "I would hae gane to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition ; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my puir sister, Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered ! She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery ! Save an honest house from dishonor, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dread-

ful death ! Alas ! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind, or to the body, — and seldom may it visit your Leddyship, — and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, — lang and late may it be yours ! — O, my Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for ourself, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle. "Young woman," she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, "I cannot grant a pardon to your sister, but you shall not want my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife-case," she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands ; "do not open it now, but at your leisure ; you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline."

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude ; but the Duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

"Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my Lord Duke," said the Queen, "and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your Grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St. James's. Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his Grace good-morning."

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the Duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

THE STORMING OF FRONT-DE-BŒUF'S CASTLE.

[From Ivanhoe.]

Ascend the watch-tower yonder, valiant soldier ;
Look on the field, and say how goes the battle.

SCHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS.

THEY had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied ; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations, which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard animating their followers or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armor or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks ; and there was a strong mixture of fear and of a thrilling sense of the sublime as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text, "The quiver rattleth, the glittering spear and the shield, the noise of the captains and the shouting."

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go ! if I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance ! It is in vain — it is in vain. I am alike nerveless and weaponless."

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca ; "the sounds have ceased of a sudden. It may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfred, impatiently. "This dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack. What we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm ; it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window !"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight,"

replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not! you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers. Some random shaft —"

"It shall be welcome," murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime. Do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion. At least cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following, with wonderful promptitude, the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed, the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favorable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally-port corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight clad in sable armor is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess. "He alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock, painted blue, on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe. "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance. God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the *nakers* (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "St. George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with cries of "En avant, De Bracy! Beau-seant! Beau-seant! Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy dis-

charge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post or might be suspected to be stationed, — by this sustained discharge two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armor of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf and his allies showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows, and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

“And I must lie here like a bedridden monk,” exclaimed Ivanhoe, “while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath — look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.”

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

“What dost thou see, Rebecca?” again demanded the wounded knight.

“Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them.”

“That cannot endure,” said Ivanhoe. “If they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be.”

“I see him not,” said Rebecca.

“Foul craven!” exclaimed Ivanhoe; “does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest!”

“He blenches not — he blenches not,” said Rebecca. “I see him now: he heads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high, black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have

made a breach in the barriers ; they rush in ; they are thrust back. Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders : I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob ! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds.”

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

“Look forth again, Rebecca,” said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring. “The archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again ; there is now less danger.”

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, “Holy prophets of the law ! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive !” She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, “He is down ! he is down !”

“Who is down ?” cried Ivanhoe. “For our dear Lady’s sake, tell me which has fallen.”

“The Black Knight,” answered Rebecca, faintly ; then instantly again shouted, with joyful eagerness, “but no ! but no !—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed !—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men’s strength in his single arm ; his sword is broken ; he snatches an axe from a yeoman ; he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman ; he falls ! he falls !”

“Front-de-Bœuf ?” exclaimed Ivanhoe.

“Front-de-Bœuf,” answered the Jewess. “His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty templar ; their united force compels the champion to pause ; they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls.”

“The assailants have won the barriers—have they not ?” said Ivanhoe.

“They have ! they have !” exclaimed Rebecca ; “and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall. Some plant ladders ; some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulder of each other. Down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads ; and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God, hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren !”

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts — who yield? who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles — the besieged have the better."

"St. George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly; the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe; the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle; stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion; he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By St. John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes; it is splintered by his blows; they rush in; the outwork is won. O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements; they throw them into the moat. O, men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge — the bridge which communicates with the castle — have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed; few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle; the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again; this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered; and it affords them so good a shelter from the foeman's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. O, no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron. Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such derring-do!¹ — a fetterlock and a

¹ Desperate courage.

shacklebolt on a field-sable — what may that mean? Seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night-raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength; there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed! It is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant enterprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honor of my house, I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action, this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live; the dust of the *mêlée* is the breath of our nostrils! We live not; we wish not to live longer than while we are victorious and renowned. Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain-glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch? What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled, of all the travail and pain you have endured, of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe; "glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory!" continued Rebecca; "alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb, is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim, are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight, impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honor; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprise which sanctions his flame. Chivalry! why, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection, the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant; nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, sir knight—until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabeus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honor, and incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of honor and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that

cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guest, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes ! Would to Heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah ! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor ! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the vainest Nazarene maiden that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north ! ”

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

[Lady Heron's Song in Marmion.]

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west ;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none ;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone !
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone ;
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all !
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword, —
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word, —
“ O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war ?
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? ”

“ I long wooed your daughter ; my suit you denied :
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up ;
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar —
 “ Now tread we a measure,” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace !
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
 And the bridemaids whispered, “ ’Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar ! ”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near ;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 “ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow ! ” quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see !
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

MELROSE ABBEY.

[From The Lay of the Last Minstrel.]

CANTO II.

I.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
 When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
 When the cold light’s uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower ;

When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go, — but go alone the while, —
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair !

VII.

Again on the Knight looked the Churchman old,
And again he sighéd heavily ;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was high :
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloistered round, the garden lay ;
The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glistened with the dew of night ;
Nor herb, nor floweret, glistened there,
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth ;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start ;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,
They entered now the chancel tall ;

The darkened roof rose high aloof
 On pillars lofty, and light, and small :
 The keystone, that locked each ribbed aisle,
 Was a fleur-de-lis, or a quatre-feuille ;
 The corbells were carved grotesque and grim ;
 And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
 With base and with capital flourished around,
 Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

XL.

The moon on the east oriel shone
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
 By foliated tracery combined ;
 Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
 'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
 In many a freakish knot, had twined ;
 Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
 And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.
 The silver light, so pale and faint,
 Showed many a prophet, and many a saint,
 Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
 Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
 Triumphant Michael brandished,
 And trampled the Apostate's pride.
 The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

PIBROCH of Donuìl Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuìl,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuìl.
 Come away, come away ;
 Hark to the summons !
 Come in your war array,
 Gentles and Commons !
 Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain so rocky ;
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy.
 Come every hill-plaid, and
 True heart that wears one ;
 Come every steel blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one !

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter ;
 Leave the corpse uninterred,
 The bride at the altar.
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges ;
 Come with your fighting-gear,
 Broadswords and targes.
 Come as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended ;
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded.
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster :
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
 See how they gather !
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set ;
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset !

THE SONG OF REBECCA.

[From Ivanhoe.]

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands,
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
 And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze ;
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen !
 When brightly shines the prosperous day
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And O, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
 But Thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

James Montgomery was born in Scotland in 1771. Being the son of a Moravian missionary, he was educated at the Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds. He subsequently became the editor of the *Sheffield Iris*, a liberal journal, which he conducted with great ability. He was twice fined and imprisoned for articles which the government deemed libellous. The principal poems of Montgomery are, *The Wanderer of Switzerland*, *The West Indies*, *The World Before the Flood*, *Greenland*, and *The Pelican Island*. They are all marked by smoothness of diction, considerable descriptive power, and strong religious feeling. His devotional hymns are simple, tender, and fervent. He received a pension of three hundred pounds, in 1833, which he enjoyed till his death, in 1854.

THE RECLUSE.

A FOUNTAIN issuing into light
 Before a marble palace, threw
 To heaven its column, pure and bright,
 Returning thence in showers of dew ;
 But soon a humbler course it took,
 And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
 Flies o'er its eddying surface played,
 Birds 'midst the alder-branches sang,

Flocks through the verdant meadows
 The weary there lay down to rest, [strayed ;
 And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch
 The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
 And from the sky such colors catch
 As if 'twere raining diadems ;
 Yet all was cold and curious art,
 That charmed the eye, but missed the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream,
 Whose unimprisoned waters run,
 Wild as the changes of a dream,
 By rock and glen, through shade and sun;
 Its lovely links had power to bind
 In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I when I saw the face,
 By happy portraiture revealed,
 Of one adorned with every grace,
 Her name and date from me concealed,
 But not her story; she had been
 The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
 And frolicked in the gayest ring,
 Where fashion's high-born minions sport
 Like sparkling fireflies on the wing;
 But thence when love had touched her soul,
 To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
 'Midst woods and mountains, vales and
 She treads the paths of lowly life, [plains,
 Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
 No fountain scattering diamond-showers,
 But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

ARNOLD OF WINKELRIED.

[On the achievement of Arnold de Winkelried at the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss insurgents secured the freedom of their country, against the power of Austria, in the fourteenth century.]

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried;
 Made way for liberty, and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
 A living wall, a human wood;
 A wall, — where every conscious stone
 Seemed to its kindred thousands grown,
 A rampart all assaults to bear,
 Till time to dust their frames should wear;
 A wood, — like that enchanted grove
 In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
 Where every silent tree possessed
 A spirit imprisoned in its breast,
 Which the first stroke of coming strife
 Might startle into hideous life:
 So still, so dense the Austrians stood,
 A living wall, a human wood.
 Impregnable their front appears,
 All-horrent with projected spears,
 Whose polished points before them shine,
 From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
 Bright as the breakers' splendors run
 A'long the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
 Contended for their fatherland;
 Peasants, whose new-found strength had
 broke
 From manly necks th' ignoble yoke,
 And beat their fetters into swords,
 On equal terms to fight their lords,
 And what insurgent rage had gained,
 In many a mortal fray maintained.
 Marshalled once more, at freedom's call

They came to conquer or to fall,
 Where he who conquered, he who fell,
 Was deemed a dead or living Tell;
 Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
 So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
 That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
 Heroes in his own likeness grew,
 And warriors sprang from every sod,
 Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
 Hung on the passing of a breath;
 The fire of conflict burned within,
 The battle trembled to begin;
 Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
 Point for assault was nowhere found;
 Where'er th' impatient Switzers gazed,
 Th' unbroken line of lances blazed;
 That line 'twere suicide to meet,
 And perish at their tyrants' feet;
 How could they rest within their graves,
 To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
 Would they not feel their children tread,
 With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour
 Annihilates the invader's power;
 All Switzerland is in the field,
 She will not fly, she cannot yield,
 She must not fall; her better fate
 Here gives her an immortal date.
 Few were the numbers she could boast,
 Yet every freeman was a host,
 And felt as 'twere a secret known,

That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed ;
Behold him — Arnold Winkelried ;
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amidst the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done ;
The field was in a moment won ;
"Make way for liberty !" he cried,

Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp ;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp ;
"Make way for liberty !" he cried ;
Their keen points crossed from side to side ;
He bowed amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly ;
"Make way for liberty !" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart.
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all ;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free ;
Thus death made way for liberty.

SYDNEY SMITH.

The Rev. Sydney Smith was born in 1771. He was the son of an eccentric English gentleman, who had married an extremely beautiful woman from Languedoc, a certain Mlle. Olier, the daughter of a Protestant emigrant. Our author's vigorous faculties were inherited from his father ; his vivacity, wit, and cheerful temper from his mother. He was educated at Winchester and at Oxford ; and though easily chief among his fellows in the niceties of classical learning, he had the good sense to retain the kernel and drop the shell, instead of remaining merely a first-form boy all his life, as some scholars do hereabouts. He used to say, "I believe, while a boy at school, I made above ten thousand Latin verses ; and no man in his senses would dream in after life of ever making another. So much for life and time wasted." One of his most powerful essays, written in maturity, is devoted to the undue prominence given to mere classical learning in comparison with general culture and a knowledge of the more practical sciences. He became a curate in a small village, where he attracted the regard of the "Squire," who engaged him to accompany his son to Germany. But, the war breaking out, the vessel put in to Scotland, and there Smith remained five years. At this time the Edinburgh Review was established by Jeffrey, Smith, Brougham, Murray, and others. Later he removed to London, where his career as preacher and essayist began. His talents were sufficient to have brought him to the bench of bishops, had he been less human in his sensibilities, less witty, or more prudent in speech, less buoyant in spirits, less powerful in argument, and less independent in temper. The prizes of the English church were not for such men as Sydney Smith. He became canon of St. Paul's, the highest dignity for which he could hope.

If Jeremy Taylor is allowed to be his superior in the high quality of imagination and in affluence of diction ; if Dean Swift surpassed him in invention and downright force ; if Lamb was more quaintly humorous ; if Newton was more saintly ; if Burke was a more apt constructor of the balanced Ciceronian period ; if Brougham was a more thunderous advocate for reform ; still, it must be allowed that in native manly energy, in the ready use of clearly linked sentences, informed with learning and bristling with unexpected wit, in religious principle combined with common sense in its application, in the foresight of a liberal statesman, controlled by a wise conservative's caution, no writer, either lay or clerical, in the last century has surpassed Sydney Smith.

His *Essays* have been published in this country in a large octavo volume. His life, in two volumes, has been written by his daughter, Lady Holland. It is not easy to describe the impression made by his life in his daughter's delightful volumes. A collection of his witticisms would serve as a basis for a new jest book, and the picture of his innocent gayety and irrepressible spirits at home could hardly be drawn except by some one gifted like himself. He died in 1845.

[From Speeches on Parliamentary Reform.]

As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful; but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town. The tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease. Be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

Then look at the gigantic Brougham, sworn in at twelve o'clock, and before six has a bill on the table abolishing the abuses of a court which has been the curse of the people of England for centuries. For twenty-five long years did Lord Eldon sit in that court, surrounded with misery and sorrow which he never held up a finger to alleviate. The widow and the orphan cried to him as vainly as the town crier cries when he offers a small reward for a full purse; the bankrupt of the court became the lunatic of the court; estates mouldered away, and mansions fell down; but the fees came in, and all was well. But in an instant the iron mace of Brougham shivered to atoms this house of fraud and of delay; and this is the man who will help to govern you, who bottoms his reputation on doing good to you, who knows that to reform abuses is the safest basis of fame and the surest instrument of power, who uses the highest gifts of reason and the most splendid efforts of genius to rectify those abuses which all the genius and talent of the profession have hitherto been employed to justify and to protect. Look to Brougham,

and turn you to that side where he waves his long and lean finger, and mark well that face which nature has marked so forcibly — which dissolves pensions, turns jobbers into honest men, scares away the plunderer of the public, and is a terror to him who doeth evil to the people.

There will be mistakes at first, as there are in all changes. All young ladies will imagine, as soon as this bill is carried, that they will be instantly married, school-boys believe that gerunds and supines will be abolished, and that currant tarts must ultimately come down in price; the corporal and sergeant are sure of double pay; bad poets will expect a demand for their epics; fools will be disappointed, as they always are; reasonable men, who know what to expect, will find that a very serious good has been obtained.

It is little short of absolute nonsense to call a government good which the great mass of Englishmen would, before twenty years were elapsed, if reform were denied, rise up and destroy. Of what use have all the cruel laws been of Perceval, Eldon, and Castlereagh to extinguish reform? Lord John Russell and his abettors would have been committed to jail, twenty years ago, for half only of his present reform; and now relays of the people would drag them from London to Edinburgh, at which latter city we are told by Mr. Dundas that there is no eagerness for reform. Five minutes before Moses struck the rock, this gentleman would have said that there was no eagerness for water.

[From the "Peter Plymley Letters" on the Catholic Question.]

I FOUND in your letter the usual remarks about fire, fagot, and Bloody Mary. Are you aware, my dear priest, that there were as many persons put to death for religious opinions under the mild Elizabeth as under the bloody Mary? The reign of the former was, to be sure, ten times as long; but I only mention the fact merely to show you that something depends upon the age in which men live, as well as on their religious opinions. Three hundred years ago men burned and hanged each other for these opinions. Time has softened Catholic as well as Protestant. They both required it, though each perceives only his own improvement, and is blind to that of the other. We are all the creatures of circumstances. I know not a kinder and better man than yourself; but you, if you had lived in those times, would certainly have roasted your Catholic; and I promise you, if the first

exciter of this religious mob had been as powerful then as he is now, you would soon have been elevated to the mitre. I do not go the length of saying that the world has suffered as much from Protestant as from Catholic persecution. Far from it; but you should remember the Catholics had all the power when the idea first started up in the world that there could be two modes of faith, and that it was much more natural they should attempt to crush this diversity of opinion by great and cruel efforts, than that the Protestants should rage against those who differed from them, when the very basis of their system was complete freedom in all spiritual matters.

You say that Ireland is a mill-stone about our necks; that it would be better for us if Ireland were sunk at the bottom of the sea; that the Irish are a nation of irreclaimable savages and barbarians. How often have I heard these sentiments fall from the plump and thoughtless squire, and from the thriving English shop-keeper, who has never felt the rod of an Orange master upon his back! Ireland a mill-stone about your neck? Why is it not a stone of Ajax in your hand? I agree with you most cordially, that, governed as Ireland now is, it would be a vast accession of strength if the waves of the sea were to rise and engulf her to-morrow.

Why will you attribute the turbulence of our people to any cause but the right — to any cause but your own scandalous oppression? If you tie your horse up to a gate, and beat him cruelly, is he vicious because he kicks you? If you have plagued and worried a mastiff dog for years, is he mad because he flies at you whenever he sees you? Hatred is an active, troublesome passion. Depend upon it, whole nations have always some reason for their hatred. Before you refer the turbulence of the Irish to indurable defects in their character, tell me if you have treated them as friends and equals? Have you protected their commerce? Have you respected their religion? Have you been as anxious for their freedom as your own? Nothing of all this. What then? Why, you have confiscated the territorial surface of the country twice over; you have massacred and exported her inhabitants; you have deprived four fifths of them of every civil privilege; you have, at every period, made her commerce and manufactures slavishly subordinate to your own; and yet the hatred which the Irish bear to you is the result of an original turbulence of character, and of a primitive, innate wildness utterly incapable of civilization.

ON TAXATION.

WE can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory : taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot ; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste ; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion ; taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth — on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home ; taxes on the raw material ; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man ; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health — on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal ; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice ; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride : at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school-boy whips his taxed top ; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road ; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel ; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble ; and he is then gathered to his fathers — to be taxed no more.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in Devonshire in 1772. He was the son of a poor curate, and the youngest of ten children. His early education was received at Christ's Hospital, in London. Charles Lamb was his school-fellow, and has made a touching allusion to him in one of the *Essays of Elia*. Coleridge was unusually precocious, and was thoroughly spoiled by the ill-judging fondness of his uncle, who took charge of him after the death of his father. He went to the University at Cambridge, but quitted it after two years, on account of debts, it is supposed. He enlisted as a common soldier, but was discharged, after a few months' service, on the interposition of his friends. He became an intimate friend of Southey, and the two poets subsequently married sisters. It does not appear that Coleridge had either property, employment, or any rational prospect of earning a living at the time of his marriage ; but his early years were his best and most productive ones. The *Ancient Mariner*, the *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni*, the first part of *Christabel*, and other minor poems, displaying the highest qualities of imagination, were written in his

twenty-fifth year. To quiet the pangs of his diseased nerves, he commenced the use of opium; and the habit, once established, was never broken. In the quantity of this terrible drug which he came to consume he left even De Quincey far behind; and the effect of this slavery to a morbid appetite upon his health, his intellect, and his moral character made the record of all his subsequent life pitiable. Vast projects were conceived, as baseless as the domes of Kubla Khan; great quartos were planned, of which not a line was written but the title page. His wife and children left him in despair, and took refuge with Southey. All that he earned was insufficient for his wants, and his begging letters show too well the depth of his abasement. He found a home at last with a certain Mr. Gillman, who was proud of his famous guest; and there he lived for eighteen years, until his death in 1834.

Coleridge had, by nature, all the great qualities which constitute a poet. We cannot predict the future growth of the poetic art; but it is difficult to imagine a state of society in which his best works will not be read with pleasure, if not with ungrudging admiration. The splendor of his imagery, the force and the subtilty of thought, and the natural melody of his verse have placed him, by common consent, among the few immortal names. We cannot forget, as we wish we could, the selfish indulgence, the aimless indolence, the habitual untruth, and the unspeakable degradation of his later years; and we must lament that, with a mind so ill balanced, his very genius should have taken the form of a "splendid disease." His poems were collected by his son and daughter, and are published in three volumes. His prose essays, published in *The Friend*, are finely written, and are as clear in meaning as metaphysical treatises in general. A very striking description of him occurs in Carlyle's *Life of Stirling*, one of the most beautiful and characteristic works of the great essayist.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O, sovran Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge. But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O, dread and silent mount, I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,—
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,—
Thou, the mean while, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,

Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul ! Not only passive praise
Thou owest — not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song ! awake, my heart, awake !
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale —
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink,
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, wake, O, wake, and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad,
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam ?
And who commanded, — and the silence came, —
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye icefalls, ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge ;
Motionless torrents, silent cataracts,
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?
God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,

Answer, and let the ice-plains echo, God !
 God ! sing ye meadow streams with gladsome voice ;
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds ;
 And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost ;
 Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest ;
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm ;
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds ;
 Ye signs and wonders of the element,
 Utter forth, God, and fill the hills with praise !

Once more, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast —
 Thou too, again, stupendous mountain, thou
 That, as I raise my head, a while bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base,
 Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
 To rise before me — rise, O, ever rise ;
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth.
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God !

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

It is an Ancient Mariner,
 And he stoppeth one of three :
 " By thy long, gray beard, and thy glitter-
 ing eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?
 " The Bridegroom's doors are opened
 wide,
 And I am next of kin ;

The guests are met, the feast is set —
 Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand :
 " There was a ship — " quoth he.
 " Hold off ! unhand me, gray-beard loon !"
 Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye ;
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,
 And listens like a three years' child —
 The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone ;
 He cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner : —

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the light-house top.

"The Sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he ;
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon —"
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall ;
 Red as a rose is she ;
 Nodding their heads, before her go
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast ;
 Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner : —

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong ;
 He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,
 And forward bends his head,
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
 And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold ;
 And ice, mast high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald ; —

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
 Did send a dismal sheen ;
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
 The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around ;
 It cracked, and growled, and roared, and
 howled —
 Like noises in a sound !

"At length did cross an albatross ;
 'Thorough the fog it came ;
 As if it had been a Christian soul,
 We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it had never eat,
 And round and round it flew ;
 The ice did split with a thunder fit ;
 The helmsman steered us through.

"And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
 The albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariners' hollo.

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
 It perched for vespers nine,
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke
 white,
 Glimmered the white moonshine."

"God save thee, Ancient Mariner,
 From the fiends that plague thee thus !
 Why look'st thou so ?" "With my cross-bow
 I shot the albatross."

PART II.

"The Sun now rose upon the right,
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left
 Went down into the sea ; —

"And the good south wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariners' hollo ; —

"And I had done a hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe ;
 For all averred I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 'Ah, wretch !' said they, 'the bird to slay,
 That made the breeze to blow !'

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
 The glorious Sun uprist ;
 Then all averred I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist.
 'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay
 That bring the fog and mist.'

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free ;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down :

"Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

"All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot. O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow ; —

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah, well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung."

PART III.

"So passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye,
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist ;

It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist —

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist,
And still it neared and neared ;
And, as if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

"With throat unslaked, with black lips
baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought, all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, and sucked the blood,
And cried, 'A sail ! a sail !'

"With throat unslaked, with black lips
baked,
Agape they heard me call ;
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

"See ! see !' I cried, 'she tacks no more ;
Hither, to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !'

"The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright sun ;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

"And straight the sun was flecked with
bars, —
Heaven's Mother send us grace ! —
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

"'Alas !' thought I, and my heart beat loud,
'How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the sun
Like restless gossamers ?

"'Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer as through a grate ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that woman's mate ?'

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold ;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare, Life-in-Death was she
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were playing dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

"We listened, and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white;
From the sails the dew did drip, —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornéd moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for a groan or sigh
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men,
With never a sigh or groan,
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump
They dropped down one by one.

"Their souls did from their bodies fly,
They fled to bliss or woe;
And every soul it passed me by,
Like the whiz of my cross-bow."

PART IV.

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand;
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down,

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea;
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie!
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on — and so did I.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids and kept them close,
Till the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the
sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me,
Had never passed away.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high:
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

"Her beams bemooked the sultry main
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white;
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things ! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare ;
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware !
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.

"The self-same moment I could pray ;
 And from my neck so free
 The albatross fell off, and sank
 Like lead into the sea."

PART V.

"O sleep, it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole !
 To Mary Queen the praise be given;
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
 That slid into my soul.

"The silly buckets on the deck
 That had so long remained,
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
 And when I awoke it rained.

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank:
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

"I moved and could not feel my limbs ;
 I was so light, almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

"And soon I heard a roaring wind,
 It did not come anear ;
 But with its sound it shook the sails
 That were so thin and sere.

"The upper air burst into life,
 And a hundred fire-flags shewn ;
 To and fro they were hurried about ;
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud ;
 And the sails did sigh like sedge :
 And the rain poured down from one black
 cloud,
 The moon was at its edge.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The moon was at its side :
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on !
 Beneath the lightning and the moon,
 The dead men gave a groan.

"They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes :
 It had been strange, e'en in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
 Yet never a breeze up blew ;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do :
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
 We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me knee to knee :
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner !"
 "Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
 'Twas not those souls, that fled in pain,
 Which to their corse came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest :

"For when it dawned, they dropped their
 arms,
 And clustered round the mast :
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
 mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the sun :
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the sky-lark sing :
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning !

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute ;
 And now it is an angel's song
 That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased : yet still the sail's made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune."

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow
The spirit slid, and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

"The sun, right up above the mast
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir
With a short, uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short, uneasy motion.

"Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare:
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

"'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'"

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'"

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

"But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?"

SECOND VOICE.

"Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast:

His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

"If he may know which way to go,
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him."

FIRST VOICE.

"But why drives on that ship so fast
Without or wave or wind?"

SECOND VOICE.

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

"Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trace is abated."

"I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes
That in the moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapped: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen;

"Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring;
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze,
On me alone it blew.

"O dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countrée?

"We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray,
'O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep away.'

"The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand;
It was a heavenly sight:
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand;
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer:
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third — I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood."

PART VII.

"This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countrée.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve;
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that whol'y hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

"The skiff-boat neared; I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit said;
'And they answered not our cheer.
The planks look warped, and see those sails
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along,
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owl whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord! it has a fiendish look
(The Pilot made reply):
I am a-fear'd.' 'Push on, push on!
Said the Hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay:
The ship went down like lead.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat:
But, swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round,
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips: the Pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit.
The holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro,
'Ha, ha!' quoth he; 'full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row.'

'And now all in my own countrée
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat
And scarcely he could stand.

"O, shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou?'

"Forthwith this frame of mind was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour
That agony returns;

And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
The moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to pray.

"O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company;—

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths, and maidens gay.

"Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small:
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one, that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

Francis Jeffrey was born in Edinburgh in 1773. He received his early education in the High School of his native city, and afterwards in the Universities of Glasgow and Oxford. He divided his time between law and letters, and became equally eminent as judge and as the editor of the famous *Edinburgh Review*.

Criticism is a comparatively modern science, and the reviewer has but lately been admitted among authors. The faculty of appreciation, even in its highest forms, is very different from that of creation; but some critics have displayed so much learning and taste, have infused so much of imagination into their work, and have so powerfully directed the current of public opinion, that they must be recognized, in any survey of literary history, as among the most useful, if not always the most brilliant, of writers. The essays of Jeffrey, now published in one large octavo volume, extend over a period of nearly thirty years — a period almost unexampled in the number of great and original works to which it gave birth. In his capacity as critic he was frequently in the wrong — not always recognizing genius at first sight; but he was never consciously unfair; and when allowance is made for the shock of novel impressions, and especially for the lurking prejudice arising from party politics and from literary clanship, Jeffrey will be allowed a high rank as a just, inflexible, well-informed, and elegant writer. He died in 1850.

THE UNCERTAIN TENURE OF LITERARY FAME.

[From a Review of Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*.]

NEXT to the impression of the vast fertility, compass, and beauty of our English poetry, the reflection that recurs most frequently and forcibly to us in accompanying Mr. Campbell through his wide survey, is the perishable nature of poetical fame, and the speedy oblivion that has overtaken so many of the promised heirs of immortality. Of near two hundred and fifty authors, whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not thirty who now enjoy anything that can be called popularity — whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers, in the shops of ordinary booksellers, or in the press for republication. About fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature: the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially known to a few antiquaries and scholars. Now, the fame of a poet is popular, or nothing. He does not address himself, like the man of science, to the learned, or those who desire to learn, but to all mankind; and his purpose being to delight and to be praised, necessarily extends to all who can receive pleasure, or join in applause. It is strange, and somewhat humiliating, to see how great a proportion of those who had once fought their way successfully to distinction, and surmounted the rivalry of contemporary envy, have again sunk into neglect. We have great deference for public opinion, and readily admit that nothing but what

is good can be permanently popular. But though its *vivat* be generally oracular, its *pereat* appears to us to be often sufficiently capricious; and while we would foster all that it bids to live, we would willingly revive much that it leaves to die. The very multiplication of works of amusement necessarily withdraws many from notice that deserve to be kept in remembrance; for we should soon find it labor, and not amusement, if we were obliged to make use of them all, or even to take all upon trial. As the materials of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more must thus be daily rejected and left to waste; for while our tasks lengthen, our lives remain as short as ever; and the calls on our time multiply, while our time itself is flying swiftly away. This superfluity and abundance of our treasures, therefore, necessarily renders much of them worthless; and the veriest accidents may, in such a case, determine what part shall be preserved, and what thrown away and neglected. When an army is *decimated*, the very bravest may fall; and many poets, worthy of eternal remembrance, have been forgotten, merely because there was not room in our memories for all.

By such a work as the *Specimens*, however, this injustice of fortune may be partly redressed,—some small fragments of an immortal strain may still be rescued from oblivion,—and a wreck of a name preserved, which time appeared to have swallowed up forever. There is something pious, we think, and endearing, in the office of thus gathering up the ashes of renown that has passed away; or rather, of calling back the departed life for a transitory glow, and enabling those great spirits which seemed to be *laid* forever, still to draw a tear of pity, or a throb of admiration, from the hearts of a forgetful generation. The body of their poetry, probably, can never be revived; but some sparks of its spirit may yet be preserved in a narrower and feebler frame.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have thus made in the ranks of our immortals,—and, above all, when we refer their rapid disappearance to the quick succession of new competitors, and the accumulation of more good works than there is time to peruse,—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live; and as wealth, population, and education extend, the produce is likely to go on increasing. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands that we can

boast of, — that runs quickly to three or four large editions, — and is, as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now, if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present, but there will stand between them and that generation nearly ten times as much fresh and fashionable poetry as is now interposed between us and those writers; and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of their great-grandchildren? The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and, we confess, we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens — the centenary of the present publication. There — if the future editor have anything like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessor — there shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tithes of Crabbe, and the three per cent. of Southey; while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! It is an hyperbole of good nature, however, we fear, to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakespeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of shorthand reading invented, or all reading must be given up in despair.



ROBERT SOUTHEY.

If in the history of literature the space allotted to an author were measured by the amount of labor done; and if that labor had included years of thought and endeavor, following years of faithful study; if this were the history of no ordinary mind, but of one full of noble ideas, and enriched by illustrations from all the learning of the ages; if to strong natural sense the charm of a beautiful style were added; and if for all these faculties and energies it should be claimed that fame would properly and inevitably follow, — then immortality could have been surely predicted for Robert Southey.

He was born in 1774, was educated at Westminster School, and afterwards spent two years at Oxford. He was in early life a democrat in politics, and a Unitarian in religion, but became conservative in after years. He married the sister of Mrs. S. T. Coleridge, and resided in the Lake district, a companion and friend of Wordsworth. His life was wholly devoted

to literary pursuits, and his industry, both as a student and writer, was unparalleled. But if he had the divine "vision," the rarer divine "faculty" was wanting. His poems, as a rule, are wholly wanting in human interest; their inspiration was from the author's library, not from the world of nature or of man. And though the search for flowers should be made for the hundredth time, on'y a few scattered blossoms could be gathered from his interminable gardens. It is but just to say, however, that many of these poetic blooms are perfect of their kind. His principal poems are *The Curse of Kehama*, *Thalaba*, *Madoc*, *Roderick the Last of the Goths*, and *The Vision of Judgment*. The last was savagely burlesqued by Lord Byron. His most popular prose work, the *Life of Lord Nelson*, is still read. Another singular medley of essay, colloquy, and criticism, entitled *The Doctor*, is highly esteemed by scholars. He was appointed poet-laureate in 1813. In his private life he was without a stain; and his cheerful temper, lively fancy, and genuine scholarly tastes, endeared him to all his circle. He died in 1843. His life and letters have been published in six volumes by his son, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey.

THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the Dead are past;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old:
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedewed
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
 I live in long-past years,
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
 My place with them will be,
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all Futurity;
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

THEY sin who tell us Love can die.
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell ;
 Earthly these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they had their birth.
 But Love is indestructible ;
 Its holy flame forever burneth ;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppressed,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.
 O, when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrows, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight ?

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was still as she might be ;
 Her sails from heaven received no motion —
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
 The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok
 Had floated that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
 On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
 And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven shone so gay,
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds screamed as they sported round,
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of Spring ;
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float ;
Quoth he, " My men, pull out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound ;
The bubbles rose, and burst aground.
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the Rock
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away ;
He scoured the seas for many a day ;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They could not see the sun on high ;

The wind hath blown a gale all day ;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand ;
So dark it is, they see no land ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar ?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound ; the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
O Christ, it is the Inchcape Rock !

CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb was born in one of the chambers of the Inner Temple in London in 1775. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he had Coleridge as a schoolmate, and passed the active part of his life as a clerk in the East India House. In the *Essays of Elia* there are many beautiful retrospective pictures of the Temple and its inmates, and of the Charity School. From his youth he was accustomed to a condition but a degree above poverty, and was early taught the useful lessons of self-denial and self-dependence. Later in life his writings added to his income, but his frugal habits remained, and the surplus was unselfishly bestowed upon others. His lot in many respects was a hard one: his father was an imbecile; his sister was a maniac, who, in a sudden frenzy, in his own presence, at the dinner table, killed their mother with a carving-knife, and who required incessant care for the remainder of her frequently clouded life; and, what was almost as hard to bear, his elder brother John refused to contribute anything to the support of this ill-starred family, leaving the whole burden upon one slender clerk with the least natural aptitude for business.

The writings of Charles Lamb are not pretentious "works;" they are the natural overflow of an original fountain; they are as personal as the essays of Montaigne, but they have a sweet, unconscious simplicity to which the great Frenchman was a stranger. Lamb may be taken as the incarnation and exemplar of Humor. If the gentle current of his thought sometimes ripples, and again plunges in an unexpected cascade of wit, it is never an incongruous change. The wit of Jerrold bites like a mineral acid; the wit of Bacon crystallizes in aphoristic gems; Sydney Smith, with the spirits of a lively boy, keeps up a crackling blaze of fireworks; Sheridan's stage repartees show the brilliant points of rapier fencing; Hood's puns, though the best, often seem to have been sought out "with malice aforethought;" Lamb, though he might at times resemble the one or the other, never inflicted pain, never "struck an attitude" to say a smart thing, and never ransacked the world for verbal quibbles. His essays and letters, gay, serious, brilliant, and tender by turns, simply reflect, as in a mirror, his delicate, quick, genial nature.

Though shy and reserved before strangers, Lamb was a delightful companion when with his friends. Hazlitt, Procter ("Barry Cornwall"), Talfourd, and others have given full and affectionate accounts of his unique character and inimitable conversation. Hazlitt says, "He always made the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is his best. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things, in a half a dozen sentences, as he does. His jests scald like tears; and he probes a question with a play upon words."

Mr. N. P. Willis, in *Pencillings by the Way*, describes him as "a gentleman in black small-clothes and gaiters, short and very slight in person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful forward bent, his hair just sprinkled with gray, a beautiful deep-set eye, an aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth. Whether it expressed most humor or feeling, good nature or a kind of whimsical peevishness, or twenty other things which passed over it by turns, I cannot in the least be certain."

Lamb died in 1834, aged fifty-nine. His *Life and Letters* were given to the world by Sir T. N. Talfourd. "Barry Cornwall" also published a memoir, full of personal anecdote, and pervaded by a tender feeling. His works have been reprinted in this country in a handsome library edition of four volumes.

DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Cho-fang*, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, — a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it, — what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those

untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage,—he had smelt that smell before,—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:—

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?”

“O, father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out,

"Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father ; only taste ; O Lord !" — with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze ; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it ; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision ; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously

dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later; I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in Roast Pig.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate — *princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers, — things between pig and pork, — those hobbydehoys, — but a young and tender suckling, — under a moon old, — guiltless as yet of the sty, — with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest — his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble — the mild forerunner, or *præludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled — but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called, — the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, — with the adhesive oleaginous — O, call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it, — the tender blossoming of fat, — fat cropped in the bud, — taken in the shoot, — in the first innocence, — the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food, — the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna, — or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing" — it seemeth rather a refreshing

warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes — radiant jellies — shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! — wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation: from these sins he is happily snatched away; his memory is odoriferous; no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon; no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapsors. Pine-apple is great. She is, indeed, almost too transcendent — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender conscientious person would do well to pause; too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her; she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish; but she stoppeth at the palate; she meddleth not with the appetite; and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

Pig — let me speak his praise — is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is — good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbor's fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon

pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and, in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but, before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake,—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her?—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!—and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last,—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and, above all, I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread-crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are; but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS.

IN A LETTER TO B. F., ESQ., AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

MY DEAR F.: When I think how welcome the sight of a letter from the world where you were born must be to you in that strange one to which you have been transplanted, I feel some compunctious visitings at my long silence; but, indeed, it is no easy effort to set about a correspondence at our distance. The weary world of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to conceive how a scrawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is a sort of presumption to expect that one's thoughts should live so far. It is like writing for posterity, and reminds me of one of Mrs. Rowe's superscriptions—"Alcander to Strephon in the Shades." Cowley's Post-Angel is no more than would be expedient in such an intercourse. One drops a packet at Lombard Street, and in twenty-four hours a friend in Cumberland gets it as fresh as if it came in ice. It is only like whispering through a long trumpet. But suppose a tube let down from the moon, with yourself at one end, and *the man* at the other; it would be some balk to the spirit of conversation if you knew that the dialogue exchanged with that interesting theosophist would take two or three revolutions of a higher luminary in its passage. Yet, for aught I know, you may be some parasangs nigher that primitive idea—Plato's man—than we in England here have the honor to reckon ourselves.

Epiistolary matter usually compriseth three topics—news, sentiment, and puns. In the latter I include all non-serious subjects, or subjects serious in themselves, but treated after my fashion, non-seriously. And first, for news. In them the most desirable circumstance, I suppose, is, that they shall be true. But what security can I have that what I now send you for truth shall not, before you get it, unaccountably turn into a lie? For instance, our mutual friend P. is at this present writing—*my Now*—in good health, and enjoys a fair share of worldly reputation. You are glad to hear it. This is natural and friendly. But at this present reading—*your Now*—he may possibly be in the Bench, or going to be hanged, which in reason ought to abate something of your transport (i. e., at hearing he was well, &c.), or at least considerably to modify it. I am going to the play this evening, to have a laugh with Munden. . . . You naturally lick your lips, and envy me my felicity. Think but a moment, and you will correct the hateful emotion. Why, it is Sunday

morning with you, and 1823! This confusion of tenses, this grand solecism of *two presents*, is in a degree common to all postage. But if I sent you word to Bath or Devizes, that I was expecting the aforesaid treat this evening, though at the moment you received the intelligence my full feast of fun would be over, yet there would be for a day or two after, as you would well know, a smack, a relish left upon my mental palate, which would give rational encouragement for you to foster a portion, at least, of the disagreeable passion, which it was in part my intention to produce. But ten months hence, your envy or your sympathy would be as useless as a passion spent upon the dead. Not only does truth, in these long intervals, unessence herself, but (what is harder) one cannot venture a crude fiction, for the fear that it may ripen into a truth upon the voyage. What a wild, improbable banter I put upon you some three years since — of Will Weatherall having married a servant-maid! I remember gravely consulting you how we were to receive her, — for Will's wife was in no case to be rejected, — and your no less serious replication in the matter; how tenderly you advised an abstemious introduction of literary topics before the lady, with a caution not to be too forward in bringing on the carpet matters more within the sphere of her intelligence; your deliberate judgment, or rather wise suspension of sentence, how far jacks, and spits, and mops could, with propriety be introduced as subjects; whether the conscious avoiding of all such matters in discourse would not have a worse look than the talking of them casually in our way; in what manner we should carry ourselves to our maid Becky, Mrs. William Weatherall being by; whether we should show more delicacy, and a truer sense of respect for Will's wife, by treating Becky with our customary chiding before her, or by an unusual deferential civility paid to Becky as to a person of great worth, but thrown by the caprice of fate into a humble station. There were difficulties, I remember, on both sides, which you did me the favor to state with the precision of a lawyer, united to the tenderness of a friend. I laughed in my sleeve at your solemn pleadings, when, lo! while I was valuing myself upon this flim put upon you in New South Wales, the devil in England, jealous possibly of any lie-children not his own, or working after my copy, has actually instigated our friend (not three days since) to the commission of a matrimony, which I had only conjured up for your diversion. William Weatherall has married Mrs. Cotterel's maid. But to take it in its truest sense, you will see, my dear F., that news from me must become history to you; which I neither

profess to write, nor indeed care much for reading. No person, under a diviner, can with any prospect of veracity conduct a correspondence at such an arm's length. Two prophets, indeed, might thus interchange intelligence with effect; the epoch of the writer (Habakkuk) falling in with the true present time of the receiver (Daniel); but then we are no prophets.

Then as to sentiment. It fares little better with that. This kind of dish, above all, requires to be served up hot, or sent off in water-plates, that your friend may have it almost as warm as yourself. If it have time to cool, it is the most tasteless of all cold meats. I have often smiled at a conceit of the late Lord C. It seems that, travelling somewhere about Geneva, he came to some pretty green spot, or nook, where a willow, or something, hung so fantastically and invitingly over a stream, — was it? — or a rock? — no matter, — but the stillness and the repose, after a weary journey 'tis likely, in a languid moment of his Lordship's hot restless life, so took his fancy that he could imagine no place so proper, in the event of his death, to lay his bones in. This was all very natural and excusable as a sentiment, and shows his character in a very pleasing light; but when from a passing sentiment it came to be an act; and when, by a positive testamentary disposal, his remains were actually carried all that way from England; who was there, some desperate sentimentalists excepted, that did not ask the question, Why could not his Lordship have found a spot as solitary, a nook as romantic, a tree as green and pendent, with a stream as emblematic to his purpose, in Surrey, in Dorset, or in Devon? Conceive the sentiment boarded up, freighted, entered at the Custom House (startling the tide-waiters with the novelty), hoisted into a ship. Conceive it pawed about and handled between the rude jests of tarpaulin ruffians, — a thing of its delicate texture, — the salt bilge wetting it till it became as vapid as a damaged lustring. Suppose it in material danger (mariners have some superstition about sentiments) of being tossed over in a fresh gale to some propitiatory shark (spirit of St. Gotthard, save us from a quietus so foreign to the deviser's purpose!); but it has happily evaded a fishy consummation. Trace it then to its lucky landing — at Lyons shall we say? — I have not the map before me — jostled upon four men's shoulders — baiting at this town — stopping to refresh at t'other village — waiting a passport here, a license there; the sanction of the magistracy in this district, the concurrence of the ecclesiastics in that canton — till at length it arrives at its destination, tired out and jaded, from a brisk senti-

ment, into a feature of silly pride or tawdry, senseless affectation. How few sentiments, my dear F., I am afraid, we can set down, in the sailor's phrase, as quite sea-worthy !

Lastly, as to the agreeable levities, which, though contemptible in bulk, are the twinkling corpuscula which should irradiate a right friendly epistle—your puns and small jests are, I apprehend, extremely circumscribed in their sphere of action. They are so far from a capacity of being packed up and sent beyond sea, they will scarce endure to be transported by hand from this room to the next. Their vigor is as the instant of their birth. Their nutriment for their brief existence is the intellectual atmosphere of the bystanders. . . . A pun hath a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack with it ; you can no more transmit it in its pristine flavor than you can send a kiss. Have you not tried in some instances to palm off a yesterday's pun upon a gentleman, and has it answered ? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not hitch in. It was like picking up at a village alehouse a two-days'-old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront. This sort of merchandise, above all, requires a quick return. A pun, and its recognitory laugh, must be coinstantaneous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet visnomy if the polished surface were two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve months, my dear F.) in giving back its copy ?

I cannot image to myself whereabouts you are. When I try to fix it, Peter Wilkins's island comes across me. Sometimes you seem to be in the *Hades* of *Thieves*. I see Diogenes prying among you with his perpetual fruitless lantern. What must you be willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man ! You must almost have forgotten how *we* look. And tell me what your Sydneyites do ? are they th . . v . ng all day long ? Merciful Heaven ! what property can stand against such a depredation ! The kangaroos, — your Aborigines, — do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europeanized, with those little short fore puds, looking like a lesson framed by nature to the pickpocket ! Marry, for diving into fobs they are rather lamely provided, *à priori* ; but if the hue and cry were once up, they would show as fair a pair of hind-shifters as the expertest locomotor in the colony. We hear the most improbable tales at this distance. Pray, is it true that the young Spartans among you are

born with six fingers, which spoils their scanning? It must look very odd; but use reconciles. For their scansion, it is less to be regretted, for if they take it into their heads to be poets, it is odds but they turn out, the greater part of them, vile plagiarists. Is there much difference to see, too, between the son of a th . . f and the grandson? or where does the taint stop? Do you bleach in three or in four generations? I have many questions to put, but ten Delphic voyages can be made in a shorter time than it will take to satisfy my scruples. Do you grow your own hemp? What is your staple trade—exclusive of the national profession, I mean? Your locksmiths, I take it, are some of your great capitalists.

I am insensibly chatting to you as familiarly as when we used to exchange good morrows out of our old contiguous windows in pump-famed Hare Court in the Temple. Why did you ever leave that quiet corner? Why did I?—with its complement of four poor elms, from whose smoke-dyed barks, the theme of jesting ruralists, I picked my first lady-birds! My heart is as dry as that spring sometimes proves in a thirsty August, when I revert to the space that is between us—a length of passage enough to render obsolete the phrases of our English letters before they can reach you. But while I talk, I think you hear me,—thoughts dallying with vain surmise,—

Aye me! while thee the seas and sounding shores
Hold far away.

Come back before I am grown into a very old man, so as you shall hardly know me. Come before Bridget walks on crutches. Girls whom you left children have become sage matrons while you are tarrying there. The blooming Miss W—r (you remember Sally W—r) called upon us yesterday, an aged crone. Folks whom you knew die off every year. Formerly I thought that death was wearing out—I stood ramparted about with so many healthy friends. The departure of J. W., two springs back, corrected my delusion. Since then the old divorcer has been busy. If you do not make haste to return, there will be little left to greet you, of me, or mine.

—
[Extracts from *Blakesmoor*.]

I DO not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy; and con-

temptations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions incompatible with the bustle of modern occupancy, and vanities of foolish present aristocracy. The same difference of feeling, I think, attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance, but some present human frailty — an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory, or a trait of affectation, or, worse, vain-glory, on that of the preacher — puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonizing the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness? Go alone, on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton; traverse the cool aisles of some country church; think of the piety that has kneeled there, the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there, the meek pastor, the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

Journeying northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road to look upon the remains of an old, great house with which I had been impressed in this way in infancy. I was apprised that the owner of it had lately pulled it down; still I had a vague notion that it could not all have perished; that so much solidity with magnificence could not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it.

The work of ruin had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to — an antiquity.

Why, every plank and panel of that house, for me, had magic in it. The tapestried bedrooms, — tapestry so much better than painting; not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots, — at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlet — replaced as quickly — to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern, bright visages, staring reciprocally, all Ovid on the walls, in colors vider than his descriptions — Actæon in mid sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana, and the still more provoking, and almost culinary, coolness of Dan Phœbus, eel fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas.

The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration. So strange a passion for the place possessed me in those years, that, though

there lay, — I shame to say how few roods distant from the mansion, — half hid by trees, what I judged some romantic lake, such was the spell which bound me to the house, and such my carefulness not to pass its strict and proper precincts, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me ; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty, brawling brook had been the *Lacus Incognitus* of my infancy. Variegated views, extensive prospects, and those at no great distance from the house, — I was told of such, — what were they to me, being out of the boundaries of my Eden ? So far from a wish to roam, I would have drawn, methought, still closer the fences of my chosen prison, and have been hemmed in by a yet securer cincture of those excluding garden walls. I could have exclaimed with that garden-loving poet, —

“ Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines ;
Curl me about, ye gadding vines ;
And, O, so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place ;
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your silken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And, courteous briers, nail me through.”

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Walter Savage Landor was born in Warwickshire in 1775. He was educated at Rugby, and afterwards at Oxford. He inherited a fortune, and was able to gratify his tastes for literature, and to live on the Continent, without following any profession. He had a powerful intellect, equal, in many respects, to that of any modern writer ; but his impulsive nature and lack of judgment were painfully conspicuous through life. He is said to have been the original of Dickens's brusqué character, *Boylston* in “*Bleak House*.” His scholarship was remarkable both for extent and accuracy ; so that none of his writings are destitute of interest ; but his poetry simply consists of vigorous and correct verses, without inspiration, and his fame must rest on his prose. His chief work, the *Imaginary Conversations*, ranges over all the fields of thought and of history, and contains far more of wisdom, eloquence, imagination, apt allusion, acute, critical analysis, and splendor of style, than have sufficed for many more famous books. He wrote for scholars, however, and not for the public. His works were published in two large volumes, in London, under the care of John Forster and Professor Hare, while he lived abroad. His last publication, written after the age of eighty, contained some libellous passages, for which he was compelled to pay heavy damages. It would have been better for his reputation if he had left the world some years earlier.

He died at Florence, in 1868. A selection of striking passages from Landor's works, made by Mr. Hillard of Boston, will give a good idea of the author's varied powers.

[From the *Imaginary Conversations*.]

SINCE the time of Chaucer, there have been only two poets who at all resemble him ; and these two are widely dissimilar one from

the other — Burns and Keats. The accuracy and truth with which Chaucer has described the manners of common life, with the foreground and background, are also to be found in Burns, who delights in broader strokes of external nature, but equally appropriate. He has parts of genius which Chaucer has not in the same degree — the animated and pathetic. Keats, in his *Endymion*, is richer in imagery than either ; and there are passages in which no poet has arrived at the same excellence on the same ground. Time alone was wanting to complete a poet who already far surpassed all his contemporaries in this country in the poet's most noble attributes. If anything could engage me to visit Rome, to endure the sight of her scarred and awful ruins, telling their stories on the ground, in the midst of bell-ringers and pantomimes ; if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and popes, tribunes and cardinals, senatorial orators and preaching friars, clash in my mind, it would be that I might afterwards spend an hour in solitude, where the pyramid of Cestius stands against the wall, and points to the humbler tombs of Keats and Shelley. Nothing so attracts my heart as ruins in deserts, or so repels it as ruins in the circle of fashion. What is so shocking as the hard verity of Death swept by the rustling masquerade of Life ! And does not Mortality of herself teach us how little we are, without placing us amid the trivialties of patch-work pomp, where Virgil led gods to found an empire, where Cicero and Cæsar shook the world ?

LANDOR.

THERE is as great a difference between Shakespeare and Bacon as between an American forest and a London timber-yard. In the timber-yard, the materials are sawed, and squared, and set across ; in the forest, we have the natural form of the tree, all its growth, all its branches, all its leaves, all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it ; now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness ; now, bright bursting glades, with exuberant grass, and flowers, and fruitage ; now, untroubled skies ; now, terrific thunderstorms ; everywhere multiformity, everywhere immensity.

SOUTHEY.

COWPER plays in the playground, and not in the churchyard. Nothing of his is out of place or out of season. He possessed a rich vein of ridicule ; but he turned it to good account, opening it on prig parsons, and graver and worse impostors. He was among the first

to put to flight the mischievous little imps of allegory, so cherished and fondled by the Wartons. They are as bad in poetry as mice in a cheese-room. You poets are still rather too fond of the unsubstantial. Some will have nothing else than what they call pure imagination. Now, air-plants ought not to fill the whole conservatory ; other plants, I would modestly suggest, are worth cultivating, which send their roots pretty deep into the ground. I hate both poetry and wine without body. Look at Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton ; were these your pure imagination-men ? The least of them, whichever it was, carried a jewel of poetry about him worth all his tribe that came after. Did the two of them who wrote in verse build upon nothing ? Did their predecessors ? And, pray, whose daughter was the Muse they invoked ? Why, Memory's. They stood among substantial men, and sang upon recorded actions. The plain of Scamander, the promontory of Sigæum, the palaces of Tros and Dardanus, the citadel in which the Fates sang mournfully under the image of Minerva, seem fitter places for the Muses to alight on, than artificial rock-work or than fairy-rings. But your great favorite, I hear, is Spenser, who shines in allegory, and who, like an aerolithe, is dull and heavy when he descends to the ground.

PORSON.

I AM persuaded of the truth in what I have spoken, and yet — ah, Quinctus ! there is a tear that Philosophy cannot dry, and a pang that will rise as we approach the gods.

Two things tend beyond all others, after philosophy, to inhibit and check our ruder passions as they grow and swell in us, and to keep our gentler in their proper play ; and these two things are, seasonable sorrow and inoffensive pleasure, each moderately indulged. Nay, there is also a pleasure, humble, it is true, but graceful and insinuating, which follows close upon our very sorrows, reconciles us to them gradually, and sometimes renders us, at last, undesirous altogether of abandoning them. If ever you have remembered the anniversary of some day whereon a dear friend was lost to you, tell me whether that anniversary was not purer and even calmer than the day before. The sorrow, if there should be any left, is soon absorbed, and full satisfaction takes place of it, while you perform a pious office to Friendship, required and appointed by the ordinances of Nature. When my Tulliola was torn away from me, a thousand plans were in readiness for immortalizing her memory, and raising a monument up to the magnitude of my grief. The grief itself has done it ; the tears I

then shed over her assuaged it in me, and did everything that could be done for her, or hoped, or wished. I called upon Tulliola : Rome and the whole world heard me. Her glory was a part of mine, and mine of hers, and when Eternity had received her at my hands, I wept no longer. The tenderness wherewith I mentioned, and now mention her, though it suspends my voice, brings what consoles and comforts me ; it is the milk and honey left at the sepulchre, and equally sweet, I hope, to the departed.

The gods, who have given us our affections, permit us rarely the uses and the signs of them. Immoderate grief, like everything else immoderate, is useless and pernicious ; but if we did not tolerate and endure it ; if we did not prepare for it, meet it, commune with it ; if we did not even cherish it in its season, — much of what is best in our faculties, much of our tenderness, much of our generosity, much of our patriotism, much, also, of our genius, would be stifled and extinguished.

When I hear any one call upon another to be manly and restrain his tears, if they flow from the social and the kind affections, I doubt the humanity and distrust the wisdom of the counsellor. Were he humane, he would be more inclined to pity and to sympathize than to lecture and reprove ; and were he wise, he would consider that tears are given us by nature as a remedy to affliction, although, like other remedies, they should come to our relief in private. Philosophy, we may be told, would prevent the tears, by turning away the sources of them, and by raising up a rampart against pain and sorrow. I am of opinion that Philosophy, quite pure, and totally abstracted from our appetites and passions, instead of serving us the better, would do us little or no good at all. We may receive so much light as not to see, and so much philosophy as to be worse than foolish.

CICERO.



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow in 1777, and was educated at the university of his native city. His poetical talents were manifested in his college exercises, and his first poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*, was written in his twenty-first year. He sold the manuscript for sixty pounds ; but the success of the poem was so great that the publishers paid him fifty pounds for each of the many editions, besides allowing him to issue a handsome subscription copy, by which he gained a large sum. He visited Germany in 1800, and saw the taking of Ratisbon by the French. Many observers have witnessed artillery firing and cavalry charges, but only one has painted them in a scene like Hohenlinden. This well-known poem, however, as well as the equally famous *Lochiel*, was written at the seat of Lord

Minto in Scotland; and both were revised by a chance visitor, Walter Scott. Scott greatly admired both poems, but Campbell said *he* did not think very highly of Hohenlinden: "some of the verses were only *drum and trumpet lines*." In these productions as well as in his grand naval odes, and in his passionate allusions to the fall of Poland, Campbell shows his ardent and generous nature no less than his poetic fire. His poems are not very numerous, and from various circumstances it is pretty certain that he wrote slowly, if not with difficulty. They are also quite unequal in merit; Theodoric, and The Pilgrim of Glencoe, are notably inferior. His shorter pieces will survive; the more ambitious efforts will have a safe asylum and respectful mention in the cyclopædias. During a long literary life he had a plenty of lucrative employment; other resources were not wanting, such as a pension from the king of two hundred pounds, and a couple of substantial legacies; but nothing short of the purse of Fortunatus could have kept such a generous and improvident man from occasional want. Indeed, his pecuniary troubles increased with his resources, as in the case of many an author since. But he was honest; if he borrowed, he paid; and his pension and his legacies were religiously shared with his parents and family.

Besides his poems he published Specimens of the British Poets in seven volumes, and a Life of Mrs. Siddons. He was for some time editor of Colburn's New Monthly. He first suggested the establishment of the University of London, and labored for it zealously. Of all his honors he was most proud of being chosen Rector of the University of Glasgow by the free suffrages of the students; he filled the place with great ability for several years. He was happily married, but he survived his wife, and left only an imbecile heir to his name. He died at Boulogne in 1844. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold, determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

III.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when
each gun

From its adamantine lips.
Spread a death-shade round the ships;
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble-cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back:
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

VI.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;

And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day.
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,

Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died ;
 With the gallant good Riou ;
 Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls
 And the mermaid's song condole
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD — LOCHIEL.

Wizard. LOCHIEL, Lochiel, beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array ;
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down.
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
 'Tis thine, O Glenullin, whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
 A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin, to death and captivity led —
 O, weep ; but thy tears cannot number the dead ;
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave —
 Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer ;
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old, wavering sight
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wiz. Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn.

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
 From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?
 Lo, the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high,
 Ah, home let him speed ; for the spoiler is nigh.
 Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 O, crested Lochiel, the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn.
 Return to thy dwelling, all lonely return ;
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Loc. False wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan ;
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one ;
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
 And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
 Then, welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock ;
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock ;
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd —
 Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array.

Wiz. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day ;
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo, anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold where he flies on his desolate path.
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight ;
 Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight.
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors ;
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? where ?

For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
Ah, no ; for a darker departure is near :
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
His death-bell is tolling. O, mercy ! dispel
Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell.
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —
Loc. Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale ;
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe,
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing, that night, on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track.
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud, in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us. Rest ; thou art weary and worn !
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS TO J. P. KEMBLE, ESQ.

COMPOSED FOR A PUBLIC MEETING HELD JUNE, 1817.

PRIDE of the British stage,
 A long and last adieu !
 Whose image brought the heroic age
 Revived to Fancy's view.
 Like fields refreshed with dewy light
 When the sun smiles his last,
 Thy parting presence makes more
 bright
 Our memory of the past ;
 And memory conjures feelings up
 That wine or music need not swell,
 As high we lift the festal cup
 To Kemble — fare thee well.

His was the spell o'er hearts
 Which only Acting lends —
 The youngest of the sister arts,
 Where all their beauty blends ;
 For ill can Poetry express
 Full many a tone of thought sublime,
 And Painting, mute and motionless,
 Steals but a glance of time.
 But, by the mighty actor brought,
 Illusion's perfect triumphs come —
 Verse ceases to be airy thought,
 And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
 But ne'er eclipse, the charm
 When Cato spoke in him alive,
 Or Hotspur kindled warm.
 What soul was not resigned entire
 To the deep sorrows of the Moor?
 What English heart was not on fire
 With him at Agincourt?
 And yet a majesty possessed
 His transport's most impetuous tone,
 And to each passion of the breast
 The Graces give their zone.

High were the task — too high,
 Ye conscious bosoms here,
 In words to paint your memory
 Of Kemble and of Lear ;
 But who forgets that white, discrowned head,
 Those bursts of Reason's half-distinguished
 glare,
 Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
 In doubt more touching than despair,
 If 'twas reality he felt?
 Had Shakespeare's self amidst you been,
 Friends, he had seen you melt,
 And triumphed to have seen.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

William Hazlitt was born in Shropshire in 1778, the son of a Unitarian clergyman. He first attempted painting, but afterwards turned his attention to literary and artistic criticism, and lived by his contributions to journals and reviews. His style is forcible and often picturesque; but he frequently fails to carry conviction, from his want of moderation and judgment. The first specimen here printed furnishes a case in point. The doctrine has a certain truth, but is not wholly true; the lesson of the article is a useful one, but the statements must be received with grains of allowance. His best known works are *Table Talk*, in two volumes, and *The Round Table*. He wrote also an elaborate *Life of Napoleon*, in four volumes; *A View of the English Stage*; *Lectures on the English Poets*, and on the Elizabethan Age; *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, and many other treatises. They are all distinguished by great critical ability, and have been collected in a series of volumes, edited by his son. He died in 1830. An edition of his miscellaneous essays, &c., was published in five volumes, Philadelphia, 1848.

ON THE IGNORANCE OF THE LEARNED.

[From *Table Talk*.]

You might as well ask the paralytic to leap from his chair and throw away his crutch, or, without a miracle, "to take up his bed and walk," as expect the learned reader to lay down his book and think for himself. He clings to it for his intellectual support; and his dread of being left to himself is like the horror of a vacuum. He can only breathe a learned atmosphere, as other men breathe common air. He is a borrower of sense. He has no ideas of his own, and must live on those of other people. The habit of supplying our ideas from foreign sources "enfeebles all internal strength of thought," as a course of dram-drinking destroys the tone of the stomach. The faculties of the mind, when not exerted, or when cramped by custom and authority, become listless, torpid, and unfit for the purposes of thought or action. Can we wonder at the languor and lassitude which is thus produced by a life of learned sloth and ignorance, by poring over lines and syllables that excite little more idea or interest than if they were the characters of an unknown tongue, till the eye closes on vacancy, and the book drops from the feeble hand? I would rather be a wood-cutter, or the meanest hind, that all day "sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and at night sleeps in Elysium," than wear out my life so, 'twixt dreaming and awake. The learned author differs from the learned student in this — that the one transcribes what the other reads. The learned are mere literary drudges. If you set them upon original composition, their heads turn, they know not where they are. The indefatigable readers of books are like the everlasting copiers of pictures, who, when they attempt to

do anything of their own, find they want an eye quick enough, a hand steady enough, and colors bright enough, to trace the living forms of nature. Any one who has passed through the regular gradations of a classical education, and is not made a fool by it, may consider himself as having had a very narrow escape. It is an old remark, that boys who shine at school do not make the greatest figure when they grow up and come out into the world. The things, in fact, which a boy is set to learn at school, and on which his success depends, are things which do not require the exercise either of the highest or the most useful faculties of the mind. Memory (and that of the lowest kind) is the chief faculty called into play, in conning over and repeating lessons by rote in grammar, in languages, in geography, arithmetic, &c., so that he who has the most of this technical memory, with the least turn for other things, which have a stronger and more natural claim upon his childish attention, will make the most forward school-boy.

A mere scholar, who knows nothing but books, must be ignorant even of them. "Books do not teach the use of books." How should he know anything of a work, who knows nothing of the subject of it? The learned pedant is conversant with books only as they are made of other books, and those again of others, without end. He parrots those who have parroted others. He can translate the same word into ten different languages, but he knows nothing of the *thing* which it means in any one of them. He stuffs his head with authorities built on authorities, with quotations quoted from quotations, while he locks up his senses, his understanding, and his heart. He is unacquainted with the maxims and manners of the world; he is to seek in the characters of individuals. He sees no beauty in the face of nature or of art. To him "the mighty world of eye and ear" is hid; and "knowledge, except at one entrance, quite shut out." His pride takes part with his ignorance; and his self-importance rises with the number of things of which he does not know the value, and which he therefore despises as unworthy of his notice.

Women have often more of what is called good sense than men. They have fewer pretensions, are less implicated in theories, and judge of objects more from their immediate and involuntary impression on the mind, and, therefore, more truly and naturally. They cannot reason wrong; for they do not reason at all. They do not think or speak by rule, and they have in general more eloquence and wit, as well as sense, on that account. By their wit, sense, and eloquence together, they generally contrive to govern their husbands.

Their style, when they write to their friends (not for the booksellers), is better than that of most authors.

Uneducated people have most exuberance of invention, and the greatest freedom from prejudice. Shakespeare's was evidently an uneducated mind, both in the freshness of his imagination and in the variety of his views, as Milton's was scholastic in the texture both of his thoughts and feelings. Shakespeare had not been accustomed to write themes at school in favor of virtue or against vice. To this we owe the unaffected but healthy tone of his dramatic morality. If we wish to know the force of human genius, we should read Shakespeare. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning, we may study his commentators.

ON "COMMONPLACE CRITICS."

(From Round Table.]

A COMMONPLACE critic has something to say upon every occasion ; and he always tells you either what is not true, or what you knew before, or what is not worth knowing. He is a person who thinks by proxy, and talks by rote. He differs with you, not because he thinks you are in the wrong, but because he thinks somebody else will think so. Nay, it would be well if he stopped here ; but he will undertake to misrepresent you by anticipation, lest others should misunderstand you, and will set you right, not only in opinions which you have, but in those which you may be supposed to have. Thus, if you say that *Bottom*, the weaver, is a character that has not had justice done to it, he shakes his head, is afraid you will be thought extravagant, and wonders you should think the "Midsummer Night's Dream" the finest of all Shakespeare's plays. He judges of matters of taste and reasoning as he does of dress and fashion, by the prevailing tone of good company ; and you would as soon persuade him to give up any sentiment that is current there, as to wear the hind part of his coat before. By the best company, of which he is perpetually talking, he means persons who live on their own estates and other people's ideas. By the opinion of the world, to which he pays and expects you to pay great deference, he means that of a little circle of his own, where he hears and is heard. In fact, he is the representative of a large part of the community, the shallow, the vain, and indolent, of those who have time to talk, and are not bound to think ; and he considers any deviation from the select forms of commonplace,

or the accredited language of conventional impertinence, as compromising the authority under which he acts in his diplomatic capacity. It is wonderful how this class of people agree with one another; how they herd together in all their opinions; what a tact they have for folly; what an instinct for absurdity; what a sympathy in sentiment; how they find one another out by infallible signs, like Freemasons! The secret of this unanimity and strict accord is, that not any one of them ever admits any opinion that can cost the least effort of mind in arriving at, or of courage in declaring it. Folly is as consistent with itself as wisdom: there is a certain level of thought and sentiment, which the weakest minds, as well as the strongest, find out as best adapted to them; and you as regularly come to the same conclusions, by looking no farther than the surface, as if you dug to the centre of the earth. You know beforehand what a critic of this class will say, on almost every subject, the first time he sees you, the next time, the time after that, and so on to the end of the chapter. The following list of his opinions may be relied on: It is pretty certain that before you have been in the room with him ten minutes, he will give you to understand that Shakespeare was a great but irregular genius. Again, he thinks it a question whether any one of his plays, if brought out now for the first time, would succeed. He thinks that Macbeth would be the most likely, from the music which has since been introduced into it. He has some doubts as to the superiority of the French school over us in tragedy, and observes, that Hume and Adam Smith were both of that opinion. He thinks Milton's pedantry a great blemish in his writings, and that *Paradise Lost* has many prosaic passages in it. He conceives that genius does not always imply taste, and that wit and judgment are very different faculties. He considers Dr. Johnson as a great critic and moralist, and that his Dictionary was a work of prodigious erudition and vast industry; but that some of the anecdotes of him in Boswell are trifling. He conceives that Mr. Locke was a very original and profound thinker. He thinks Gibbon's style vigorous but florid. He wonders that the author of Junius was never found out. He thinks Pope's translation of the *Iliad* an improvement on the simplicity of the original, which was necessary to fit it to the taste of modern readers. He thinks there is a great deal of grossness in the old comedies; and that there has been a great improvement in the morals of the higher classes since the reign of Charles II. He thinks the reign of Queen Anne the golden period of our literature; but that, upon the whole, we have

no English writer equal to Voltaire. He can see no reason why artists of the present day should not paint as well as Raphael or Titian. He judges of people by their pretensions, and pays attention to their opinions according to their dress and rank in life. If he meets with a fool, he does not find him out ; and if he meets with any one wiser than himself, he does not know what to make of him. He thinks that manners are of great consequence to the common intercourse of life. He thinks it difficult to prove the existence of any such thing as original genius, or to fix a general standard of taste. He does not think it possible to define what wit is. In religion, his opinions are liberal. He considers all enthusiasm as a degree of madness, particularly to be guarded against by young minds ; and believes that truth lies in the middle, between the extremes of right and wrong. He thinks that the object of poetry is to please ; and that astronomy is a very pleasing and useful study. He thinks all this, and a great deal more, that amounts to nothing. We wonder we have remembered one half of it.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Henry Brougham was born in Edinburgh in 1779. He was educated in the High School and University of his native city, and was early distinguished as a scholar, especially in the mathematics and optics. He studied law, and became an eminent advocate ; and in 1810 he was elected a member of Parliament. His intellect was strong, his learning universal, his temper aggressive ; and his sympathies with progress made him one of the most able and influential of modern reformers. The abolition of slavery, the reform of the Court of Chancery, the restrictions of borough representation in Parliament, and many other popular movements found in him a powerful champion ; still he frequently disappointed his associates, and could never be counted upon as a party man. In 1830 he became Lord Chancellor, and held the office four years. His speeches rank with the ablest of the time ; but their power and effect are inseparable from the events which called them forth ; they are a part of the history, rather than of the literature, of England. His other chief works are *Memoirs of the Statesmen of the Reign of George III.*, *Political Philosophy*, *The Eloquence of the Ancients*, *Discourse on Paley's Natural Philosophy*, *a View of Newton's Principia*, and his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. His complete works are published in an edition of eleven volumes, London, 1860. During the last years of his life he resided at Cannes, in France, where he died in 1868.

[From "Historical Sketches of Statesmen."]

EDMUND BURKE.

How much soever men may differ as to the soundness of Mr. Burke's doctrines, or the purity of his public conduct, there can be no hesitation in according to him a station among the most extraor-

dinary persons that have ever appeared ; nor is there now any diversity of opinion as to the place it is fit to assign him. He was a writer of the first class, and excelled in almost every kind of prose composition. Possessed of most extensive knowledge, and of the most various description ; acquainted alike with what different classes of men knew, each in his own province, and with much that hardly any one ever thought of learning ; he could either bring his masses of information to bear directly upon the subjects to which they severally belonged, or he could avail himself of them generally to strengthen his faculties and enlarge his views, or he could turn any portion of them to account for the purpose of illustrating his theme or enriching his diction. Hence, when he is handling any one matter, we perceive that we are conversing with a reasoner or a teacher, to whom almost every other branch of knowledge is familiar. His views range over all the cognate subjects ; his reasonings are derived from principles applicable to other matters as well as the one in hand ; arguments pour in from all sides, as well as those which start up under our feet, the natural growth of the path he is leading us over ; while, to throw light round our steps, and either explore its darker places, or serve for our recreation, illustrations are fetched from a thousand quarters ; and an imagination marvellously quick to descry unthought-of resemblances pours forth the stores which a lore yet more marvellous has gathered from all ages and nations, and arts and tongues. We are, in respect of the argument, reminded of Bacon's multifarious knowledge, and the exuberance of his learned fancy, while the many-lettered diction recalls to mind the first of English poets, and his immortal verse, rich with the spoils of all sciences and all times.

It is another characteristic of this great writer, that the unlimited abundance of his stores makes him profuse in their expenditure. Never content with one view of a subject, or one manner of handling it, he for the most part lavishes his whole resources upon the discussion of each point. In controversy, this is emphatically the case. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the variety of ways in which he makes his approaches to any position he would master. After reconnoitring it with skill and boldness, if not with perfect accuracy, he manœuvres with infinite address, and arrays a most imposing force of general principles mustered from all parts, and pointed, sometimes violently enough, in one direction. He now moves on with the composed air, the even, dignified pace of the his-

torian, and unfolds his facts in a narrative so easy, and yet so correct, that you plainly perceive he wanted only the dismissal of other pursuits to have rivalled Livy or Hume. But soon this advance is interrupted, and he stops to display his powers of description, when the boldness of his design is only matched by the brilliancy of his coloring. He then skirmishes for a space, and puts in motion all the lighter arms of wit, sometimes not unmingled with drollery, sometimes bordering upon farce. His main battery is now opened, and a tempest bursts forth of every weapon of attack — invective, abuse, irony, sarcasm, simile drawn out to allegory, allusion, quotation, fable, parable, anathema. The heavy artillery of powerful declamation and the conflict of close argument alone are wanting; but of this the garrison is not always aware; his noise is oftentimes mistaken for the thunder of true eloquence; the number of his movements distracts, and the variety of his missiles annoys, the adversary; a panic spreads, and he carries his point as if he had actually made a practicable breach; nor is it discovered till after the smoke and confusion is over, that the citadel remains untouched.

MR. FOX. •

IN most of the external qualities of oratory Mr. Fox was certainly deficient, being of an unwieldy person, without any grace of action, with a voice of little compass, and which, when pressed in the vehemence of his speech, became shrill almost to a cry or squeak; yet all this was absolutely forgotten in the moment when the torrent began to pour. Some of the undertones of his voice were peculiarly sweet; and there was even in the shrill and piercing sounds which he uttered when at the more exalted pitch, a power that thrilled the heart of the hearer. His pronunciation of our language was singularly beautiful, and his use of it pure and chaste to severity. As he rejected, from the correctness of his taste, all vicious ornaments, and was most sparing, indeed, in the use of figures at all, so, in his choice of words, he justly shunned foreign idiom, or words borrowed, whether from the ancient or modern languages, and affected the pure Saxon tongue, the resources of which are unknown to so many who use it, both in writing and in speaking.

MR. PITT.

HE is to be placed, without any doubt, in the highest class. With a sparing use of ornament, hardly indulging more in figures, or even in figurative expression, than the most severe examples of ancient chasteness allowed, with little variety of style, hardly any of the graces of manner, he no sooner rose than he carried away every hearer, and kept the attention fixed and unflagging till it pleased him to let it go; and then

" So charming left his voice, that we, a while,
Still thought him speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

But if such was the unfailing impression at first produced, and which, for a season absorbing the faculties, precluded all criticism, upon reflection, faults and imperfections certainly were disclosed. There prevailed a monotony in the matter, as well as in the manner, and even the delightful voice which so long prevented this from being felt was itself almost without any variety of tone. All things were said nearly in the same way; as if by some curious machine, periods were rounded and flung off; as if, in like moulds, though of different sizes, ideas were shaped and brought out. His composition was correct enough, but not peculiarly felicitous; his English was sufficiently pure without being at all racy, or various, or brilliant; his style was, by Mr. Windham, called "a state paper style," in allusion to its combined dignity and poverty; and the same nice observer, referring to the eminently skilful way in which he balanced his phrases, sailed near the wind, and seemed to disclose much whilst he kept the greater part of his meaning to himself, declared that "he verily believed Mr. Pitt could speak a king's speech off-hand." His declamation was admirable, mingling with and clothing the argument, as, to be good for anything, declamation always must, and no more separable from the reasoning than the heat is from the metal in a stream of lava. Yet, with all this excellence, the last effect of the highest eloquence was for the most part wanting; we seldom forgot the speaker, or lost the artist in the work. He was earnest enough; he seemed quite sincere; he was moved himself as he would move us; we even went along with him, and forgot *ourselves*; but we hardly forgot *him*; and while thrilled with the glow which his burning words diffused, or transfixed with wonder at so marvellous a display of skill, we yet felt that it was admiration of a consummate artist which filled us, and that, after all, we were present at an exhibition, gazing upon a wonderful performer, indeed, but still a performer.

HORACE SMITH.

Horace Smith was born in London in 1779. His elder brother, James, was associated with him in several literary ventures, so that their names are almost always mentioned together, and their productions regarded as common property. But James was merely a clever writer of verses intended for special occasions, while Horace had the true poetic talent, and has left some poems which will not be soon forgotten. Both were educated at a private school, after which the elder succeeded his father in a public office, and the younger became a member of the Stock Exchange. Horace amassed a fortune in his business, but found leisure to write no less than fifty separate works. Several of his novels enjoy a certain popularity to this day. His best known poems are *The Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition*, — dear to all school-boys, — *Campbell's Funeral*, and the *Hymn to the Flowers*, which is here printed. The work by which the brothers are best known is the *Rejected Addresses*, a series of burlesque imitations of the best poets of the period, purporting to have been written upon the occasion of the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, which had been rebuilt, after having been burned. These parodies are among the best of their class, but to be appreciated they require considerable acquaintance with current events, and a pretty thorough familiarity with the style of the reigning poets.

The poems of the brothers have been collected and annotated in a very admirable manner by Mr. Epes Sargent. The great number, and the comparatively unimportant rank, of the novels and other works of Horace Smith render an enumeration of them difficult, and, in a measure, useless.

In private life Horace Smith was highly esteemed; and his career, fortunate in two aspects, shows that literary success is not incompatible with sound business qualities. He died in 1849, in his seventieth year.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARs, that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation,

Ye matin worshippers, who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, — God's lidless eye, —
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high,

Ye bright mosaics, that, with storied beauty,
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create !

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned —

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply ;
Its choir, the winds and waves ; its organ, thunder ;
Its dome, the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God, —

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles, that, in dewy splendor,
“ Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,”
O, may I deeply learn, and ne’er surrender,
Your lore sublime.

“ Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed,” the lilies cry, “ in robes like ours.
How vain your grandeur ! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers ! ”

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist,
With which thou paintest nature’s wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all !

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure :
Blooming o’er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages, what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope ? —
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories, angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of God's ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE GASCON.

AT Neufchâtel, in France, where they prepare
Cheeses that set us longing to be mites,
There dwelt a farmer's wife famed for her rare
Skill in these small, quadrangular delights.
Where they were made they sold for the immense
Price of three sous apiece ;
But, as salt water made their charms increase,
In England the fixed rate was eighteen pence.

This good wife had, to help her in the farm,
To milk her cows, and feed her hogs,
A Gascon peasant, with a sturdy arm
For digging, or carrying logs,
But in his noddle weak as any baby,
In fact a gaby,
And such a glutton, when you came to feed him,
That Wantley's dragon, who "ate barns and churches
As if they were geese and turkeys"
(*Vide* the ballad), scarcely could exceed him.

One morn she had prepared a monstrous bowl
Of cream, like nectar,
And wouldn't go to church — good, careful soul —
Till she had left it safe with a protector ;
So she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon
To watch it while his mistress was to mass gone.

Watch it he did : he never took his eyes off,
But licked his upper, then his under, lip,

And doubled up his fist to drive the flies off,
Begrudging them the smallest sip,
Which, if they got,
Like my Lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
And cried, "O, happy, happy fly!
How I do envy you your lot!"

Each moment did his appetite grow stronger;
His bowels yearned;
At length he could not bear it any longer,
But on all sides his looks he turned,
And, finding that the coast was clear, he quaffed
The whole up at a draught.
Scudding from church, the farmer's wife
Flew to the dairy,
But stood aghast, and could not, for her life,
One sentence utter,
Until she summoned breath enough to mutter,
"Holy St. Mary!" —

And, shortly, with a face of scarlet,
The vixen — for she *was* a vixen — flew
Upon the varlet,
Asking the when, and where, and how, and who
Had gulped her cream, nor left an atom;
To which he gave not separate replies,
But, with a look of excellent digestion,
One answer made to every question —
"The flies."

"The flies, you rogue! the flies, you guzzling rogue!
Behold, your whiskers still are covered thickly.
Thief! liar! villain! gormandizer! hog!
I'll make you tell another story quickly."
So out she bounced, and brought, with loud alarms,
Two stout *gens-d'armes*,
Who bore him to the judge — a little prig,
With angry, bottle nose
Like a red cabbage rose,
While lots of white ones flourished on his wig.
Looking at once both stern and wise,
He turned to the delinquent,

And 'gan to question him, and catechize
 As to which way the drink went :
 Still the same dogged answers rise —
 "The flies, my Lord! the flies, the flies!"

"Psha!" quoth the judge, half peevish and half pompous,
 "Why, you're *non compos*;
 You should have watched the bowl, as she desired,
 And killed the flies, you stupid clown."
 "What! is it lawful, then," the dolt inquired,
 "To kill the flies in this here town?"

"The man's an ass! a pretty question this!
 Lawful, you booby? To be sure it is.
 You've my authority, whene'er you meet 'em,
 To kill the rogues, and, if you like it, eat 'em."
 "Zooks!" cried the rustic, "I'm right glad to hear it.
 Constable, catch that thief! May I go hang,
 If yonder blue-bottle — I know his face —
 Isn't the very leader of the gang
 That stole the cream! Let me come near it."
 This said, he started from his place,
 And, aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows
 At a large fly upon the judge's nose,
 The luckless blue-bottle he smashed,
 And gratified a double grudge;
 For the same catapult completely mashed
 The bottle nose belonging to the judge.



THOMAS MOORE.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin in 1779, and was educated in the university of that city. He went to London in 1799 to read law, and the year after published his translation of Anacreon. His first original poems were published under the name of *Thomas Little*; they were grossly indelicate, and the poet, it is believed, was afterwards quite ashamed of them. He was soon after sent to Bermuda in an official capacity, and remained there over a year, during which time his pen was busy. On his return he wrote several pungent political satires in the interest of the Whig party. Next appeared his best and most famous productions, the *Irish Melodies*, which are pervaded by an intense national feeling, and marked by an uncommon felicity of phrase, as well as by a strong musical rhythm. They were written for favorite native airs, and are now firmly established among the folk-songs of Ireland.

Lalla Rookh was published in 1817. It is full of Oriental learning, — rather overladen

with it, in fact, — but the story connecting the several parts is gracefully told, and there are many passages of great beauty and power throughout the whole poem. An occasional preference for tinsel, in place of bulion, easily passed over by romantic persons of a certain age, gives the maturer critic a twinge in reading; and it may be pretty safely assumed that in any house the copy of *Lalla Rookh*, in which the gray-beard once delighted, has now found its way into the book-shelves of the coming generation.

Moore made a visit to Paris in company with Rogers, and, two years later, travelled to Italy with Lord John Russell, at which time he visited Lord Byron in Venice. Returning, he stopped at Paris, and remained there until 1822. His subsequent works were, *The Loves of the Angels*, an Eastern story; *the Life of Byron*, and *the Life of Sheridan*, and *The Epicurean*. A complete edition of his works, in ten volumes, was issued in 1842. He died in 1852 — dying, as Dean Swift said, like a cedar, from the top downwards. Moore certainly possessed many remarkable traits of mind; but he was animated rather than brilliant, fanciful rather than imaginative, prone to indulge in a tawdry excess of ornament, and in a juvenile exuberance of feeling which *seems* an affectation, whether real or not. But on his native soil his step was firm and his eye clear. His patriotic songs are not only the best in Ireland's history, but they may challenge comparison with those of any nation.

The poet was an amiable person, fond of society, and especially proud of his titled friends. His *Memoirs*, edited by Lord John Russell, from which much was expected, proved to be quite void of interest.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate,
And as she listened to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place.

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall :
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all.

"Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall ;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray ;
Yet, O ! 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them all.

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall ;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years —
One minute of heaven is worth them all."

The glorious Angel who was keeping
The Gates of Light beheld her weeping ;
And, as he nearer drew, and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which Bramins say
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.¹

"Nymph of a fair but erring line,"
Gently he said, "one hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
'The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven.'
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin :
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in."

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the Sun,
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb the empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for Heaven ? "I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumbered rubies burn,

¹ The blue campac.

Beneath the pillars of Chilminar ;¹
 I know where the Isles of Perfume are,
 Many a fathom down in the sea,
 To the south of sun-bright Araby ;
 I know, too, where the genii hid
 The jewelled cup of their King Jamshid,
 With Life's elixir sparkling high ;
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne ?
 And the Drops of Life — O, what would they be
 In the boundless deep of eternity !”

While thus she mused, her pinions fanned
 The air of that sweet Indian land
 Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral rocks and amber beds ;
 Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem ;
 Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides ;
 Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
 Might be a Peri's paradise ;
 But crimson now her rivers ran
 With human blood ; the smell of death
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
 And man, the sacrifice of man,
 Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers.
 Land of the Sun, what foot invades
 Thy pagods and thy pillared shades,²
 Thy cavern shrines, and idol stones,
 Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones ?
 'Tis he of Gazna :³ fierce in wrath
 He comes, and India's diadems
 Lie scattered in his ruinous path.
 His bloodhounds he adorns with gems
 Torn from the violated necks
 Of many a young and loved sultana ;

¹ The ruins of Persepolis.² The banyan tree.³ Mahmood, conqueror of India.

Maidens within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters.
Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand
Alone beside his native river,
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear."
Silent that youthful warrior stood —
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well ;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell ;
Yet marked the Peri where he lay,
And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last,
Last glorious drop his heart had shed
Before its free-born spirit fled.

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss.
O, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,

" Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land ;
But see, alas ! the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not. Holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's lunar mountains,
Far to the south, the Peri lighted,
And sleeked her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth
Deep in those solitary woods
Where oft the genii of the floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born giant's smile ;
Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,

Her grots, and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled spirit sighing roves,
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale, now loves

To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.

'Twas a fair scene : a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold.

Who could have thought, that saw this night,

Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light ;
Those groups of lovely date trees, bending
Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds ;

Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright
When their beloved sun's awake ;
Those ruined shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream,
Amid whose fairy loneliness

Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheathe its gleam)
Some purple-winged sultana¹ sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering like an idol bird! —
Who could have thought, that there, even there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touched by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering!
The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again.
And, O! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps —
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyena stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies —
Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall —
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept — the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly spirits weep for man!
Just then beneath some orange trees,

¹ A bird of brilliant plumage.

Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
 Were wantoning together, free,
 Like age at play with infancy —
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the lake, she heard the moan
 Of one who, at this silent hour,
 Had thither stolen to die alone.
 One who in life where'er he moved,
 Drew after him the hearts of many ;
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
 Dies here unseen, unwept by any !
 None to watch near him — none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,
 With even a sprinkle from that lake,
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.
 No voice, well known through many a day,
 To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard —
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
 Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth ! one thought alone
 Shed joy around his soul in death —
 That she, whom he for years had known,
 And loved, and might have called his own,
 Was safe from this foul midnight's breath —
 Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where the cool airs from fountain-falls,
 Freshly perfumed by many a brand
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Were pure as she whose brow they fanned.

But see — who yonder comes by stealth,
 This melancholy bower to seek,
 Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek ?
 'Tis she — far off, through moonlight dim
 He knew his own betrothed bride,

She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside ! —
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosened tresses.
Ah ! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling-place
Of Eden's infant cherubim !
And now he yields — now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffered lips alone —
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unasked or without shame.
“ O, let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me !
There, — drink my tears, while yet they fall, —
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face —
Am I not thine, — thy own loved bride, —
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side ?
Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers when thou art gone ?
That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself ? — No, no —
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too !
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before, like thee, I fade and burn ;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share

The last pure life that lingers there ! ”
 She fails, — she sinks, — as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs, or cavern damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
 One struggle, and his pain is past —
 Her lover is no longer living !
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving !

“Sleep,” said the Peri, as softly she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as e’er warmed a woman’s breast —
 “Sleep on, in visions of odor rest,
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
 The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
 Who sings at the last his own death-lay,¹
 And in music and perfume dies away !”

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
 Such lustre o’er each paly face,
 That like two lovely saints they seemed,
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken
 From their dim graves, in odor sleeping ;
 While that benevolent Peri beamed
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping
 Watch o’er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky ;
 Again the Peri soars above,
 Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
 High throbbed her heart, with hope elate,
 The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
 For the bright Spirit at the gate
 Smiled as she gave that offering in ;
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells

¹ The phoenix.

Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the throne of Alla swells ;
And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted Souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take.

But, ah ! even Peris' hopes are vain —
 Again the Fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed : “ Not yet,”
 The Angel said, as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory ;
“ True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, Peri, see — the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not — holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee.”

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of Eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon ;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below !
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls ;
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light ;
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,

With their rich restless wings that gleam
 Variously in the crimson beam
 Of the warm west, — as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 Th' unclouded skies of Peristan.
 And then the mingling sounds that come,
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales ;
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales.

But nought can charm the luckless Peri ;
 Her soul is sad — her wings are weary —
 Joyless she sees the sun look down
 On that great Temple,¹ once his own,
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
 Like dials which the wizard, Time,
 Had raised to count his ages by !
 Yet haply there may lie concealed
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
 Some amulet of gems, annealed
 In upper fires, some tablet sealed
 With the great name of Solomon,
 Which, spelléd by illumined eyes,
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
 The charm, that can restore so soon
 An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheered by this hope she bends her thither ;
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
 Nor have the golden bowers of Even
 In the rich west begun to wither ;
 When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they ;

¹ The Temple of the Sun at Baalbec.

Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Liked wingéd flowers or flying gems :
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's ¹ rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
 Upon a brow more fierce than that, —
Sullenly fierce, — a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire ;
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
The ruined maid — the shrine profaned —
Oaths broken — and the threshold stained
With blood of guests ! — *there* written, all
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play :
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
 Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets !

¹ A place of entertainment for pilgrims.

The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lispering the eternal name of God
 From Purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again.
 O, 'twas a sight — that heaven — that child —
 A scene, which might have well beguiled
 Even haughty Eblis¹ of a sigh
 For glories lost and peace gone by !

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
 Reclining there — while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace ?
 "There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
 Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child,
 When, young and haply pure as thou,
 I looked and prayed like thee — but now —"
 He hung his head — each nobler aim,
 And hope, and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept — he wept !
 Blest tears of soul-felt penitence !
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the
 moon
 Falls through the withering airs of June
 Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
 So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour

¹ The chief of evil spirits.

That drop descends, contagion dies,
 And health reanimates earth and skies !
 O, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
 The precious tears of repentance fall ?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all ! ”

And now — behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,
 While the same sunbeam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
 The triumph of a Soul Forgiven !
 'Twas when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they lingered yet,
 There fell a light more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
 Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam ;
 But well the enraptured Peri knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
 Her harbinger of glory near !

“ Joy, joy forever ! my task is done,
 The Gates are passed, and heaven is won !
 O, am I not happy ? I am, I am ;
 To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and sad
 Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam, ¹
 And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad ! ¹
 Farewell, ye odors of earth, that die
 Passing away like a lover's sigh ;
 My feast is now of the Tooba Tree, ²
 Whose scent is the breath of Eternity !
 Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief ;
 O, what are the brightest that e'er have blown

¹ Cities in fairy land.

A tree in Mohammed's garden in Paradise.

To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf?
Joy, joy forever ! my task is done,
The Gates are passed, and heaven is won !”

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine ;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee.

I'll seek by day some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne,
And the pale stars shall be at night
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read in words of flame
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds a while the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through.

There's nothing bright above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.

There's nothing dark below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

O, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

O, BREATHE not his name ; let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid :
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

ON MUSIC.

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of boyhood meet our ear,
O, how welcome breathes the strain !
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of Oriental flowers
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours ;
Filled with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music — O, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should Feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign ;
Love's are even more false than they.
O, 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.

Thomas Chalmers was born in the County of Fife, in Scotland, March 17, 1780. He was educated at the College of St. Andrew's, and was ordained a minister in a parish of his native county in 1802. He removed in 1815 to Glasgow, where he preached until 1823, when he became professor of moral philosophy at St. Andrew's. In 1828 he was called to the chair of divinity in the University of Edinburgh, which he filled until his secession from the established church in 1843. He died in May, 1847. His collected works comprised twenty-five volumes, chiefly sermons, essays, and lectures; and after his death nine additional volumes were gathered. Probably no preacher in his day produced a more profound impression. His mind was active, fiery, vehement. Jeffrey said, "He buried his adversaries under the fragments of burning mountains." When he preached in London, the church was thronged by the most eminent men. Mr. Canning said, "The tartan beats us; we have no preaching like that in England." In the multitude of his labors Dr. Chalmers had little time to cultivate a critical elegance of style; but his deep feeling, ardent piety, native eloquence, and vigor place him among the most eminent of clerical authors.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE sufferings of the lower animals may, when out of sight, be out of mind. But more than this, these sufferings may be in sight, and yet out of mind. This is strikingly exemplified in the sports of the field, in the midst of whose varied and animating bustle, that cruelty which all along is present to the senses may not for one moment have been present to the thoughts. There sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory on this favorite pastime of joyous old England; when the gallant knighthood, and the hearty yeomen, and the amateurs or virtuosos of the chase, and the full assembled jockeyship of half a province, muster together in all the pride and pageantry of their great emprise — and the panorama of some noble landscape, lighted up with autumnal clearness from an unclouded heaven, pours fresh exhilaration into every blithe and choice spirit of the scene — and every adventurous heart is braced, and impatient for the hazards of the coming enterprise; and even the high-breathed coursers catch the general sympathy, and seem to fret in all the restiveness of their yet checked and irritated fire, till the echoing horn shall set them at liberty — even that horn which is the knell of death to some trembling victim now brought forth of its lurking-place to the delighted gaze, and borne down upon with the full and open cry of its ruthless pursuers. Be assured that, amid the whole glee and fervency of this tumultuous enjoyment, there might not, in one single bosom, be aught so fiendish as a principle of naked and abstract cruelty. The fear which gives its lightning-speed to the unhappy animal; the thickening horrors, which, in the progress

of exhaustion, must gather upon its flight ; its gradually sinking energies, and, at length, the terrible certainty of that destruction which is awaiting it ; that piteous cry which the ear can sometimes distinguish amid the deafening clamor of the blood-hounds as they spring exultingly upon their prey ; the dread massacre and dying agonies of a creature so miserably torn,—all this weight of suffering, we admit, is not once sympathized with ; but it is just because the suffering itself is not once thought of. It touches not the sensibilities of the heart ; but just because it is never present to the notice of the mind. We allow that the hardy followers in the wild romance of this occupation, we allow them to be reckless of pain ; but this is not rejoicing in pain. Theirs is not the delight of the savage, but the apathy of unreflecting creatures. They are wholly occupied with the chase itself and its spirit-stirring accompaniments, nor bestow one moment's thought on the dread violence of that infliction upon sentient nature which marks its termination. It is the spirit of the competition, and it alone, which goads onward this hurrying career ; and even he who in at the death is foremost in the triumph, although to him the death itself is in sight, the agony of its wretched sufferer is wholly out of mind.

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals ; and the question is, Can any method be devised for its alleviation ? On this subject that scriptural image is strikingly realized : “ the whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain ” because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering, whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that, for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures ; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendor, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain, whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects ; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or to its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted

up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gayety, — this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency, than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations ; and so “the fear of man and the dread of man is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea ; into man’s hands are they delivered : every moving thing that liveth is meat for him ; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things.” Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labors and is in violence because of his cruelties ; and from the amphitheatre of sentient Nature there sounds in fancy’s ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering — a dreadful homage to the power of Nature’s constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die, just as we do. They possess the same feelings ; and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs ; or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye : and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own spe-

cies, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

GRANDEUR OF THE UNIVERSE.

THOUGH the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished forever,—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness,—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? A mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty.

Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighborhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers.

LEIGH HUNT.

Leigh Hunt was born in 1784, and was a school-fel'ow with Charles Lamb at Christ's Hospital. He wrote theatrical criticisms for a newspaper while still a youth, and afterwards aided in establishing *The Examiner*. For an alleged libel on the Prince Regent he was sentenced to imprisonment for two years. The poet's happy temper, and the care of kind friends, especially of Moore and Byron, made his jail apartments a very comfortable as well as picturesque residence. After his release he published his principal poem, the *Story of Rimini*. His poems contain many fine passages, for he had a lively fancy and an artistic touch; but they do not, as a whole, rise above a respectable level. Two fortunate poetical thoughts of his will live—the constantly-quoted *Abou Ben Adhem*, and *The Grasshopper and Cricket*. His best prose essays are contained in a volume entitled *The Indicator and Companion*, from which the specimens that follow are taken.

Leigh Hunt was a writer by profession; any respectable literary work that would sell he was ready to do; and, as he was always in deplorably straitened circumstances, the list of his works would be long and unprofitable. It has been more than suspected that the pecuniary theory and practice of *Harold Skimpole*, as well as his naïve sybaritism, were drawn by Dickens from the personal history of this lively author. He received a pension of two hundred pounds in 1847, and died at Kensington in 1859.

MY BOOKS.

SITTING, last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fireside could afford me, to wit, a table of high-piled books at my back, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet, I began to consider how I loved the authors of those books; how I loved them, too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them. I looked sideways at my Spenser, my Theocritus, and my Arabian Nights; then above them at my Italian poets; then behind me at my Dryden and Pope, my romances, and my Boccaccio; then on my left side at my Chaucer, who lay on a writing-desk,—and thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to Chapman's Homer.

I intrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather. If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my movables; if a melancholy thought is importunate, I give another glance at my Spenser. When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally. I like to lean my head against them. Living in a southern climate, though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged, during that season, to take some of the books out of

the study, and hang them up near the fireplace in the sitting-room, which is the only room that has such a convenience. I therefore walled myself in, as well as I could, in the manner above mentioned. I took a walk every day, to the astonishment of the Genoese, who used to huddle against a bit of sunny wall like flies on a chimney-piece; but I did this only that I might so much the more enjoy my English evening. The fire was a wood fire, instead of a coal; but I imagined myself in the country. I remembered, at the very worst, that one end of my native land was not nearer the other than England is to Italy.

While writing this article I am in my study again. Like the rooms in all houses in this country which are not hovels, it is handsome and ornamented. On one side it looks towards a garden and mountains; on another to the mountains and the sea. What signifies all this? I turn my back upon the sea, I shut up even one of the side windows looking upon the mountains, and retain no prospect but that of the trees. On the right and left of me are bookshelves; a book-case is affectionately open in front of me; and thus kindly enclosed with my books and the green leaves, I write. If all this is too luxurious and effeminate, of all luxuries it is the one that leaves you the most strength; and this is to be said for scholarship in general.

I do not like this fine large study. I like elegance. I like room to breathe in, and even walk about, when I want to breathe and walk about. I like a great library next my study; but for the study itself, give me a small, snug place, almost entirely walled with books. There should be only one window in it, looking upon trees. Some prefer a place with few or no books at all — nothing but a chair or a table, like Epictetus; but I should say that these were philosophers, not lovers of books, if I did not recollect that Montaigne was both. He had a study in a round tower, walled as aforesaid. It is true one forgets one's books while writing — at least they say so. For my part, I think I have them in a sort of sidelong mind's eye; like a second thought, which is none — like a waterfall, or a whispering wind.

I love an author the more for having been himself a lover of books. The idea of an ancient library perplexes our sympathy by its map-like volumes, rolled upon cylinders. Our imagination cannot take kindly to a yard of wit, or to thirty inches of moral observation, rolled out like linen in a draper's shop. But we conceive of Plato as a lover of books; of Aristotle certainly; of Plutarch, Pliny,

Horace, Julian, and Marcus Aurelius. Virgil, too, must have been one; and, after a fashion, Martial. May I confess, that the passage which I recollect with the greatest pleasure in Cicero is where he says that books delight us at home, and are no impediment abroad; travel with us, ruralize with us? His period is rounded off to some purpose — “*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; peregrinantur, rusticantur.*” I am so much of this opinion that I do not care to be anywhere without having a book or books at hand, and, like Dr. Orkborne in the novel of Camilla, stuff the coach or post-chaise with them whenever I travel. As books, however, become ancient, the love of them becomes more unequivocal and conspicuous. The ancients had little of what we call learning. They made it. They were also no very eminent buyers of books — they made books for posterity.

It is true that it is not at all necessary to love many books in order to love them much. The scholar, in Chaucer, who would rather have

“at his beddes head
A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robes rich, or fiddle, or psaltrie,”

doubtless beat all our modern collectors in his passion for reading; but books must at least exist, and have acquired an eminence, before their lovers can make themselves known.

How pleasant it is to reflect that all these lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired! How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no farther; which generates, and yet is not destroyed. Consider: minds themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away; and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal.

“Muiono le città, muiono i regni,
E l' uom d' esser mortal par che si sdegni.”*

Yet this little body of thought, that lies before me in the shape of a book, has existed thousand of years, nor since the invention of the press can anything short of a universal convulsion of nature abolish it. To a shape like this — so small, yet so comprehensive; so slight, yet so lasting; so insignificant, yet so venerable — turns the

* See Appendix.

mighty activity of Homer, and so turning is enabled to live and warm us forever. To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus ; to a shape like this the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and the volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton, can be gathered together

"The assembled souls of all that men held wise."

May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every author who is a lover of books asks himself some time in his life, and which must be pardoned, because it cannot be helped. I know not. I cannot exclaim with the poet, "O that my name were numbered among theirs!" Then gladly would I end my mortal days ; for my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind when he is no more. At all events, nothing, while I live and think, can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die ; and, perhaps, if Fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my overbeating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

THE GRACES AND ANXIETIES OF PIG-DRIVING.

FROM the perusal of this article we beg leave to warn off vulgar readers of all denominations, whether of the "great vulgar or the small." Warn, did we say? We drive them off ; for Horace tells us that they, as well as pigs, are to be so treated. "*Odi profanum vulgus*," says he, "*et arceo*." But do thou lend thine ear, gentle shade of Goldsmith, who didst make thy bear-leader denounce "everything as is low ;" and thou, Steele, who didst humanize upon public houses and puppet-shows ; and, Fielding, thou whom the great Richardson, less in that matter, and some others, than thyself, did accuse of vulgarity, because thou didst discern natural gentility in a footman, and yet was not to be taken in by the airs of Pamela and my Lady G.

The title is a little startling ; but "style and sentiment." as a lady

said, "can do anything." Remember, then, gentle reader, that talents are not to be despised in the humblest walks of life; we will add, nor in the muddiest. The other day we happened to be among a set of spectators who could not help stopping to admire the patience and address with which a pig-driver huddled and cherished onward his drove of unaccommodating *élèves* down a street in the suburbs. He was a born genius for a manœuvre. Had he originated in a higher sphere, he would have been a general or a stage manager, or, at least, the head of a set of monks. Conflicting interests were his forte; pig-headed wills and proceedings, hopeless. To see the *hand* with which he did it! How hovering, yet firm! how encouraging, yet compelling! how indicative of the space on each side of him, and yet of the line before him! how general! how particular! how perfect! No barber's could quiver about a head with more lightness of apprehension, no cook's pat up and proportion the side of a pasty with a more final eye. "The whales," quoth old Chapman, speaking of Neptune, —

"The whales exulted under him, and knew their mighty king."

The pigs did not exult, but they knew their king. Unwilling was their subjection, but "more in sorrow than in anger." They were too far gone for rage. Their case was hopeless. They did not see why they should proceed, but they felt themselves bound to do so — forced, conglomerated, crowded onwards, irresistibly impelled by fate and Jenkins. Often would they have bolted under any other master. They squeaked and grunted, as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped; they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape; but in vain. There they stuck, — for their very progress was a sort of sticking, — charmed into the centre of his sphere of action; laying their heads together, but to no purpose; looking all as if they were shrugging their shoulders, and eschewing the tip end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg; shrewd backward glances; not a little anticipative squeak, and sudden rush of avoidance. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it; but a pig finds it more difficult than any other animal to accommodate himself to circumstances. Being out of his pale, he is in the highest state of wonderment and inaptitude. He is sluggish, obstinate, opinionate, not very social; has no desire of seeing foreign parts. Think of him in a multitude, forced to travel, and wondering what the devil it is that drives him! Judge by this of the talents of his driver.

We beheld a man once—an inferior genius—inducting a pig into the other end of Long Lane, Smithfield. He had got him thus far towards the market. It was much. His air announced success in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work; he had only to look for the termination of it; and he looked, as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say, in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to the public house, and indulge in porter and a pleasing security. Perhaps he would not say much, at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but, by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like Æneas, into all the circumstances of his journey, and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set-out; full of tremor his middle course, high and skilful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Ducking-pond Row, masterly his turn at Bell Alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long Lane. A gravity came upon him, as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation, darting along; but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering as he was on the borders of triumph. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species—a fellow that would not move faster than he could help, irritable, retrospective, picking objections, and prone to boggle—a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the alleys. He bolts!

He's off! *Evasit! Erupit!*

"O," exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy which the spectators felt to be too true, "he'll go up all manner of streets!"

Poor fellow! we think of him now, sometimes, driving up Duke Street, and not to be comforted in Barbican.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class

With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;
 O, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts ; and both were sent on earth
 To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song,
 Indoors and out, summer and winter, — mirth.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU BEN ADHEM — may his tribe increase ! —
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 “What writest thou ?” The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
 “And is mine one ?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said, “I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”
 The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And, lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

JOHN WILSON.

John Wilson was born in Paisley in 1785, and was educated at Glasgow and at Oxford. He lived for some time near Lake Windermere, where he enjoyed the society of Wordsworth. He afterwards removed to Edinburgh, where he became Professor of Moral Philosophy and editor of Blackwood’s Magazine. His contributions to Blackwood were universally read and admired, since they were written in a style of freedom, and with a dash of egotism before unknown in periodical literature. His robust nature and unfailing spirits seem to inspire every sentence ; and, whether we believe in his political, social, or artistic theories, or think them partial, one-sided, and perverse, we read his lively and natural *talk*

with hearty pleasure. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, and his best things are the descriptions of his favorite pastimes. His principal works are the *Recreations of Christopher North*, *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, a series of tales, mostly tender and pathetic, and the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. In the last-named work the animal spirits of our author run riot; and those who are familiar with the politics and the literature of the time will find (amongst a deal of trash) many apt and striking observations, and some scenes brim full of fun. He wrote also two poems—*The Isle of Palms* and *The City of the Plague*; both have considerable merit, but not enough to sustain the great reputation which the poet enjoyed among his contemporaries. The reader who follows Wilson through a volume of prose will have an idea of his versatile power which no single citation can convey. He died in 1854.

[From *Recreations of Christopher North*.]

YET there seems to be a natural course or progress in pastimes. We do not now speak of marbles, or knuckling down at taw, or trundling a hoop, or pall-lall, or pitch and toss, or any other of the games of the school playground. We restrict ourselves to what, somewhat inaccurately perhaps, are called field-sports. Thus angling seems the earliest of them all in the order of nature. There the new-breeched urchin stands on the low bridge of the little bit burnie! and with crooked pin, baited with one unwrithing ring of a dead worm, and attached to a yarn-thread,—for he has not yet got into hair, and is years off gut,—his rod of the mere willow or hazel wand, there will he stand during all his play-hours, as forgetful of his Primer as if the weary art of printing had never been invented, day after day, week after week, month after month, in mute, deep, earnest, passionate, heart-mind-and-soul engrossing hope of some time or other catching a minnow or a beardie! A tug—a tug! With face ten times flushed and pale by turns ere you could count ten, he at last has strength, in the agitation of his fear and joy, to pull away at the monster—and there he lies in his beauty among the gowans and the greensward, for he has whapped him right over his head and far away, a fish a quarter of an ounce in weight, and, at the very least, two inches long! Off he flies, on wings of wind, to his father, mother, and sisters, and brothers, and cousins, and all the neighborhood, holding the fish aloft in both hands, still fearful of its escape; and, like a genuine child of corruption, his eyes brighten at the first blush of cold blood on his small fummy fingers. He carries about with him, up stairs and down stairs, his prey upon a plate; he will not wash his hands before dinner, for he exults in the silver scales adhering to the thumb-nail that scooped the pin out of the baggy's maw; and at night, "cabined, cribbed, confined," he is overheard murmuring in his sleep—a thief, a robber, and a murderer, in his yet infant dreams!

From that hour angling is no more a mere delightful day-dream, haunted by the dim hopes of imaginary minnows, but a reality — an art — a science — of which the flaxen-headed school-boy feels himself to be master — a mystery in which he has been initiated ; and off he goes now all alone, in the power of successful passion, to the distant brook, — brook a mile off, — with fields, and hedges, and single trees, and little groves, and a huge forest of six acres, between it and the house in which he is boarded or was born ! There flows on the slender music of the shadowy shallows — there pours the deeper din of the birch-treed waterfall. The scared water-pyret flits away from stone to stone, and, dipping, disappears among the airy bubbles, to him a new sight of joy and wonder. And O ! how sweet the scent of the broom or furze, yellowing along the braes, where leap the lambs, less happy than he, on the knolls of sunshine ! His grandfather has given him a half-crown rod in two pieces — yes, his line is of hair twisted, plaited by his own soon-instructed little fingers. By Heavens, he is fishing with the fly ! And the Fates, who, grim and grisly as they are painted to be by full-grown, ungrateful, lying poets, smile like angels upon the paidler in the brook, winnowing the air with their wings into western breezes, while at the very first throw the yellow trout forsakes his fastness beneath the bog-wood, and with a lazy wallop, and then a sudden plunge, and then a race like lightning, changes at once the child into the boy, and shoots through his thrilling and aching heart the ecstasy of a new life expanding in that glorious pastime, even as a rainbow on a sudden brightens up the sky. *Fortuna favet fortibus* — and with one long pull, and strong pull, and pull all together, Johnny lands a twelve-incher on the soft, smooth, silvery sand of the only bay in all the burn where such an exploit was possible, and, dashing upon him like an osprey, soars up with him in his talons to the bank, breaking his line as he hurries off to a spot of safety twenty yards from the pool, and then, flinging him down on a heath-surrounded plat of sheep-nibbled verdure, lets him bounce about till he is tired, and lies gasping with unfrequent and feeble motions, bright, and beautiful, and glorious with all his yellow light and crimson lustre, spotted, speckled, and starred in his scaly splendor, beneath a sun that never shone before so dazzlingly ; but now the radiance of the captive creature is dimmer and obscured, for the eye of day winks and seems almost shut behind that slow-sailing mass of clouds, composed in equal parts of air, rain, and sunshine.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Thomas de Quincey was born in Manchester in 1786. He received his education at Eton, and remained for a time at Oxford, but ran away while only sixteen years old, and lived a vagabond life in London. The story of his adventures and sufferings forms one of the most interesting chapters in his works. Like Coleridge he was a slave to opium, and consumed prodigious quantities. In his *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*, he has described with horrible vividness the dreams and the mental condition induced by the drug. He succeeded, however, in freeing himself from the fatal appetite, partly, if not altogether, and continued for many years a brilliant and industrious writer for the press.

De Quincey has left no works that show the creative faculty; but his critical acuteness is marvellous, and his descriptive powers are of the highest order. His complete works have been published in this country in fifteen volumes. He died at Edinburgh in 1859.

CHILDHOOD.

ON the day after my sister's death, whilst the sweet temple of her brain was yet unviolated by human scrutiny, I formed my own scheme for seeing her once more. Not for the world would I have made this known, nor have suffered a witness to accompany me. I had never heard of feelings that take the name of "sentimental," nor dreamed of such a possibility. But grief, even in a child, hates the light, and shrinks from human eyes. The house was large enough to have two staircases; and by one of these I knew that about mid-day, when all would be quiet (for the servants dined at one o'clock), I could steal up into her chamber. I imagine that it was about an hour after high noon when I reached the chamber door; it was locked, but the key was not taken away. Entering, I closed the door so softly, that, although it opened upon a hall which ascended through all the stories, no echo ran along the silent walls. Then, turning round, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved, and the back was now turned towards myself. Nothing met my eyes but one large window, wide open, through which the sun of midsummer, at midday, was showering down torrents of splendor. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the express types of infinity, and it was not possible for eye to behold, or for heart to conceive, any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life.

From the gorgeous sunlight I turned around to the corpse. There lay the sweet childish figure; there the angel face; and, as people usually fancy, it was said in the house that no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead, indeed—the serene and noble forehead—*that* might be the same; but the frozen eye—

lids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish — could these be mistaken for life? Had it been so, wherefore did I not spring to those heavenly lips with tears and never-ending kisses? But so it was *not*. I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and, whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow — the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Many times since, upon summer days, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one great *audible* symbol of eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances — namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day.

Instantly, when my ear caught this vast *Æolian* intonation, when my eye filled with the golden fullness of life, the pomps of the heavens above, or the glory of the flowers below, and turning when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up forever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft forever; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but *that* also ran before us, and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on forever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death, seemed to repel me; some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them; shadowy meanings even yet continued to exercise and torment, in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me. I slept — for how long I cannot say; slowly I recovered my self-possession, and when I woke, found myself standing, as before, close to my sister's bed.

On Sunday mornings I went with the rest of my family to church; it was a church on the ancient model of England, having aisles, galleries, organ, all things ancient and venerable, and the proportions majestic. Here, whilst the congregation knelt through the long litany, as often as we came to that passage, so beautiful amongst many that are so, where God is supplicated on behalf of "all sick persons and young children," and that he would "show his pity upon all prisoners and captives," I wept in secret, and raising my streaming eyes to the upper windows of the galleries, saw, on days when the

sun was shining, a spectacle as affecting as ever prophet can have beheld. The sides of the windows were rich with storied glass ; through the deep purples and crimsons streamed the golden light ; emblazonries of heavenly illumination (from the sun) mingling with the earthly emblazonries (from art and its gorgeous coloring) of what is grandest in man. There were the apostles that had trampled upon earth, and the glories of earth, out of celestial love to man. There were the martyrs that had borne witness to the truth through flames, through torments, and through armies of fierce, insulting faces. There were the saints who, under intolerable pangs, had glorified God by meek submission to his will. And all the time, whilst this tumult of sublime memorials held on as the deep chords from some accompaniment in the bass, I saw through the wide central field of the window, where the glass was *uncolored*, white, fleecy clouds sailing over the azure depths of the sky : were it but a fragment or a hint of such a cloud, immediately under the flash of my sorrow-haunted eye, it grew and shaped itself into visions of beds with white lawny curtains ; and in the beds lay sick children, dying children, that were tossing in anguish, and weeping clamorously for death. God, for some mysterious reason, could not suddenly release them from their pain ; but he suffered the beds, as it seemed, to rise slowly through the clouds ; slowly the beds ascended into the chambers of the air ; slowly, also, his arms descended from the heavens, that he and his young children, whom in Palestine, once and forever, he had blessed, though they *must* pass slowly through the dreadful chasm of separation, might yet meet the sooner.

These visions were self-sustained. These visions needed not that any sound should speak to me, or music mould my feelings. The hint from the litany, the fragment from the clouds — those and the storied windows were sufficient. But not the less the blare of the tumultuous organ wrought its own separate creations. And oftentimes in anthems, when the mighty instrument threw its vast columns of sound, fierce yet melodious, over the voices of the choir, — high in arches, when it seemed to rise, surmounting and overriding the strife of the vocal parts, and gathering by strong coercion the total storm into unity, — sometimes I seemed to rise and walk triumphantly upon those clouds which, but a moment before, I had looked up to as mementos of prostrate sorrow ; yes, sometimes under the transfigurations of music, felt of grief itself as of a fiery chariot for mounting victoriously above the causes of grief.

God speaks to children, also, in dreams, and by the oracles that

turk in darkness. But in solitude, above all things, when made vocal to the meditative heart by the truths and services of a national church, God holds with children "communion undisturbed." Solitude, though it may be silent as light, is, like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world *alone*; all leave it *alone*. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness that, if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appalls or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude, through which already he has passed, and of another solitude deeper still, through which he *has* to pass — reflex of one solitude, prefiguration of another.

O burden of solitude, that cleavest to man through every stage of his being! in his birth, which *has* been — in his life, which *is* — in his death, which *shall* be — mighty and essential solitude! that wast, and art, and art to be; thou broodest, like the Spirit of God moving upon the surface of the deeps, over every heart that sleeps in the nurseries of Christendom. Like the vast laboratory of the air, which, seeming to be nothing, or less than the shadow of a shade, hides within itself the principles of all things, solitude for the meditating child is the Agrippa's mirror of the unseen universe. Deep is the solitude of millions who, with hearts welling forth love, have none to love them. Deep is the solitude of those who, under secret griefs, have none to pity them. Deep is the solitude of those who, fighting with doubts or darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood under the passion of sorrow, bringing before it, at intervals, the final solitude which watches for it, and is waiting for it within the gates of death. O mighty and essential solitude, that wast, and art, and art to be, thy kingdom is made perfect in the grave; but even over those that keep watch outside the grave, like myself, an infant of six years old, thou stretchest out a sceptre of fascination.

THE PALIMPSEST.

A PALIMPSEST is a membrane or roll cleansed of its manuscript by reiterated successions.

What was the reason that the Greeks and the Romans had not the

advantage of printed books? The answer will be, from ninety-nine persons in a hundred, Because the mystery of printing was not then discovered. But this is altogether a mistake. The secret of printing must have been discovered many thousands of times before it was used, or *could* be used. . . . It did not require an Athenian intellect to read the main secret of printing in many scores of processes which the ordinary uses of life were daily repeating. To say nothing of analogous artifices amongst various mechanic artisans, all that is essential in printing must have been known to every nation that struck coins and medals. Not, therefore, any want of a printing art, — that is, of an art for multiplying impressions, — but the want of a cheap material for receiving such impressions, was the obstacle to an introduction of printed books, even as early as Pisistratus. The ancients *did* apply printing to records of silver and gold; to marble, and many other substances cheaper than gold and silver, they did *not*, since each monument required a separate effort of inscription. Simply this defect it was of a cheap material for receiving impresses, which froze in its very fountains the early resources of printing.

Now, out of that original scarcity affecting all materials proper for durable books, which continued up to times comparatively modern, grew the opening for palimpsests. Naturally, when once a roll of parchment or of vellum had done its office, by propagating through a series of generations what once had possessed an interest for *them*, but which, under changes of opinion or of taste, had faded to their feelings or had become obsolete for their undertakings, the whole *membrana*, or vellum skin, the twofold product of human skill, costly material, and costly freight of thought, which it carried, drooped in value concurrently — supposing that each were inalienably associated to the other. Once it had been the impress of a human mind which stamped its value upon the vellum; the vellum, though costly, had contributed but a secondary element of value to the total result. At length, however, this relation between the vehicle and its freight has gradually been undermined. The vellum, from having been the setting of the jewel, has risen at length to be the jewel itself; and the burden of thought, from having given the chief value to the vellum, has now become the chief obstacle to its value — nay, has totally extinguished its value, unless it can be dissociated from the connection. Yet, if this unlinking *can* be effected, then, fast as the inscription upon the membrane is sinking into rubbish, the membrane itself

is reviving in its separate importance ; and from bearing a ministerial value, the vellum has come at last to absorb the whole value.

Hence the importance for our ancestors that the separation should be effected. Hence it arose in the middle ages, as a considerable object for chemistry, to discharge the writing from the roll, and thus to make it available for a new succession of thoughts. The soil, if cleansed from what once had been hot-house plants, but now were held to be weeds, would be ready to receive a fresh and more appropriate crop. In that object the monkish chemist succeeded ; but after a fashion which seems almost incredible, — incredible not as regards the extent of their success, but as regards the delicacy of restraints under which it moved, — so equally adjusted was their success to the immediate interests of that period, and to the reversionary objects of our own. They did the thing ; but not so radically as to prevent us, their posterity, from *undoing* it. They expelled the writing sufficiently to leave a field for the new manuscript, and yet not sufficiently to make the traces of the elder manuscript irrecoverable for us. . . .

Here, for instance, is a parchment which contained some Grecian tragedy, the Agamemnon of Æschylus, or the Phœnissæ of Euripides. This had possessed a value almost inappreciable in the eyes of accomplished scholars, continually growing rarer through generations. But four centuries are gone by since the destruction of the Western Empire. Christianity, with towering grandeurs of another class, has founded a different empire ; and some bigoted, yet perhaps holy monk has washed away (as he persuades himself) the heathen's tragedy, replacing it with a monastic legend ; which legend is disfigured with fables in its incidents, and yet in a higher sense is true, because interwoven with Christian morals, and with the sublimest of Christian revelations. Three, four, five centuries more, find man still devout as ever ; but the language has become obsolete, and even for Christian devotion a new era has arisen, throwing it into the channel of crusading zeal or of chivalrous enthusiasm. The *membrana* is wanted now for a knightly romance — for "my Cid," or Cœur de Lion ; for Sir Tristrem, or Lybæus Disconus. In this way, by means of the imperfect chemistry known to the mediæval period, the same roll has served as a conservatory for three separate generations of flowers and fruits, all perfectly different, and yet all specially adapted to the wants of the successive possessors. The Greek tragedy, the monkish legend, the knightly romance, each has ruled its own period. One harvest after another has been gathered into the garners of man through ages far apart. . . .

Such were the achievements of rude monastic chemistry. But the more elaborate chemistry of our own days has reversed all these motions of our simple ancestors, with results in every stage that to *them* would have realized the most fantastic amongst the promises of thaumaturgy. Insolent vaunt of Paracelsus, that he would restore the original rose or violet out of the ashes settling from its combustion — *that* is now rivalled in this modern achievement. The traces of each successive handwriting, regularly effaced, as had been imagined, have, in the inverse order, been regularly called back.

What else than a natural and mighty palimpsest is the human brain ? Such a palimpsest is my brain ; such a palimpsest, O reader, is yours ! Everlasting layers of ideas, images, feelings, have fallen upon your brain softly as light. Each succession has seemed to bury all that went before. And yet, in reality, not one has been extinguished. And if, in the vellum palimpsest, lying amongst the other *diplomata* of human archives or libraries, there is anything fantastic, or which moves to laughter, as oftentimes there is in the grotesque collisions of those successive themes, having no natural connection, which by pure accident have consecutively occupied the roll, yet, in our own heaven-created palimpsest, the deep memorial palimpsest of the brain, there are not, and cannot be, such incoherencies.

Yes, reader, countless are the mysterious handwritings of grief or joy which have inscribed themselves successively upon the palimpsest of your brain ; and like the annual leaves of aboriginal forests, or the undissolving snows on the Himalaya, or light falling upon light, the endless strata have covered up each other in forgetfulness. But by the hour of death, but by fever, but by the searchings of opium, all these can revive in strength. They are not dead, but sleeping. In the illustration imagined by myself, from the case of some individual palimpsest, the Grecian tragedy had seemed to be displaced, but was *not* displaced, by the monkish legend ; and the monkish legend had seemed to be displaced, but was *not* displaced, by the knightly romance. In some potent convulsion of the system, all wheels back into its earliest elementary stage. The bewildering romance, light tarnished with darkness, the semi-fabulous legend, truth celestial mixed with human falsehoods, — these fade, even of themselves, as life advances. The romance has perished that the

young man adored ; the legend has gone that deluded the boy ; but the deep, deep tragedies of infancy, as when the child's hands were unlinked forever from his mother's neck, or his lips forever from his sister's kisses, — these remain lurking below all, and these lurk to the last.



LORD BYRON.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in London in 1788, and received his education at Harrow, and afterwards at Cambridge. His first poems appeared in 1807, under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. The volume was severely "cut up" in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the poet in reply published a vigorous satire, called *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The answer was a more effective shot than the attack, and Byron had the sympathy of the reading public. After two years of travel in the south of Europe he published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, and was at once acknowledged to be one of the first, if not the first, of British poets. Soon after appeared *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, and *Lara*. At the height of his reputation he married the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, with whom he lived but a year. Extravagance, debt, dissipation, and an hereditary ill temper were too much to be borne, and the unhappy lady left him and returned to her father's country seat.

The effects of this quarrel are visible in all the subsequent works of the poet. If he was proud, gloomy, and bitter before, he became little less than satanic afterwards. He left England never to return, and visited the picturesque scenes and historic cities of the Continent. *Childe Harold* was finished ; then came *Manfred*, *Beppo*, *Mazeppa*, *Cain*, *Marino Faliero*, and his other numerous dramas, and all that was written of *Don Juan*. He lived for a long time in Venice, steeped in debauchery, and defiant of a decent public opinion. In 1823 he went to aid the Greeks in their war for independence, and died at Missolonghi, April 19, 1824. His remains were brought to England and buried in the parish church of Hucknall, near Newstead Abbey ; the Dean and Chapter of Westminster having intimated that they should refuse permission to lay him among the illustrious dead in the Abbey.

His *Poems*, *Life*, and *Letters* have been published in sixteen volumes, by Murray, London, — the life written by Thomas Moore. A very striking, but rather disagreeable picture of Byron may be found in Trelawney's *Recollections*. The reader who desires to see the prominent incidents in his life, and a powerful summary of his works, can consult the review in Macaulay's *Essays*.

The moody, restless spirit of the man gave a tinge to all his works ; for his works were always personal ; his characters were but embodiments of his own feelings. And, truly, the spectacle of a grand creative genius, linked with the sullen hate of a fallen angel and the lawless passions of a sensualist, must give an instant, dazzling warning to the youth who supposes that mere intellectual greatness, uncontrolled by moral qualities, is to be desired or worshipped.

Childe Harold is comparatively free from the grave faults that belong to Byron's poems in general ; and in many respects it must be regarded as equal to the best efforts of English genius. Detached passages of great beauty could be selected from many of the other poems ; but the interest in them is more dependent upon the story, and accordingly they are left for a separate reading.

GREECE.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

CANTO II.

LXXXV.

AND yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou !
 Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
 Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now ;
 Thy fanes, thy temples to the surface bow,
 Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic plough :
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth ;

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave ;
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave ;
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
 Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
 While strangers only not regardless pass,
 Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh, "Alas !"

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled ;
 And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields :
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
 The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air ;
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare :
 Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground ;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,

Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon :
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
 Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone :
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendor past
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
 Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore :
 Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO.

CANTO III.

XXI.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

XXII.

Did ye not hear it ? No ; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ; let joy be unconfin'd ;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
 But hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm, arm ! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar !

XXIV.

Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated : who would guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips, " The foe ! They come, they come ! "

XXVII.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave, — alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay.
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent

The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent.

GREAT SOULS LONELY.

CANTO III.

XLV.

HE who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

A STORM IN THE ALPS.

XCII.

THE sky is changed ! and such a change ! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue ;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

VENICE.

CANTO IV.

I.

I STOOD in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles

O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the wingéd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers :
And such she was : her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear :
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway ;
Ours in a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away —
The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

THE OCEAN.

CANTO IV.

CLXXVIII.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields
Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth : — there let him lay.

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee :
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since : their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage : their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play ;
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime ;
 The image of Eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers ; they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, and the representative of an ancient house, was born in 1792. He was sent to Eton at the age of thirteen, and at sixteen removed to Oxford. He was expelled, before finishing his course, on account of having written a treatise in defence of atheism. At nineteen he was secretly married to a young lady at a boarding-school, below his own rank, and was punished by his father, the baronet, by the loss of his allowance. When three years had passed, and two children were born, Shelley and his wife separated. He soon after eloped with the daughter of Mary Wolstonecraft and William Godwin, the author, and lived on the Continent for some time. On his return to England, Mrs. Shelley committed suicide, and he then married Miss Godwin in form. He subsequently went to Italy, and was drowned by the swamping of a boat off the port of Leghorn, in his thirtieth year.

The facts thus briefly stated are calculated to give a most unfavorable impression of the poet's character; but such are the inconsistencies of human nature that the reader must not be surprised to learn, on the testimony of Shelley's intimate friends, that he was singularly truthful, generous, unselfish, and full of a "natural piety." Out of an income of one thousand pounds a year he gave more than a tenth in charity; and at one time he raised fourteen hundred pounds to pay the debts of Leigh Hunt, who repaid the loan, after his way, by writing a tender biographical sketch of his drowned friend.

In person Shelley was slender, and his features were almost feminine in delicacy. His eyes and expression were in accord with the characteristics of his poetry. It is doubtless vain to speculate, but it is highly probable that this finely-organized man, under a different training at home, might have attained to the highest place among poets in his generation.

His works, with notes by his widow, are published, in three volumes, in the series of British Poets edited by Professor Child. Besides the sketch by Leigh Hunt alluded to, the reader can consult Trelawney's Recollections, in which the author's affection for Shelley is as evident as his dislike of Byron.

[From Queen Mab.]

I.

How wonderful is Death,
 Death and his brother Sleep !
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue ;
 The other, rosy as the morn
 When, throned on ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world :
 Yet both so passing wonderful !

The magic car moved on.
 The night was fair, and countless stars
 Studded heaven's dark blue vault ; —
 Just o'er the eastern wave
 Peeped the first faint smile of morn —

The magic car moved on —
From the celestial hoofs
The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew,
And where the burning wheels
Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak —
Was traced a line of lightning.
Now it flew far above a rock,
The utmost verge of earth,
The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow
Lowered o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's path,
Calm as a slumbering babe,
Tremendous Ocean lay.
The mirror of its stillness showed
The pale and waning stars,
The chariot's fiery track,
And the gray light of morn
Tinging those fleecy clouds
That canopied the dawn.
Seemed it, that the chariot's way
Lay through the midst of an immense concave,
Radiant with million constellations, tinged
With shades of infinite color,
And semicircled with a belt
Flashing incessant meteors.

The magic car moved on.
As they approached their goal,
The coursers seemed to gather speed ;
The sea no longer was distinguished ; earth
Appeared a vast and shadowy sphere ;
The sun's unclouded orb
Rolled through the black concave ;
Its rays of rapid light
Parted around the chariot's swifter course,
And fell, like ocean's feathery spray
Dashed from the boiling surge
Before a vessel's prow.
The magic car moved on.
Earth's distant orb appeared

The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven ;
Whilst round the chariot's way
Innumerable systems rolled,
And countless spheres diffused
An ever-varying glory.
It was a sight of wonder : some
Were hornéd like the crescent moon ;
Some shed a mild and silver beam
Like Hesperus o'er the western sea ;
Some dashed athwart with trains of flame,
Like worlds to death and ruin driven ;
Some shone like suns, and as the chariot passed,
Eclipsed all other light.

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II.

If solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
And thou hast lingered there,
Until the sun's broad orb
Seemed resting on the burnished wave,
Thou must have marked the lines
Of purple gold, that motionless
Hung o'er the sinking sphere :
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds,
Edged with intolerable radiancy,
Towering like rocks of jet
Crowned with a diamond wreath.
And yet there is a moment
When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery gold,
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
Like islands on a dark blue sea ;
Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,
And furled its wearied wing
Within the Fairy's fane.

Yet not the golden islands
Gleaming in yon flood of light,
Nor the feathery curtains

Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,
Nor the burnished ocean-waves
Paving that gorgeous dome,
So fair, so wonderful a sight
As Mab's ethereal palace could afford.
Yet likest evening's vault, that fairy hall !
As heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread
Its floors of flashing light,
Its vast and azure dome,
Its fertile golden islands
Floating on a silver sea ;
Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,
And pearly battlements around
Looked o'er the immense of heaven.

TO A SKYLARK.

I.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

II.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

III.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

IV.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

V.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

VI.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

VII.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody,

VIII.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not ;

IX.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower ;

X.

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view ;

XI.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

XII.

Sound of vernal showers
On the tinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was

Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

XIII.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

XIV.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt —

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

XV.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?

What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

XVI.

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

XVII.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

XVIII.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

XIX.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

XX.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

XXI.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

JOHN KEATS.

John Keats was born in London in 1795, and was educated at a private school. He was taught Latin, but, though the most Hellenic of modern poets (until William Morris in our own times), he never read Greek, and derived his knowledge of the mythology from a classical dictionary. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, but did not enter the profession, for which he had neither taste nor the requisite physical qualities. His first poems were attacked in the *Quarterly Review* and in "*Blackwood*" with a bitterness of personality that no respectable magazine in the world would now venture to exhibit. A "cockney-poet" was considered as fair game by that old savage, "Kit North," as a "Red-skin" was by Leather-stocking.

Keats early showed consumptive tendencies, and went to the south of Europe for relief. He died at Rome in 1821. A few days before his death he said he "felt the daisies growing over him."

The appreciative reader of Keats will not wait for any eulogy of his poems. Those that follow, as well as *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Hyperion*, and others, are "of imagination all compact," and will be read long after the brutal reviewers are forgotten. His poems are published in one volume in Professor Child's edition.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness, —
 That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora, and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt Mirth !
 O for a beaker full of the warm south,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth,
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim ; —

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known —

The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild ;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;

 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep

 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music : — do I wake or sleep ?

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow, sound asleep,

Drowns with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
 And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozyings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them ; thou hast thy music too,
 While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens loath ?
 What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
 Fair youth, beneath the trees thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal — yet do not grieve :

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new ;
More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
Forever warm, and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young ;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high, sorrowful, and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
And, little town, thy streets forevermore
Will silent be ; and not a soul, to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity ! Cold Pastoral !
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle was born in Scotland in 1795, and was educated at Edinburgh. His original purpose was to enter the ministry of religion, but he soon became convinced that his true calling was to the literary profession. He has been a most industrious writer, and in all of the widely-different topics he has treated, he has shown the power of an original mind, stored with varied reading. He was the first to direct the attention of scholars to the treasures of German literature; and his translations, especially of Goethe's works, are at once powerful, accurate, and graceful. He was a contributor to the *London Magazine*, mentioned in previous notices of Campbell, Hood, and Lamb, also to the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Foreign Quarterly*, *Fraser's Magazine*, and other periodicals. In his capacity of critic Carlyle stands alone. Macaulay is learned, vivacious, and elegant; Sydney Smith, vigorous and witty; Jeffrey, careful, considerate, and seldom dull; but Carlyle has brought to the review a combination of acuteness, force, imagination, and descriptive power, for which our literature furnishes no parallel. The essays on Burns, Voltaire, Jean Paul may be cited as specimens of his original, vivid, and profound treatment of subjects that task the best powers of the mind. His *History of the French Revolution* is a remarkable work — "not so much a history as a grand collection of historical pictures, painted with fire and darkness." *Sartor Resartus* is the odd title of a most unique book, in which, under the guise of a discussion upon clothes, the profoundest problems are dealt with; the style, however, is rugged, vague, un-English, and capriciously ungraceful. The *Life of Cromwell* is written in strong sympathy with the great parliamentary leader, and is believed to represent more truly the real nature of the man than do the prejudiced accounts of Clarendon and other hostile writers. His most extended work is his *History of Frederick the Great*. It must be admitted that his admiration for the strength of Frederick's character has made him too lenient towards his great faults, and has insensibly influenced him to gloss over some of the darker passages in the life of his hero. But it is a magnificent work — a panorama that presents to us the events, the ruling and famous personages, and the manners of the century, in unbroken succession. After making due deductions for the tedious genealogies, for the eccentricities of style, and for occasional unfairness, it is still almost without a rival among histories in its sustained power and absorbing interest.

His other works are a *Life of John Sterling* (a book full of kindness), *Latter Day Pamphlets*, *Heroes and Hero Worship*, and *Lectures on various topics*.

It is too soon, probably, to estimate correctly the genius of this remarkable man; but it is certain that he has more than any modern writer affected the thinking of his contemporaries.

He was married at the age of thirty-one to a lineal descendant of John Knox, the Scotch reformer. Though ignorantly classed by loose writers with the adherents of German irreligion, Carlyle is a Calvinist in his belief, and has inculcated the highest principles of truth and moral obligation. His manners are not gracious, and he is not free from the common errors and prejudices of his countrymen in regard to this country. Upon this general topic the reader can see Professor Lowell's paper in a recent volume, *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*.

[From the *Essay on Burns*.]

. . . WE love Burns, and we pity him; and love and pity are prone to magnify. Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business; we are not so sure of this; but, at all events, our concern with Burns is not exclusively that of critics. True and genial as his poetry must appear, it is not chiefly as a poet, but as a

man, that he interests and affects us. He was often advised to write a tragedy: time and means were not lent him for this; but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock, "amid the melancholy main," presented to the reflecting mind such a "spectacle of pity and fear," as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet. Conquerors are a race with whom the world could well dispense; nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathizing loftiness, and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons, inspire us in general with any affection; at best it may excite amazement; and their fall, like that of a pyramid, will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true Poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the "Eternal Melodies," is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation: we see in him a freer, purer, development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us, and we mourn his death, as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

Such a gift had Nature in her bounty bestowed on us in Robert Burns; but with queen-like indifference she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment; and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognized it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding his own was not given. Destiny,—for so in our ignorance we must speak,—his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit, which might have soared, could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul; so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature; and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning! The "Daisy" falls not unheeded under his ploughshare; nor the ruined nest of that "wee, cowering, timorous beastie," cast forth, after all its provident pains, to "thole the sleety dribble, and cranreuch cauld." The "hoar visage" of Winter delights him: he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness in these scenes of solemn desolation; but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears; he

loves to walk in the sounding woods, for "it raises his thoughts to *Him that walketh on the wings of the wind.*" A true Poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music ! But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother men. What warm, all-comprehending, fellow-feeling, what trustful, boundless love, what generous exaggeration of the object loved ! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden, are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and a queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of Earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him : Poverty is indeed his companion, but Love also, and Courage ; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart ; and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul ; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness, which too often degenerates into pride ; yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not for offence, no cold, suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The Peasant-Poet bears himself, we might say, like a King in exile : he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest ; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel, the supercilious he can subdue ; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him ; there is a fire in that dark eye, under which the "insolence of condescension" cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of Poetry and Manhood. And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests ; nay, throws himself into their arms ; and, as it were, entreats them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest despondency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship ; unbosoms himself ; often to the unworthy ; and, amid tears, strains to his glowing heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship. And yet he was "quick to learn ;" a man of keen vision, before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the hollowness even of accomplished deceivers ; but there was a generous credulity in his Heart. And so did our Peasant show himself among us ; "a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody." And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with

smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging ale barrels ! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted : and a hundred years may pass, before another such is given us to waste.

Independently of the essential gift of poetic feeling, as we have now attempted to describe it, a certain rugged sterling worth pervades whatever Burns has written : a virtue, as of green fields and mountain breezes, dwells in his poetry ; it is redolent of natural life, and of hardy, natural men. There is a decisive strength in him ; and yet a sweet native gracefulness : he is tender, and he is vehement, yet without constraint or too visible effort ; he melts the heart, or inflames it, with a power which seems habitual and familiar to him. We see in him the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardor of a hero. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire ; as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud. He has a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling : the high and the low, the sad, the ludicrous, the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his "lightly moved and all-conceiving spirit." And observe with what a prompt and eager force he grasps his subject, be it what it may ! How he fixes, as it were, the full image of the matter in his eye ; full and clear in every lineament ; and catches the real type and essence of it, amid a thousand accidents and superficial circumstances, no one of which misleads him ! Is it of reason ; some truth to be discovered ? No sophistry, no vain surface-logic detains him ; quick, resolute, unerring, he pierces through into the marrow of the question ; and speaks his verdict with an emphasis that cannot be forgotten. Is it of description ; some visual object to be represented ? No poet of any age or nation is more graphic than Burns : the characteristic features disclose themselves to him at a glance ; three lines from his hand, and we have a likeness. And, in that rough dialect, in that rude, often awkward, metre, so clear, and definite a likeness ! It seems a draughtsman working with a burnt stick ; and yet the burin of a Retzsch is not more expressive or exact.

But by far the most finished, complete, and truly inspired pieces of Burns are, without dispute, to be found among his *Songs*. It is here that, although through a small aperture, his light shines with the least obstruction ; in its highest beauty, and pure sunny clearness. The reason may be, that Song is a brief and simple species

of composition ; and requires nothing so much for its perfection as genuine poetic feeling, genuine music of heart. The song has its rules equally with the Tragedy ; rules which in most cases are poorly fulfilled, in many cases are not so much as felt. We might write a long essay on the Songs of Burns ; which we reckon by far the best that Britain has yet produced ; for, indeed, since the era of Queen Elizabeth, we know not that, by any other hand, aught truly worth attention has been accomplished in this department.

Independently of the clear, manly, heartfelt sentiment that ever pervades *his* poetry, his Songs are honest in another point of view : in form, as well as in spirit. They do not *affect* to be set to music, but they actually and in themselves are music ; they have received their life, and fashioned themselves together, in the medium of Harmony, as Venus rose from the bosom of the sea. The story, the feeling, is not detailed, but suggested ; not *said*, or spouted, in rhetorical completeness and coherence ; but *sung*, in fitful gushes, in glowing hints, in fantastic breaks, in *warblings* not of the voice only, but of the whole mind. We consider this to be the essence of a song ; and that no songs since the little careless catches, and, as it were, drops of song, which Shakespeare has here and there sprinkled over his plays, fulfil this condition in nearly the same degree as most of Burns's do. Such grace and truth of external movement, too, presupposes in general a corresponding force and truth of sentiment, and inward meaning. The Songs of Burns are not more perfect in the former quality than in the latter. With what tenderness he sings, yet with what vehemence and entireness ! There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, the purest rapture in his joy : he burns with the sternest ire, or laughs with the loudest or slyest mirth ; and yet he is sweet and soft, "sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear !" If we farther take into account the immense variety of his subjects ; how, from the loud flowing revel in *Willie brewed a peck o' Maut*, to the still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness for *Mary in Heaven* ; from the glad kind greeting of *Auld Lang Syne*, or the comic archness of *Duncan Gray*, to the fire-eyed fury of *Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, he has found a tone and words for every mood of man's heart, — it will seem a small praise if we rank him as the first of all our song-writers ; for we know not where to find one worthy of being second to him.

It is on his Songs, as we believe, that Burns's chief influence as an author will ultimately be found to depend : nor, if our Fletcher's

aphorism is true, shall we account this a small influence. "Let me make the songs of a people," said he, "and you shall make its laws." Surely, if ever any Poet might have equalled himself with Legislators, on this ground, it was Burns. His songs are already part of the mother tongue, not of Scotland only but of Britain, and of the millions that in all the ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in the joy and wo of existence, the name, the voice of that joy and that wo, is the name and voice which Burns has given them. Strictly speaking, perhaps, no British man has so deeply affected the thoughts and feelings of so many men as this solitary and altogether private individual, with means apparently the humblest.

With our readers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration, he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble; neither will his Works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves; this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye: For this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines!

[From the Essay on Voltaire.]

How many Demagogues, Crœsuses, Conquerors fill their own age with joy or terror, with a tumult that promises to be perennial; and in the next age die away into insignificance and oblivion! These are the forests of gourds, that overtop the infant cedars and aloetrees, but, like the Prophet's gourd, wither on the third day. What was it to the Pharaohs of Egypt, in that old era, if Jethro the Midianitish priest and grazier accepted the Hebrew outlaw as his herdsman? Yet the Pharaohs, with all their chariots of war, are buried deep in the wrecks of time; and that Moses still lives, not among his own tribe only, but in the hearts and daily business of all civilized nations. Or figure Mahomet, in his youthful years, "travelling to the horse-fairs of Syria!" Nay, to take an infinitely higher instance, who has ever forgotten those lines of Tacitus; inserted as a small, transitory, altogether trifling circumstance in the history of such a

potentate as Nero? To us it is the most earnest, sad, and sternly significant passage that we know to exist in writing.

"So, for the quieting of this rumor, [i. e., that he had caused the burning of Rome], Nero judicially charged with the crime, and punished with most studied severities, that class, hated for their general wickedness, whom the vulgar call *Christians*. The originator of that name was one *Christ*, who, in the reign of Tiberius, suffered death by sentence of the procurator, Pontius Pilate. The baneful superstition, thereby repressed for the time, again broke out, not only over Judea, the native soil of that mischief, but in the City also, where from every side all atrocious and abominable things collect and flourish." * Tacitus was the wisest, most penetrating man of his generation; and to such depth, and no deeper, has he seen into this transaction, the most important that has occurred or can occur in the annals of mankind.

Doubtless he loved truth, doubtless he partially felt himself to be advocating truth; nay, we know not that he has ever yet, in a single instance, been convicted of wilfully perverting his belief; of uttering, in all his controversies, one deliberate falsehood. Nor should this negative praise seem an altogether slight one, for greatly were it to be wished that even the best of his better-intentioned opponents had always deserved the like. Nevertheless, his love of truth is not that deep, infinite love, which befits a Philosopher; which many ages have been fortunate enough to witness; nay, of which his own age had still some examples. It is a far inferior love, we should say, to that of poor Jean Jacques, half-sage, half-maniac as he was; it is more a prudent calculation than a passion. Voltaire loves Truth, but chiefly of the triumphant sort; we have no instance of his fighting for a quite discrowned and outcast Truth; it is chiefly when she walks abroad, in distress, it may be, but still with queen-like insignia, and knighthoods and renown are to be earned in her battles, that he defends her, that he charges gallantly against the Cades and Tylers.

Of all men, Voltaire has the least disposition to increase the Army of Martyrs. No testimony will he seal with his blood; scarcely any

* Ergo abolendo rumori Nero subdidit reos, et quæsitissimis pœnis affecit, quos per flagitia invidos, vulgus Christianos appellabat. Auctor nominis ejus Christus, qui, Tiberio imperitante, per Procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat. Repressaque in præsens exitiabilis superstitio rursus erumpebat, non modo per Judæam originem ejus mali, sed per urbem etiam, quo cuncta undique atrocia aut pudenda confluunt, celebranturque.

will he so much as sign with ink. His obnoxious doctrines, as we have remarked, he publishes under a thousand concealments ; with underplots and wheels within wheels ; so that his whole track is in darkness, only his works see the light. No Proteus is so nimble, or assumes so many shapes ; if, by rare chance, caught sleeping, he whisks through the smallest hole, and is out of sight, while the noose is getting ready. Let his judges take him to task, he will shuffle and evade ; if directly questioned, he will even lie.

Perhaps it is this very power of Order, of rapid, perspicuous Arrangement, that lies at the root of Voltaire's best gifts ; or rather, we should say, it is that keen, accurate intellectual vision, from which, to a mind of any intensity, Order naturally arises. This clear quick vision, and the methodic arrangement which springs from it, are looked upon as peculiarly French qualities ; and Voltaire, at all times, manifests them in a more than French degree.

In truth, readily as we have recognized his spirit of Method, with its many uses, we are far from ascribing to him any perceptible portion of that greatest praise in thinking, or in writing, the praise of philosophic, still less of poetic Method, which, especially the latter, must be the fruit of deep feeling as well as of clear vision, — of genius as well as of talent ; and is much more likely to be found in the compositions of a Hooker, or a Shakespeare, than of a Voltaire. The Method discernible in Voltaire, and this on all subjects whatever, is a purely business Method. The order that arises from it is not Beauty, but, at best, Regularity. His objects do not lie round him in pictorial, not always in scientific grouping ; but rather in commodious rows, where each may be seen and come at, like goods in a well-kept ware-house. We might say there is not the deep natural symmetry of a forest oak, but the simple artificial symmetry of a parlor chandelier. Compare, for example, the plan of the *Henriade* to that of our so barbarous *Hamlet*. The plan of the former is a geometrical diagram by Fermat ; that of the latter a cartoon by Raphael. The *Henriade*, as we see it completed, is a polished, square-built Tuileries ; *Hamlet* is a mysterious, star-paved Valhalla, and dwelling of the gods.

Christianity, the "Worship of Sorrow," has been recognized as divine, on far other grounds than "Essays on Miracles," and by considerations infinitely deeper than would avail in any mere "trial

by jury." He who argues against it or for it, in this manner, may be regarded as mistaking its nature: the Ithuriel, though to our eyes he wears a body, and the fashion of armor, cannot be wounded with material steel. Our fathers were wiser than we, when they said in deepest earnestness, what we often hear in shallow mockery, that Religion is "not of Sense, but of Faith;" not of Understanding, but of Reason. He who finds himself without this latter, who by all his studying has failed to unfold it in himself, may have studied to great or to small purpose, we say not which; but of the Christian Religion, as of many other things, he has and can have, no knowledge.

The Christian Doctrine we often hear likened to the Greek Philosophy, and found, on all hands, some measurable way superior to it; but this also seems a mistake. The Christian Doctrine, that doctrine of Humility, in all senses, godlike, and the parent of all godlike virtues, is not superior, or inferior, or equal, to any doctrine of Socrates or Thales; being of a totally different nature; differing from these, as a perfect ideal poem does from a Correct Computation in Arithmetic. He who compares it with such standards may lament that, beyond the mere letter, the purport of this divine Humility has never been disclosed to him; that the loftiest feeling hitherto vouchsafed to mankind is as yet hidden from his eyes.

[From the History of Frederick the Great.]

ABOUT fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert, though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*, — Father Fred, — a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat, — generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness*, if new; — no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse "between

the ears," say authors); — and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, — coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth, with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious, and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor, — are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat, — like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere according to all the testimony we have. "Those eyes," says Mirabeau, "which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror" (*portaient, au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur*). Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray color; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice "the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard," says witty Dr. Moore. "He speaks a great deal," continues the Doctor; "yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection."

A DISTANT VIEW OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

[From the History of Frederick the Great.]

CURIOUS to remark, while Friedrich is writing this Letter, "*Thursday, December 16,*" 1773, what a commotion is going on, far over seas, at Boston, New England, — in the "Old South Meeting-house" there: in regard to three English Tea-Ships that are lying embargoed at Griffin's Wharf, for above a fortnight past. The case is well known, and still memorable to mankind. British Parliament, after nine years of the saddest haggling and baffling to and fro, under Constitutional stress of weather, and such east-winds and west-winds of Parliamentary eloquence as seldom were, has made up its mind, That America shall pay duty on these Teas before infusing them: and America, Boston more especially, is tacitly determined that it will not; and, to avoid mistakes, these Teas shall never be landed at all. Such is Boston's private intention, more or less fixed; — to say nothing of the Philadelphias, Charlestons, New Yorks, who are watching Boston, and will follow suite of it.

"Sunday, November 26th, — that is, nineteen days ago, — the first of these Tea-Ships, the *Dartmouth*, Captain Hall, — moored itself in Griffin's Wharf: Owner and Consignee is a broad-brimmed Boston gentleman called Rotch, more attentive to the profits of trade than to the groans of Boston: — but already on that Sunday, much more on the Monday following, there had a meeting of Citizens run together, — (on Monday Faneuil Hall won't hold them, and they adjourn to the Old South Meeting-house,) — who make it apparent to Rotch that it will much behoove him, for the sake both of tea and skin, not to enter, (or officially announce) this Ship *Dartmouth* at the Custom house in any wise; but to pledge his broad-brimmed word, equivalent to his oath, that she shall lie dormant there in Griffin's Wharf till we see. Which, accordingly, she has been doing ever since; she and two others that arrived some days later: dormant all three of them, side by side, three crews totally idle; a 'Committee of Ten' supervising Rotch's procedures; and the Boston world much expectant. Thursday, December 16th: This is the twentieth day since Rotch's *Dartmouth* arrived here; if not "entered" at Custom house in the course of this day, Custom house cannot give her a "clearance" either (a leave to depart), she becomes a smuggler, an outlaw, and her fate is mysterious to Rotch and us.

This Thursday, accordingly, by ten in the morning, in the Old South Meeting-house, Boston is assembled, and country-people to

the number of two thousand ; — and Rotch never in such a company of human Friends before. They are not uncivil to him (cautious people, heedful of the verge of the Law) ; but they are peremptory, to the extent of — Rotch may shudder to think what. “ I went to the Custom house yesterday,” said Rotch, “ your Committee of Ten can bear me witness ; and demanded clearance and leave to depart ; but they would not ; were forbidden, they said ! ” “ Go, then, sir ; get you to the Governor himself ; a clearance, and out of harbor, this day : hadn’t you better ? ” Rotch is well aware that he had ; hastens off to the Governor (who has vanished to his country-house, on purpose) ; Old South Meeting-house adjourning till three P. M. for Rotch’s return with clearance.

At three no Rotch, nor at four, nor at five ; miscellaneous plangent intermittent speech instead, mostly plangent, in tone sorrowful rather than indignant : — at a quarter to six, here at length is Rotch ; sun is long since set, — has Rotch a clearance or not ?

Rotch reports at large, willing to be questioned and cross-questioned : “ Governor absolutely would not ! My Christian friends, what could I or can I do ? ” There are by this time about seven thousand people in Old South Meeting-house, very few tallow-lights in comparison, — almost no lights for the mind either, — and it is difficult to answer. Rotch’s report done, the Chairman (one Adams, “ American Cato,” subsequently so-called) dissolves the sorrowful seven thousand, with these words : “ This Meeting declares that it can do nothing more to save the Country.” Will merely go home, then, and weep. Hark, however : almost on the instant, in front of Old South Meeting-house, “ a terrific war-whoop, and about fifty Mohawk Indians,” — with whom Adams seems to be acquainted ; and speaks without Interpreter : Aha ! — And, sure enough, before the stroke of seven, these fifty painted Mohawks are forward, without noise, to Griffin’s Wharf ; have put sentries all round there ; and, in a great silence of the neighborhood, are busy, in three gangs, upon the dormant Tea-Ships, opening their chests, and punctually shaking them out into the sea. “ Listening from the distance, you could hear distinctly the ripping open of the chests, and no other sound.” About ten P. M. all was finished ; three hundred and forty-two chests of tea flung out to infuse in the Atlantic ; the fifty Mohawks gone like a dream ; and Boston sleeping more silently even than usual.”

[From the History of Frederick the Great.]

FRIEDRICH WILHELM has not the least shadow of a Constitutional Parliament, nor even a Privy-Council, as we understand it; his ministers being in general mere clerks to register and execute what he had otherwise resolved upon: but he had his *Tabaks-Collegium*, Tobacco College, Smoking Congress, *Tabagie*, which has made so much noise in the world, and which, in a rough natural way, affords him the uses of a Parliament, on most cheap terms, and without the formidable inconveniences attached to that kind of Institution. A Parliament reduced to its simplest expression, and, instead of Parliamentary eloquence, provided with Dutch clay-pipes and tobacco: so we may define this celebrated Tabagie of Friedrich Wilhelm's.

George I. had his Tabagie; and other German sovereigns had: but none of them turned it to a Political Institution, as Friedrich Wilhelm did. The thrifty man; finding it would serve in that capacity withal. He had taken it up as a commonplace solace and amusement; it is a reward for doing strenuously the day's heavy labors, to wind them up in this manner, in quiet society of friendly human faces, into a contemplative smoke-canopy, slowly spreading into the realms of sleep and its dreams. Friedrich Wilhelm was a man of habitudes; his evening Tabagie became a law of Nature to him, constant as the setting of the sun. Favorable circumstances, quietly noticed and laid hold of by the thrifty man, developed this simple evening arrangement of his into a sort of Smoking Parliament, small but powerful, where State-consultations, in a fitful informal way, took place; and the weightiest affairs might, by dexterous management, cunning insinuation, and manœuvring from those that understood the art and the place, be bent this way or that, and ripened towards such issue as was desirable.

"Tobacco-smoke is the one element in which, by our European manners, men can sit silent together without embarrassment, and where no man is bound to speak one word more than he has actually and veritably got to say. Nay, rather every man is admonished and enjoined by the laws of honor, and even of personal ease, to stop short of that point; at all events, to hold his peace and take to his pipe again, the instant he *has* spoken his meaning, if he chance to have any. The results of which salutary practice, if introduced into Constitutional Parliaments, might evidently be incalculable. The essence of what little intellect and insight there is in that room: we

shall or can get nothing more out of any Parliament ; and sedative, gently-soothing, gently-clarifying tobacco-smoke (if the room were well ventilated, open atop, and the air kept good), with the obligation to a *minimum* of speech, surely gives human intellect and insight the best chance they can have. Best chance, instead of the worst chance, as at present ; ah me, ah me, who will reduce fools to silence again in any measure ? Who will deliver men from this hideous nightmare of Stump-Oratory, under which the grandest Nations are choking to a nameless death, bleeding (too truly) from mouth, and nose and ears, in our sad days ? ”

This Tobacco-College is the Grumkow-and-Seckendorf chief field of action. These two gentlemen understand thoroughly the nature of the Prussian Tobacco-Parliament ; have studied the conditions of it to the most intricate cranny : no English Whipper-in or eloquent Premier knows his St. Stephen's better, or how to hatch a measure in that dim, hot element. By hint, by innuendo ; by contemplative smoke, speech and forbearance to speak ; often looking one way and rowing another, — they can touch the secret springs, and guide in a surprising manner the big, dangerous Fireship (for such every State-Parliament is) towards the haven they intend for it. Most dexterous Parliament-men (Smoke-Parliament) ; no Walpole, no Dundas, or immortal Pitt, First or Second, is cleverer in parliamentary practice. For their Fireship, though smaller than the British, is very dangerous withal. Look at this, for instance : Seckendorf, one evening, far contrary to his wont, which was prostrate respect in easy forms, and always judicious submission of one's own weaker judgment, towards his Majesty, — has got into some difficult defence of the Kaiser ; defence very difficult, or in reality impossible. The cautious man is flustered by the intricacies of his position, by his Majesty's indignant counter-volleys, and the perilous necessity there is to do the impossible on the spur of the instant : gets into emphasis, answers his Majesty's volcanic fire by incipient heat of his own ; and, in short, seems in danger of forgetting himself, and kindling the Tobacco-Parliament into a mere conflagration. That will be an issue for us ! And yet who dare interfere ? Friedrich Wilhelm's words, in high clangorous metallic plangency, and the pathos of a lion raised by anger into song, fall hotter and hotter ; Seckendorf's puckered brow is growing of slate color ; his shelf-lip, shutting violently, lisps and snuffles mere unconciliatory matter : — What on earth will become of us ? — “ Hoom ! Boom ! ” dexterous Grumkow has drawn a Humming-top from his pocket, and suddenly sent it

spinning. There it hums and caracoles, through the bottles and glasses ; reckless what dangerous breakage and splith it may occasion. Friedrich Wilhelm looked aside to it indignantly. "What is that?" inquired he, in metallic tone still high. "Pooh, a toy I bought for the little Prince August, your Majesty : am only trying it !" His majesty understood the hint, Seckendorf still better ; and a jolly touch of laughter, on both sides, brought the matter back into the safe tobacco-clouds again.

THOMAS HOOD.

Thomas Hood was born in London in 1798. He did not enjoy the advantages of any regular education, and was placed at an early age as an apprentice to an engraver. But he had written for the press while on a visit to relatives in Dundee, and during his apprenticeship he was quite as much devoted to verse as to art. He was at length engaged as editor of the *London Magazine* (after the death of John Scott, who was killed in a duel), and from that time his literary career commenced. His principal poems are probably more widely known and more thoroughly appreciated than those of any modern author. While in the case of many compositions the reader has to make an effort to comprehend their meaning, so far they are removed from every-day life and ordinary human interest, it is the strong peculiarity of Hood's poems that they address themselves to all that is most vital in our nature, so that we cannot, if we would, neglect or escape their noble lesson. Who that ever read *The Song of the Shirt*, or *One more Unfortunate*, ever forgot the ideas they were intended to enforce? In like manner his other serious poems are written for "all sorts and conditions of men," and are as strong in their humanity as they are sincere in their piety. The influence of Hood's poems is not bounded by his own country, nor does it end with his own time. Wherever they are read the laborer's step is lighter, and the heart of the poor more buoyant. Other poets may have risen nearer to the untracked heavens in their flights, or woven the gold threads of learning more cunningly in the web of their fancy, but it was for Hood to touch the universal heart of man by his simple, natural, and sympathetic verse.

The youthful reader will be attracted first by Hood's multitudinous puns ; many persons never attain to a higher conception of his genius ; but in time we all come to know that his liveliness was the least of his merits, and that under all his playful badinage there is to be discerned the prompting of a heart as true, as tender, and all-embracing as ever throbbed in the breast of man. Hood died in 1845, leaving a widow with two children. It is almost needless to add that he died poor.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt !"

"Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work — work — work,
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It's O ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

"Work — work — work
Till the brain begins to swim !
Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

"O, men, with sisters dear !
O, men, with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death ?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep ;
O, God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

"Work — work — work !
My labor never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags.
That shattered roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

"Work — work — work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work — work — work,
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-
numbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work,
In the dull December light,
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"O ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal !

"O ! but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread !"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, —
Would that its tone could reach the rich ! —
She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied —
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
Another morn than ours. •

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-Second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs!"

Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!"

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs,
In Badajos's *breaches*!"

"Why then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your seats of arms!"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse: —
Though I've no feet — some other man
Is standing in my shoes!"

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death; alas
You will not be my *Nelly*!"

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot !

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line !

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,

And, as his legs were off, — of course,
He soon was off his legs !

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town, —
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down !

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died —
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

LET Taylor preach, upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while nights and larks are flying —
For my part, getting up seems not so easy
• By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out —
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly ?
I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime —
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are nought,
His steeds, that paw impatiently about, —
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out !

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl ;
What then, — if I prefer my pillow-beer
To early pearl ?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And, grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid their eggs ?

Why from a comfortable pillow start
 To see faint flushes in the east awaken ?
 A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
 Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
 Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
 "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn :"
 Well, — he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
 And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and sup ;
 But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
 All up, all up.

So here I lie, my morning calls deferring
 Till something nearer to the stroke of noon.
 A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*
 Must be a *spoon*.



LORD MACAULAY.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in 1800, and was educated at Cambridge, where he had a very high reputation as a classical scholar. He was called to the bar in 1825, but before that time had written *The Battle of Ivry*, the glowing essay on Milton, and other brilliant papers. He early obtained official employment, and in 1830 became a member of Parliament. His enthusiastic support was given to the Whig party, which in return rewarded him with honor and high place. In 1834 he went to India as a member of the Council, and there framed a civil code intended to secure to the natives their rights in the courts. It was in India, on the spot, that the facts were gathered which he has so ably and picturesquely used in the essays on Clive, and on Warren Hastings. *The Lays of Ancient Rome* appeared in 1842, and added greatly to his reputation as a scholar.

The work for which all his previous efforts were only so many separate studies, and that upon which his fame as an author securely rests, is his *History of England*. Two volumes were published in 1848, and were read with eager delight by all classes. No successful novel or poem was ever received with such universal acclamations. Enormous editions were sold in America as well as in England ; and the author's name was as familiar in the log-house of the western pioneer as in Westminster Hall. For the first time the reading world had seen a learned and able history made more fascinating than any fiction by the splendor of its style, by the art of dramatic arrangement, and by its delightful pictures of society and manners. Exceptions have been taken to some of the author's positions and theories ; but discussion has only increased the number of his readers, if that were possible. Two more volumes appeared in 1855 ; another was published after his death in 1859. But a small part of the projected work was finished.

He was elected to Parliament again in 1852, and in 1857 was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Macaulay. His *Essays* were mostly written for the *Edinburgh Review*, and are among the most splendid contributions to our periodical literature. They cover a wide range of topics ; they are inviting in style, and frequently eloquent ; they are full of illustration and anecdote, and exhibit the fruits of extensive reading. No volume is better

fitted to be used as an introduction to the treasures of literature than these *Essays*. They are earnestly commended to the student.

Macaulay was distinguished for his brilliant talent in conversation, and was fond of talking. He was never married. He was known to be benevolent during his life, but the extent of his charities was not known until after his death, when his papers showed that for many years more than a fourth part of his income had been given away.

SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

[From Macaulay's *History of England*.]

WE should be much mistaken if we pictured to ourselves the squires of the seventeenth century as men bearing a close resemblance to their descendants, the county members and chairmen of quarter sessions with whom we are familiar. The modern country gentleman generally receives a liberal education, passes from a distinguished school to a distinguished college, and has every opportunity to become an excellent scholar. He has generally seen something of foreign countries. A considerable part of his life has generally been passed in the capital; and the refinements of the capital follow him into the country. There is, perhaps, no class of dwellings so pleasing as the rural seats of the English gentry. In the parks and pleasure-grounds, Nature, dressed, yet not disguised by art, wears her most alluring form. In the buildings, good sense and good taste combine to produce a happy union of the comfortable and the graceful. The pictures, the musical instruments, the library, would in any other country be considered as proving the owner to be an eminently polished and accomplished man. A country gentleman who witnessed the Revolution was probably in receipt of about a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the Continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed, that of the squires whose names were in King Charles's commissions of peace and lieutenancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants. The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family, with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers, and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a mittimus. If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall, and there, un-

less his mind was very happily constituted by nature, soon forgot his academical pursuits in rural business and pleasures. His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market-days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field-sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard gathered under the windows of his bed-chamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty, and guests were cordially welcomed to it; but, as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous; for beer then was to the middle and lower classes not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are. It was only at great houses or on great occasions that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revellers were laid under the table.

It was very seldom that the country gentleman caught glimpses of the great world, and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. His opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries, and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child. He adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery. His animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews. Towards London and Londoners

he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughter were in tastes and acquirements below a housekeeper or a still-room maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marigolds, and made the crust for the venison pasty.

The clergy were regarded as, on the whole, a plebeian class ; and, indeed, for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants. A large proportion of those divines who had no benefices, or whose benefices were too small to afford a comfortable revenue, lived in the houses of laymen. It had long been evident that this practice tended to degrade the priestly character. Laud had exerted himself to effect a change ; and Charles the First had repeatedly issued positive orders that none but men of high rank should presume to keep domestic chaplains. But these injunctions had become obsolete. Indeed, during the domination of the Puritans, many of the ejected ministers of the Church of England could obtain bread and shelter only by attaching themselves to the households of Royalist gentlemen ; and the habits which had been formed in those times of trouble continued long after the re-establishment of monarchy and episcopacy. In the mansions of men of liberal sentiments and cultivated understandings, the chaplain was doubtless treated with urbanity and kindness. His conversation, his literary assistance, his spiritual advice, were considered as an ample return for his food, his lodging, and his stipend. But this was not the general feeling of the country gentlemen. The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite — such was the phrase then in use — might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovel-board, but might also save the expense of a gardener or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots ; but, as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he

was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded.

In general, the divine who quitted his chaplainship for a benefice and a wife found that he had only exchanged one class of vexations for another. Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably. As children multiplied and grew, the household of the priest became more and more beggarly. Holes appeared more and more plainly in the thatch of his parsonage and in his single cassock. Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung-carts, that he could obtain daily bread ; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry. His boys followed the plough, and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible, for the advowson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library ; and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves. Even a keen and strong intellect might be expected to rust in so unfavorable a situation.

The coffee-house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed, at that time, have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the city had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances, the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mohammedans a taste for their favorite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon

became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made, during Danby's administration, to close the coffee-houses; but men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was a universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee-houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar; yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near St. James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly-scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else; nor, indeed, would he have had far to go; for, in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice, and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the anciens. One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been

in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that Venice Preserved ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen, earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy, or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Dr. John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses, where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee-houses, where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

IN the mean time, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, ov

boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy Lords, three fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated around the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before

a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague, and there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was, indeed, not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the great picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards chief justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards chief justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer who, nearly

twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away; but those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the

House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke arose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration even from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and, perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out ; smelling-bottles were handed round ; hysterical sobs and screams were heard : and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered, by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Common's House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all !"

THE PERMANENT INFLUENCE OF ATHENIAN CULTURE.

If we consider merely the subtilty of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable ; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect ; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humor of Cervantes, the comprehension of Bacon, the wit of Butler, the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare ? All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them, inspiring, encouraging, consoling ; by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of Pascal, in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo, on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness ? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage ; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude ? Her power is, indeed, manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their loads of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world, all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have, for more than twenty centuries, been annihilated, her people have degenerated into timid slaves, her language

into a barbarous jargon, her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen ;¹ but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate ; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents ; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England ; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief, shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple, and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts, her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

THE PURITAN CHARACTER.

THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and external interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor ; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were

¹ The Parthenon and other temples were despoiled by Lord Elgin to enrich the British Museum.

recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands, their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men—the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers

have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were, in fact, the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities ; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain ; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

I.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain,
From many a stately market-place ;
From many a fruitful plain ;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine ;

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old ;
From sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain tops
Fringing the southern sky ;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers ;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill ;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill ;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear ;
Best of all poo's the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VII.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Anser's rill ;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill ;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer ;
Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap ;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls,
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand ;
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

X.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given ;
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven ;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome ;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

XI.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men ;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array ;
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally ;

And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latin name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright ;
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

XIV.

For aged folk on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves.

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVII.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands ;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dove-cote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain ;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII.

I wis, in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold,
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all ;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council standing
 Before the River-gate ;
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
 Out spake the Consul roundly :
 "The bridge must straight go down ;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Nought else can save the town."

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear :
 "To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul ;
 Lars Porsena is here !"
 On the low hills to westward
 The Consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust
 Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer
 Doth the red whirlwind come ;
 And louder still, and still more loud
 From underneath that rolling cloud,
 Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
 The trampling, and the hum.
 And plainly and more plainly
 Now through the gloom appears,
 Far to left and far to right,
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
 The long array of helmets bright,
 The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,
 Above that glimmering line,
 Now might ye see the banners
 Of twelve fair cities shine ;
 But the banner of proud Clusium
 Was highest of them all,
 The terror of the Umbrian,
 The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly
 Now might the burghers know,

2Q

By port and vest, by horse and crest,
 Each warlike Lucomo.
 There Cilnius of Arretium
 On his fleet roan was seen ;
 And Astur of the fourfold shield,
 Girt with the brand none else may wield,
 Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
 And dark Verbenna from the hold
 By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
 O'erlooking all the war,
 Lars Porsena of Clusium
 Sat in his ivory car.
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name ;
 And by the left false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus
 Was seen among the foes,
 A yell that rent the firmament
 From all the town arose.
 On the house-tops was no woman
 But spat towards him and hissed ;
 No child but screamed out curses,
 And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low,
 And dark y looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe.
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down ;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town ?"

XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The captain of the gate :
 "To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII.

"And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast,

And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame?

XXIX.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may ;
 I with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?"

XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
 A Ramnian proud was he :
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee."
 And out spake strong Herminius ;
 Of Titian blood was he :
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXI.

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party ;
 Then all were for the state :
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great :
 Then lands were fairly portioned :
 Then spoils were fairly sold :
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now, Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe,
 And the Tribunes beard the high,
 And the Fathers grind the low.
 As we wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold :
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the Three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs,
 The Consul was the foremost man
 To take in hand an axe :
 And Fathers mixed with Commons
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
 And smote upon the planks above,
 And loosed the props below.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI.

The Three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose :
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array :
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way : —

XXXVII.

Aunus from green Tifernum,
 Lord of the Hill of Vines ;
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's mines ;
 And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath :
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth :
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust ;
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
 Rushed on the Roman Three ;
 And Lausulus of Urge,
 The rover of the sea ;
 And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar,
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns :
 Lartius laid Ocnus low :
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
 The track of thy destroying bark.
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns when they spy
 Thy thrice accursed sail."

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes.
 A wild and wrathful clamor
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

XLII.

But hark ! the cry is Astur :
 And, lo ! the ranks divide ;
 And the great Lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans
 A smile serene and high ;
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye.
 Quoth he, "The she wolf's litter
 Stand savagely at bay ;
 But will ye dare to follow,
 If Astur clears the way ?"

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
 With both hands to the height,
 He rushed against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might.
 With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly turned the blow.
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing-space ;
 Then, like a wildcat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face.
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
 So fierce a thru't he sped,
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great Lord of Luna
 Fell at that deadly stroke,
 As falls on Mount Alvernus
 A thunder-smitten oak.
 Far o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread ;
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,
 Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
 Right firmly pressed his heel,
 And thrice and four times tugged amain
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,
 Fair guests, that waits you here !
 What noble Lucomo comes next,
 To taste our Roman cheer ?"

XLVIII.

But at this haughty challenge
 A sullen murmur ran,
 Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
 Along that glittering van.
 There lacked not men of prowess,
 Nor men of lordly race ;
 For all Etruria's noblest
 Were round the fatal place.

XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,

In the path the dauntless Three :
 And, from the ghastly entrance
 Where those bold Romans stood,
 All shrank, like boys who unaware,
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack ;
 But those behind cried " Forward !"
 And those before cried " Back !"
 And backward now and forward
 Wavers the deep array ;
 And on the tossing sea of steel,
 To and fro the standards reel ;
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
 Strode out before the crowd ;
 Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gave him greeting loud.
 " Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
 Now welcome to thy home !
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
 Here lies the road to Rome."

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city .
 Thrice looked he at the dead ;
 And thrice came on in fury,
 And thrice turned back in dread :
 And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied,
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 " Come back, come back, Horatius !"
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
 " Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall !"

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
 Herminius darted back :
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

LV.

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream :
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.

And, like a horse unbroken
 When first he feels the rein,
 The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane,
 And burst the curb, and bounded,
 Rejoicing to be free,
 And whirling down, in fierce career,
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind ;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 " Down with him !" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 " Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
 " Now yield thee to our grace."

LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see ;
 Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus nought spake he :
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home ;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

LIX.

" O, Tiber ! Father Tiber !
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day !"
 So he spake, and speaking sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And, with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank ;
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank ;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain :
 And fast his blood was flowing ;
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armor,
 And spent with changing blows,
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing-place ;
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good Father Tiber
 Bare bravely up his chin.

LXIII.

"Curse on him !" quoth false Sextus :
 "Will not the villain drown ?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town."
 "Heaven help him," quoth Lars Porsena,
 "And bring him safe to shore ;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before."

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom ;
 Now on dry earth he stands ;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands ;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land
 That was of public right

As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night ;
 And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high,
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the Comitium,
 Plain for all folk to see ;
 Horatius in his harness,
 Halting upon one knee :
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volscian home ;
 And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north winds blow,
 And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow ;
 When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within ;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit ;
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit ;
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close ;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows ;

LXX.

When the goodman mends his armor,
 And trims his helmet's plume ;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom ;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of
France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

O! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord the king!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,

Charge for the golden lilies now — upon them with the lance !
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man ;
But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe :
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
O ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre !

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day ;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high ; unfurl it wide ; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church
such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest points of
war,

Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of Lucerne !
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls !
Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright ;
Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are ;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Harriet Martineau was born at Norwich in 1802. She was nearly deaf from early childhood, and found her amusement in literary studies, and during her long life she has been a most industrious author. Her first productions were of a religious character. She next published a series of popular tales designed to illustrate the principles of political economy; in these, as in many of her works, she has shown a strong interest in the welfare of the working class. She visited the United States in 1834, and on her return gave to the world *Society in America*. Next appeared *Deerbrook*, an admirable novel, and *The Hour and the Man*, being an account of Toussaint L'Ouverture. In 1846 she visited Egypt and the Holy Land, and gave a graphic description of her tour in *Eastern Life*. Among her other labors has been a summary of Auguste Comte's *Positive Philosophy*; in which, as well as in a volume of her letters upon the subject, there is an avowal of doctrines that may be fairly termed atheistic. A collection of her writings in order, from the fervent piety of her early years to the cold and cheerless philosophy of the present, would be an instructive lesson in psychology. The last work by Miss Martineau is entitled *Biographical Sketches*, being a series of obituary notices written for the London press. No collection of her works has been made, and many of them are out of print. She lives near Ambleside, in the Lake district.

THE NILE AND THE DESERT.

[From *Eastern Life*.]

DIODORUS SICULUS tells us that Antæ (supposed by Wilkinson to be probably the same with Ombte) had charge of the Ethiopian and Libyan parts of the kingdom of Osiris, while Osiris went abroad through the earth to benefit it with his gifts. Antæ seems not to have been always in friendship with the house of Osiris, and was killed here by Hercules on behalf of Osiris; but he was worshipped here, near the spot where the wife and son of Osiris avenged his death on his murderer, Typho. The temple sacred to Antæ (or, in the Greek, Antæus), parts of which were standing thirty years ago, was a rather modern affair, having been built about the time of the destruction of the Colossus of Rhodes. Ptolemy Philopater built it; and he was the Egyptian monarch who sent presents and sympathy to Rhodes on occasion of the fall of the Colossus. Now, nothing remains of the monuments but some heaps of stones; nothing whatever that can be seen from the river. The traveller can only look upon hamlets of modern Arabs, and speculate on the probability of vast "treasures hid in the sand."

If I were to have the choice of a fairy gift, it should be like none of the many things I fixed upon in my childhood, in readiness for such an occasion. It should be for a great winnowing fan, such as would, without injury to human eyes and lungs, blow away the sand which buries the monuments of Egypt. What a scene would be laid

open then ! One statue and sarcophagus, brought from Memphis, was buried one hundred and thirty feet below the mound surface. Who knows but that the greater part of old Memphis, and of other glorious cities, lies almost unharmed under the sand ? Who can say what armies of sphinxes, what sentinels of Colossi, might start up on the banks of the river, or come forth from the hill-sides of the interior, when the cloud of sand had been wafted away ? The ruins which we now go to study might then appear occupying only eminences, while below might be ranges of pylons, miles of colonnade, temples intact, and gods and goddesses safe in their sanctuaries. What quays along the Nile, and the banks of forgotten canals ! What terraces, and flights of wide, shallow steps ! What architectural stages might we not find for a thousand miles along the river, where now the orange sands lie so smooth and light as to show the track — the clear footprint — of every beetle that comes out to bask in the sun ! But it is better as it is. If we could once blow away the sand, to discover the temples and palaces, we should next want to rend the rocks, to lay open the tombs ; and heaven knows what this would set us wishing further. It is best as it is ; for the time has not come for the full discovery of the treasures of Egypt. It is best as it is. The sand is a fine means of preservation ; and the present inhabitants perpetuate enough of the names to serve for guidance when the day for exploration shall come. The minds of scholars are preparing for an intelligent interpretation of what a future age may find ; and science, chemical and mechanical, will probably supply such means hereafter as we have not now, for treating and removing the sand, when its conservative office has lasted long enough. We are not worthy yet of this great unveiling ; and the inhabitants are not, from their ignorance, trustworthy as spectators. It is better that the world should wait, if only care be taken that the memory of no site now known be lost. True as I feel it to be that we had better wait, I was forever catching myself in a speculation, not only on the buried treasures of the mounds on shore, but on means for managing this obstinate sand.

And yet, vexatious as is its presence in many a daily scene, this sand has a bright side to its character, like everything else. Besides its great office of preserving unharmed for a future age the records of the oldest times known to man, the sand of the desert has, for many thousand years, shared equally with the Nile the function of determining the character and the destiny of a whole people, who have again operated powerfully on the characters and destiny of

other nations. Everywhere the minds and fortunes of human races are mainly determined by the characteristics of the soil on which they are born and reared. In our own small island, there are, as it were, three tribes of people, whose lives are much determined still, in spite of all modern facilities for intercourse, by the circumstance of their being born and reared on the mineral strip to the west — the pastoral strip in the middle — or the eastern agricultural portion. The Welsh and Cornwall miners are as widely different from the Lincolnshire or Kentish husbandmen, and the Leicestershire herdsmen, as Englishmen can be from Englishmen. Not only their physical training is different; their intellectual faculties are differently exercised, and their moral ideas and habits vary accordingly. So it is in every country where there is a diversity of geological formation; and nowhere is the original constitution of their earth so strikingly influential on the character of its inhabitants as in Egypt. There, everything depends — life itself, and all that it includes — on the state of the unintermitting conflict between the Nile and the Desert. The world has seen many struggles, but no other so pertinacious, so perdurable, and so sublime as the conflict of these two great powers. The Nile, ever young because perpetually renewing its youth, appears to the inexperienced eye to have no chance, with its strippling force, against the great old Goliath, the Desert, whose might has never relapsed, from the earliest days till now; but the giant has not conquered yet. Now and then he has prevailed for a season, and the tremblers, whose destiny hung on the event, have cried out that all was over; but he has once more been driven back, and Nilus has risen up again, to do what we see him doing in the sculptures — bind up his water plants about the throne of Egypt.

From the beginning, the people of Egypt have had everything to hope from the river, nothing from the desert; much to fear from the desert, and little from the river. What their fear may reasonably be, any one may know who looks upon a hillocky expanse of sand, where the little jerboa burrows, and the hyena prowls at night. Under these hillocks lie temples and palaces, and under the level sands a whole city. The enemy has come in from behind, and stifled and buried it. What is the hope of the people from the river, any one may witness, who, at the regular season, sees the people grouped on the eminences, watching the advancing waters, and listening for the voice of the crier, or the boom of the cannon, which

is to tell the prospect or event of the inundation of the year. Who can estimate the effect on a nation's mind and character, of a perpetual vigilance against the Desert (see what it is in Holland of a similar vigilance against the sea), and of an annual mood of hope in regard to the Nile? Who cannot see what a stimulating and enlivening influence this periodical anxiety and relief must exercise on the character of a nation?



ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

Alexander William Kinglake was born in 1802, and was educated at Eton and at Cambridge. He studied law in Lincoln's Inn, was called to the bar in 1827, and became a successful practitioner. His first work was a volume of letters from the East, entitled *Eöthen*,¹ containing the most brilliant and entertaining pictures of Oriental life. He next published a History of the War in the Crimea, which is remarkable for its sharp arraignment of the Emperor Louis Napoleon as the author of the needless war, and for the scathing account of his treachery and brutality in the *coup d'état*. The fiercest enemy of the now fallen Emperor could hardly frame a more terrible indictment than is contained in this powerful book. Mr. Kinglake was elected to Parliament in 1857.

INVASION OF THE CRIMEA. — CAUSE OF THE WAR.

THE mystery of holy shrines lies deep in human nature. For, however the more spiritual minds may be able to rise and soar, the common man during his mortal career is tethered to the globe that is his appointed dwelling-place; and the more his affections are pure and holy, the more they seem to blend with the outward and visible world. For men strongly moved by the Christian faith it was natural to yearn after the scenes of the gospel narrative. In old times this feeling had strength to impel the chivalry of Europe to undertake the conquest of a barren and distant land; and although in later days the aggregate faith of the nations grew chill, and Christendom no longer claimed with the sword, still there were always many who were willing to brave toil and danger for the sake of attaining to the actual and visible Sion. These venturesome men came to be called Pelerins, or Pilgrims. At first, as it would seem, they were impelled by deep feeling acting upon bold and resolute natures. Holding close to the faith that the Son of God, being also in mystic sense the great God himself, had for our sakes and for our salvation become a babe, growing up to be an anxious and suffering man, and submitting to be cruelly tortured and killed by the hands

¹ The East, or, The Early Dawn.

of his own creatures, they longed to touch and to kiss the spots which were believed to be the silent witnesses of his life upon earth, and of his cross and passion. And, since also these men were of the churches which sanctioned the adoration of the Virgin, they were taught alike, by their conception of duty and by nature's low whispering voice, to touch and to kiss the holy ground where Mary, pure and young, was ordained to become the link between God and the race of fallen man. And because the rocky land abounded in recesses and caves yielding shelter against sun and rain, it was possible for the churches to declare, and very easy for trustful men to believe, that a hollow in a rock at Bethlehem was the manger which held the infant Redeemer, and that a grotto at Nazareth was the very home of the blessed Virgin. Priests fastened upon this sentiment, and although in its beginning their design was not sordid, they found themselves driven by the course of events to convert the alluring mystery of the holy places into a source of revenue. But, since it happened that, because of the manner in which the toll was levied, every one of the holy places was a distinct source of revenue, the prerogative of the Turks as owners of the ground was necessarily brought into play, and it rested with them to determine which of the rival churches should have the control and usufruct of every holy shrine. In the contest now about to be raised between France and Russia, it would be wrong to suppose that, so far as concerned strength of motive and sincerity of purpose, there was any approach to an equality between the contending governments. In the Greek church the right of pilgrimage is held to be of such deep import that if a family can command the means of journeying to Palestine even from the far distant provinces of Russia, they can scarcely remain in the sensation of being truly devout without undertaking the holy enterprise; and to this end the fruits of parsimony and labor enduring through all the best years of manhood are joyfully devoted. The compassing of vast distances with the narrow means at the command of a peasant is not achieved without suffering so great as to destroy many lives. This danger does not deter the brave, pious people of the north. As the reward of their sacrifices, their priests, speaking boldly in the name of Heaven, promise them ineffable blessings. The advantages held out are not understood to be dependent upon the volition and motive of the pilgrim, for they hold good, as baptism does, for children of tender years. Of course every man who thus came from afar to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was the representative of many more who would do the

like if they could. When the Emperor of Russia sought to gain or to keep for his church the holy shrines of Palestine, he spoke on behalf of fifty millions of brave, pious, devoted subjects, of whom thousands for the sake of the cause would joyfully risk their lives. From the serf in his hut even up to the great Czar himself, the faith professed was the faith really glowing in the heart, and violently swaying the will. It was the part of wise statesmen to treat with much deference an honest and pious desire which was rooted thus deep in the bosom of the Russian people. On the other hand, the Latin church seems not to have inculcated pilgrimage so earnestly as its Eastern rival; and if it did, it obtained but slight compliance with its precept, for whilst the Greek pilgrim ships poured out upon the landing-place of Jaffa the multitudes of those who had survived the misery and the trials of the journey, the closest likeness of a pilgrim which the Latin church could supply was often a mere French tourist, with a journal and a theory, and a plan of writing a book.

Stated in bare terms, the question was whether, for the purpose of passing through the building into their grotto, the Latin monks should have the key of the chief door of the Church of Bethlehem, and also one of the keys of each of the two doors of the sacred manger, and whether they should be at liberty to place in the sanctuary of the Nativity a silver star adorned with the arms of France. The Latins also claimed a privilege of worshipping once a year at the shrine of the Blessed Mary in the Church of Gethsemane, and they went on to assert their right to have "a cupboard and a lamp in the tomb of the Virgin;" but in this last pretension they were not well supported by France, and virtually, it was their claim to have a key of the great door of the Church of Bethlehem, instead of being put off with a key of the lesser door, which long remained insoluble, and had to be decided by the advance of armies and the threatening movements of fleets. The pressure of France was applied with increasing force, and it produced its effect. In the month of December, 1852, the silver star was brought with much pomp from the coast. Some of the Moslem Effendis went down to Jaffa to escort it, and others rode out a good way on the road that they might bring it into Jerusalem with triumph; and on Wednesday, the 22d of the same month, the Latin patriarch, with joy and with a great ceremony, replaced the glittering star in the sanctuary of Bethlehem, and at the same time the key of the great door of the church, together with the keys of the sacred manger, was handed

over to the Latins. Is it true that for this cause great armies were gathering, and that for the sake of the key and the silver star the peace of the nations was brought into danger? Had the world grown young once more? The strife of the churches was no fable, but after all, though near and distinct, it was only the lesser truth. A crowd of monks with bare foreheads stood quarrelling for a key at the sunny gates of a church in Palestine, but beyond and above, towering high in the misty north, men saw the ambition of the Cæars.

THE DESERT.

[From *Eöthen*.]

THE manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn, I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel, and pressed forward; my poor Arabs, being on foot, would sometimes moan with fatigue, and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not therefore allow a halt until the evening came. About midday, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine, and supply me with a piece of bread softened in water (for it was dried hard like board), and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of tongue; after this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

Time labors on — your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses — the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more — comes blushing, yet still comes on — comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side.

Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the

spot had been fixed upon, and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound ; the beast instantly understood, and obeyed the sign, and slowly sunk under me till she brought her body to a level with the ground ; then gladly enough I alighted ; the rest of the camels were unloaded, and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food which was allowed them out of our stores.

At the beginning of my journey, the night breeze blew coldly ; when that happened, the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and so the Wind, that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along those dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way as he ought, for the Englishman. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries — dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bed-rooms, drawing-rooms, oratories, all crowded into the space of a hearth rug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted light, — they brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before, perhaps, had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By and by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, that minded me of old Eton days, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this desert of Asia, from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king, — like four kings, — like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground, and made it look so familiar — all these were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus, and the heels of

London boots ; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand, and these were the signs we left.

You, — you love sailing, — in returning from a cruise to the English coast, you see often enough a fisherman's humble boat far away from all shores, with an ugly black sky above, and an angry sea beneath, — you watch the grisly old man at the helm, carrying his craft with strange skill through the turmoil of waters, and the boy, supple-limbed, yet weather-worn already, and with steady eyes that look through the blast, — you see him understanding commandments from the jerk of his father's white eyebrow, — now belaying, and now letting go, — now crouching himself down into mere ballast, or baling out Death with a pipkin. Stale enough is the sight, and yet when I see it I always stare anew, and with a kind of Titanic exultation, because that a poor boat, with the brain of a man and the hands of a boy on board, can match herself so bravely against black Heaven and Ocean ; well, so when you have travelled for days and days over an Eastern desert, without meeting the likeness of a human being, and then at last see an English shooting-jacket and his servant come listlessly slouching along from out the forward horizon, you stare at the wide unproportion between this slender company and the boundless plains of sand through which they are keeping their way.

Once, during this passage, my Arabs lost their way among the hills of loose sand that surrounded us, but after a while we were lucky enough to recover our right line of march. The same day we fell in with a Sheik, the head of a family, that actually dwells at no great distance from this part of the desert during nine months of the year. The man carried a match-lock, of which he was very proud ; we stopped and sat down, and rested a while for the sake of a little talk ; there was much that I should have liked to ask this man, but he could not understand Dthemetri's language, and the process of getting at his knowledge by double interpretation through my Arabs was unsatisfactory. I discovered, however (and my Arabs knew of that fact), that this man and his family lived habitually, for nine months of the year, without touching or seeing either bread or water. The stunted shrub growing at intervals through the sand in this part of the desert, is fed by the dews which fall at night, and enables the camel mares to yield a little milk, which furnishes the sole food and drink of their owner and his people. During the other

three months (the hottest of the months, I suppose) even this resource fails, and then the Sheik and his people are forced to pass into another district. You would ask me why the man should not remain always in that district which supplies him with water during three months of the year, but I don't know enough of Arab politics to answer the question. The Sheik was not a good specimen of the effect produced by the diet to which he is subjected; he was very small, very spare, and sadly shrivelled — a poor, over-roasted snipe, a mere cinder of a man. I made him sit down by my side, and gave him a piece of bread and a cup of water from out of my goat-skins. This was not very tempting drink to look at, for it had become turbid, and was deeply reddened by some coloring matter contained in the skins, but it kept its sweetness and tasted like a strong decoction of Russia leather. The Sheik sipped this, drop by drop, with ineffable relish, and rolled his eyes solemnly round between every draught, as though the drink were the drink of the Prophet, and had come from the seventh heaven.

About this part of my journey, I saw the likeness of a fresh water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water that stretched far and fair towards the south — stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off towards the shallow side; on its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing, and seeming to float upon waters deep and still.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming waters, that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water heavily impregnated with salts had filled this great hollow, and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit that exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and thus sketched a true shore-line. The minute crystals of the salt sparkled in the sun, and so looked like the face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

After the fifth day of my journey, I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level — a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce; there was no valley nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound, by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change — I was still the very centre of a round horizon; hour by hour I

advanced, and still there was the same—and the same, and the same,—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above—over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the sun; “he rejoiced as a strong man to run a race; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof.” From pole to pole, and from the east to the west, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all heaven and earth. As he bid the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely, too, he bid me bow down and worship him; so now in his pride he seemed to command me and say, “Thou shalt have none other gods but me.” I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face—the mighty sun for one, and for the other—this poor, pale, solitary self of mine, that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day, and before I had yet turned away from Jehovah for the glittering god of the Persians, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there, as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile and I (the eternal Ego that I am!)—I had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came I was still within the confines of the desert, and my tent was pitched as usual, but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the west without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned; he had toiled on a grateful service; he had travelled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back, for token, an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

The next day I entered upon Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green, wavy fields of rice, and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in deep rushing waters.

HUGH MILLER.

Hugh Miller was born in Cromarty, in Scotland, in 1802. He received a very limited education; but he was an assiduous reader, and in early youth acquired the general information and the studious habits that formed the basis of his literary character. He was an acute observer of nature, and his trade — that of a stone mason — led him naturally into the practical study of geology. His discoveries and his brilliant style of description soon made his name famous. He would have been an eminent geologist without any aid from literary art; and his sensibility, taste, and skill would have made him an eminent writer without any special scientific culture. His principal works are, *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, *The Cruise of the Betsey*, *First Impressions of England and its People*, *Geology of the Bass Rock*, *The Old Red Sandstone*, *Footprints of the Creator*, and *The Testimony of the Rocks*. He wrote also a volume of immature poems, and contributed a great number of articles to *The Witness*, an Edinburgh newspaper. He was at one time a bank officer in his native town; but during the most productive part of his life he resided in the capital. During an attack of insanity, brought on by over-exertion at the completion of the *Testimony of the Rocks*, he committed suicide with a pistol, in 1856, at Portobello, near Edinburgh.

A certain Mr. Brown, of Glasgow, who has written of his *Life and Times*, enjoys the distinction of having issued perhaps the worst and most tantalizing biography of a truly great man which the century has beheld. After placing the figure of Hugh Miller on a pedestal as the greatest representative Scotchman, and having whistled Scott, Burns, and Carlyle down the wind, the author treats us to disquisitions upon Scottish history, Free Church politics, reprobation of Dickens, and of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, estimates of Cromwell, denunciations of Macaulay, and a great deal more of Mr. Brown's own private opinions; but the subject of the memoir remains a shadow, as in the beginning. A nature so genial, gifted with such rare powers of perception and analysis, and armed with such consummate literary skill, deserved an appreciative and modest biographer. It is not too late, perhaps, to hope for a life worthy of the illustrious subject.

THE DROPPING-CAVE OF CROMARTY.

[From *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*.]

In perusing, in some of our older gazetteers, the half page devoted to Cromarty, we find that among the natural curiosities of the place there is a small cavern termed the Dropping-cave, famous for its stalactites and its petrifying stones.

And though the progress of modern discovery has done much to lower the wonder, by rendering it merely one of thousands of the same class, — for even among the cliffs of the hill in which the cavern is perforated, there is scarcely a spring that has not its border of coral-like petrifications, and its moss, and grass, and nettle-stalks of marble, — the Dropping-cave may well be regarded as a curiosity still. It is hollowed, a few feet over the beach, in the face of one of the low precipices which skirt the entrance of the bay. From a crag which overhangs the opening there falls a perpetual drizzle, which, settling on the moss and lichens beneath, converts them into stone; and on entering the long, narrow apartment within, there may be seen, by the dim light of the entrance, a series of springs.

which filter through the solid rock above, descending in so continual a shower, that even in the sultriest days of midsummer, when the earth is parched, and the grass has become brown and withered, we may hear the eternal drop pattering against the rough stones of the bottom, or tinkling in the recess within, like the string of a harp struck to ascertain its tone. A stone flung into the interior, after rebounding from side to side of the rock, falls with a deep, hollow plunge, as if thrown into the sea. . . .

There was a tradition current in Cromarty that a townsman had once passed through the Dropping-cave, until he heard a pair of tongs rattle over his head on the hearth of a farm-house of Navity, a district of the parish which lies fully three miles from the opening; and Willie, who was, it seems, as hard of belief in such matters as if he himself had never drawn on the credulity of others, resolved on testing the story by exploring the cave. He sewed sprigs of rowan and wych-elm in the hem of his waistcoat, thrust a Bible into one pocket, and a bottle of gin into the other, and providing himself with a torch, and a staff of buckthorn which had been cut at the full of the moon, and dressed without the assistance of iron or steel, he set out for the cave on a morning of midsummer. It was evening ere he returned — his torch burned out, and his clothes stained with mould and slime, and soaked with water. After lighting his torch, he said, and taking a firm grasp of the staff, he plunged fearlessly into the gloom before him. The cavern narrowed and lowered as he proceeded; the floor, which was of a white stone resembling marble, was hollowed into cisterns, filled with a water so exceedingly pure, that it sparkled to the light like spirits in crystal; and from the roof there depended clusters of richly-embossed icicles of white stone, like those which, during a severe frost, hang at the edge of a waterfall. The springs from above trickled along their channelled sides, and then tinkled into the cisterns, like rain from the eaves of a cottage after a thunder shower.

Perhaps he looked too curiously around him when remarking all this; for so it was, that at the ninth and last cistern, he missed his footing, and falling forward, shattered his bottle of gin against the side of the cave. The liquor ran into a little hollow of the marble; and unwilling to lose what he regarded as very valuable, and what certainly had cost him some trouble and suffering to procure (for he rowed half way across the frith for it, in terror of the custom-house and a cockling sea), he stooped down and drank until his breath failed him. Never was there better Nantz; and pausing to recover himself, he stooped and drank, and stooped and drank, again and

again. There were strange appearances when he rose. A circular rainbow had formed round his torch ; there was a blue mist gathering in the hollows of the cave ; the very roof and sides began to heave and reel, as if the living rock were a Flushing lugger riding on the ground-swell ; and there was a low, humming noise that came sounding from the interior, like that of bees in a hawthorn thicket on an evening of midsummer. Willie, however, had become much less timorous than at first, and though he could not well account for the fact, much less disposed to wonder. And so on he went. He found the cavern widen, and the roof rose so high that the light reached only the snowy icicles which hung, meteor-like, over his head. The walls were formed of white stone, ridged and furrowed like pieces of drapery, and all before and around him there sparkled myriads of crystals, like dew-drops in a spring morning. The sound of his footsteps was echoed on either hand by a multitude of openings, in which the momentary gleam of his torch was reflected, as he passed, on sheets of water and ribs of rock, and which led, like so many arched corridors, still deeper into the bowels of the hill. Nor, independently of the continuous humming noise, were all the sounds of the cave those of echo. At one time he could hear the wind moaning through the trees of the wood above, and the scream of a hawk, as if pouncing on its prey ; then there was the deafening blast of a smith's bellows, and the clang of hammers on an anvil ; and anon a deep, hollow noise, resembling the growling of a wild beast. All seemed terribly wild and unnatural ; a breeze came moaning along the cave, and shook the marble drapery of the sides, as if it were formed of gauze or linen ; the entire cave seemed turning round, like the cylinder of an engine, until the floor stood upright, and the adventurer fell heavily against it ; and as the torch hissed and sputtered in the water, he could see by its expiring gleam that a full score of dark figures, as undefined as shadows by moonlight, were flitting around him in the blue mist which now came rolling in dense clouds from the interior. In a moment more all was darkness, and he lay insensible amid the chill damps of the cave.

The rest of the adventure wonderfully resembled a dream. On returning to consciousness, he found that the gloom around him had given place to a dim red twilight, which flickered along the sides and roof like the reflection of a distant fire. He rose, and grasping his staff, staggered forward. "It is sunlight," thought he ; "I shall find an opening among the rocks of Eathie, and return home over the hill." Instead, however, of the expected outlet, he found the passage terminate in a wonderful apartment, so vast in extent, that,

though an immense fire of pine trees, whole and unbroken from root to branch, threw up a red, wavering sheet of flame many yards in height, he could see in some places neither the walls nor the roof. A cataract, like that of Foyers during the long-continued rains of an open winter, descended in thunder from one of the sides, and presenting its broad, undulating front of foam to the red gleam of the fire, again escaped into darkness through a wide, broken-edged gulf at the bottom. The floor of the apartment appeared to be thickly strewn with human bones, half burned and blood stained, and gnawed as if by cannibals; and directly in front of the fire there was a low, tomb-like erection of dark-colored stone, full twenty yards in length, and roughened with grotesque hieroglyphics, like those of a Runic obelisk. An enormous mace of iron, crusted with rust and blood, reclined against the upper end, while a bugle of gold hung by a chain of the same metal from a column at the bottom. Willie seized the bugle, and winded a blast, until the wide apartment shook with the din; the waters of the cataract disappeared, as if arrested at their source; and the ponderous cover of the tomb began to heave and crackle, and pass slowly over the edge, as if assailed by the terrific strength of some newly-awakened giant below. Willie again winded the bugle; the cover heaved upward, disclosing a corner of the chasm beneath; and a hand covered with blood, and of such fearful magnitude as to resemble only the conceptions of Egyptian sculpture, was slowly stretched from the darkness towards the handle of the mace.

Willie's resolution gave way, and flinging down the horn, he rushed hurriedly towards the passage. A yell of blended grief and indignation burst from the tomb, as the immense cover again settled over it; the cataract came dashing from its precipice with a heavier volume than before; and a furious hurricane of mingled wind and spray, that rushed howling from the interior, well nigh dashed the adventurer against the sides of the rock. He succeeded, however, in gaining the passage, sick at heart, and nearly petrified with terror. A state of imperfect consciousness succeeded, like that of a feverish dream, in which he retained a sort of half conviction that he was lingering in the damps and darkness of the cave, obstinately and yet unwillingly; and on fully regaining his recollection, he found himself lying across the ninth cistern, with the fragments of the broken bottle on the one side, and his buckthorn staff on the other. He could hear from the opening the dash of the advancing waves against the rocks, and on leaping to the beach below, found that his exploratory journey had occupied him a whole day.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Nicholas Wiseman was born at Seville in Spain, of English parents, in 1802. He was educated at St. Cuthbert's College, near Durham. He afterwards went to Rome, and eventually became Rector of the English College there. He returned to England in 1835, and has since held a prominent position as a preacher and writer. Among his works are *Hore Syriaca*, The Holy Eucharist, Science and Revealed Religion, Fabiola, or the Church of the Catacombs, Recollections of the last four Popes, and Essays from the Dublin Review. He was appointed Archbishop of Westminster, and raised to the rank of a Cardinal in 1852. The extract following is from an able address delivered to workmen, suggested by the great art exhibition at Manchester in 1857.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF THE ARTISAN AND ARTIST.

I THINK, among the greatest errors that language has imposed upon us, there is none more remarkable than the sort of antagonism which is established in common language as between Nature and Art. We speak of art as being, in a certain manner, the rival of Nature, and opposed to it; we contrast them — we speak of the superiority of Nature, and depreciate Art as compared with it. On the other hand, what is Art but the effort that is made by human skill to seize upon the transitory features of Nature, to give them the stamp of perpetuity? If we study Nature, we see that in her general laws she is unchangeable; the year goes on its course, and day after day pass magnificently through the same revolutions. But there is not one single moment in which either Nature, or anything that belongs to her, is stationary. The earth, the planets, and the sun and moon, are not for any instant in exactly the same relation mutually as they were in another instant. The face of Nature is constantly changing; and what is it that preserves that for us but Art, which is not the rival, but the child, as well as the handmaid, of Nature? You find, when you watch the setting sun, how beautiful and how bright for an instant! then how it fades away! the sky and sea are covered with darkness, and the departed light is reflected, as it had been just now upon the water, still upon your mind. In that one evanescent moment a Claude or a Stanfield dips his pencil in the glowing sky, and transfers its hue to his canvas; and ages after, by the lamp of night, or in the brightness of the morning, we can contemplate that evening scene of nature, and again renew in ourselves all the emotions which the reality could

impart. And so it is with every other object. Each of us is, but for the present moment, the same as he is in this instant of his personal existence through which he is now passing. He is the child, the boy, the man, the aged one, bending feebly over the last few steps of his career. You wish to possess him as he is now, in his youthful vigor, or in the maturity of his wisdom, and a Rembrandt, or a Titian, or a Herbert, seizes that moment of grace, or of beauty, or of sage experience; and he stamps indelibly that loved image on his canvas; and for generations it is gazed on with admiration and with love. We must not pretend a fight against Nature, and say that will make Art different from what she is.

Let us therefore look on Art but as the highest image that can be made of Nature. Consequently, while religion is the greatest and noblest mode in which we acknowledge the magnificent and all-wise majesty of God, and what he has done both for the spiritual and the physical existence of man, let us look upon Art as but the most graceful and natural tribute of homage we can pay to him for the beauties which he has so lavishly scattered over creation. Art, then, is, to my mind, and I trust to you all, a sacred and a reverend thing, and one which must be treated with all nobleness of feeling, and with all dignity of aim. We must not depress it; the education of our Art must always be ending higher and higher; we must fear the possibility of our creating a mere lower class of artists which would degrade the higher departments, instead of endeavoring to blend and harmonize every department; so that there shall cease to exist in the minds of men the distinction between high and low art.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Sir Edward George Earle Lytton is the son of the late General William Earle Bulwer, but on succeeding to the estates of his mother he was allowed by the crown to exchange the name of Bulwer for that of his mother, which he now bears. He was educated at Cambridge, and gained the chancellor's prize for a poem in 1825. A year after he published some of his early effusions in verse. His novels, however, attracted more favorable attention, and are still widely read, especially by the young and impressible. The first one of note was *Pelham*, whose hero is a professed dandy, but not without good points. Among other popular works of his earlier days are *The Disowned*, *Devereux*, *Paul Clifford*, *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, *Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, *Alice or the Mysteries*, *Ernest Maltravers*, *Leila or the Siege of Grenada*, *Night and Morning*, *Zanoni*, and the *Last of the Barons*. None of these can be commended to the reader without qualification. They are not only unduly romantic, but are pervaded by an unhealthy moral tone. The stories are all constructed with skill, and hold the attention strongly until the climax is reached; but the book once finished has lost its charm. The characters may interest us during the perusal, but not one of them is ever remembered. The author's next successes were in his admirable plays, of which *Richelieu*, *The Lady of Lyons*, and *Money* hold their place on the stage with undiminished popularity. The *New Timon*, of which short extracts are here given, is a satirical poem, containing the plot of a highly-wrought story, and is not without merit. The reference to the Poet Laureate is a fine specimen of honest antipathy, with perhaps a dash of that old-fashioned envy which we had hoped modern authors are free from. The attack, in fact, is a sad anachronism, belonging to the era of *The Dunciad*. The retort may be read among the specimens of Tennyson's verse; it is of the *Tu quoque* sort (as classified by Charles Reade), which may be freely rendered *You're another!* It differs from the blackguardism of Punch's typical cab driver only in being written by a scholar and in verse.

In 1850 Sir Edward wrote a novel called *The Caxtons*, evidently suggested by *Sterne's Tristram Shandy*, but of far greater power than his former stories, and mainly free from the moral objections which attach to them. This was followed by *My Novel* and *What Will He Do With It?* both in a similar vein, and both deservedly popular. He has been in Parliament for many years, and has gained some credit as a speech-maker; but his political influence has not been greatly effective or conspicuous.

[From the *New Timon*.]

WELL, let the world change on — still must endure
 While Earth is Earth — one changeless race — the Poor!
 Within that street, on yonder threshold stone,
 What sits as stone-like? — Penury, claim thine own!
 She sate the homeless wanderer — with calm eyes
 Looking through tears, yet lifted to the skies;
 Wistful but patient — sorrowful but mild,
 As asking God when he would claim his child.
 A face too young for such a tranquil grief,
 The worm that gnawed the core had spared the leaf;
 Though worn the cheek, with hunger or with care,
 Yet still the soft fresh child-like bloom was there —
 And each might touch you with an equal gloom,
 The youth, the care, the hunger, and the bloom; —

As if, when round the cradle of the child
 With lavish gifts the gentler fairies smiled,
 One vengeful sprite, forgotten as the guest,
 Had breathed a spell to disenchant the rest,
 And prove how slight each favor, else divine,
 If wroth the Urganda of the Golden Mine!

A SHOT AT THE LAUREATE.

Me Life hath skilled! — to me, from woe and wrong,
 By Passion's tomb leapt forth the source of Song.
 The "*Quicquid agunt Homines*," — whate'er
 Our actions teach us, and our natures share,
 Life and the World, our City and our Age,
 Have tried my spirit to inform my page;
 I seek no purfled prettiness of phrase, —
 A soul in earnest scorns the tricks for praise.
 If to my verse denied the Poet's fame,
 This merit, rare to verse that wins, I claim;
 No tawdry grace shall womanize my pen!
 Even in a love-song, man should write for men!
 Not mine, not mine (O Muse, forbid!) the boon
 Of borrowed notes, the mock-bird's modish tune,
 The jingling medley of purloined conceits,
 Outbabying Wordsworth, and outglittering Keats,
 Where all the airs of patchwork-pastoral chime
 To drowsy ears in Tennysonian rhyme!
 Am I intralld but by the sterile rule,
 The formal pupil of a frigid school,
 If to old laws my Spartan tastes adhere,
 If the old vigorous music charms my ear,
 Where sense with sound, and ease with weight, combine,
 In the pure silver of Pope's ringing line;
 Or where the pulse of man beats loud and strong
 In the frank flow of Dryden's lusty song?
 Let School-Miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
 On "darling little rooms so warm and bright!"
 Chaunt, "I'm weary," in infectious strain,
 And catch her "blue-fly singing i' the pane."
 Though praised by Critics, though adored by Blues,
 Though Peel with pudding plump the puling Muse,
 Though Theban taste the Saxon's purse controls,
 And pensions Tennyson, while starves a Knowles,

Rather be thou, my poor Pierian Maid,
 Decent at least, in Hayley's weeds arrayed,
 Than patch with frippery every tinsel line,
 And flaunt admired, the Rag Fair of the Nine !

What charms the ear of childhood ? — not the page
 Of that romance which wins the sober age ;
 Not the dark truths, like warning ghosts, which pass
 Along the pilgrim path of *Rasselas* ;
 Not wit's wrought crystal which, so coldly clear,
 Reflects, in *Zadig*, learning's icy sneer ;
 Unreasoning, wandering, stronger far the thrall
 Of Aimée's cave, or young Aladdin's hall ;
 And so the childhood of the heart will find
 Charms in the poem of a child-like mind,
 To which the vision of the world is blind !
 Even as the savage, 'midst the desert's gloom,
 Sees, hid from us, the golden fruitage bloom,
 And, where the parched silence wraps us all,
 Lists the soft lapse of the glad waterfall !

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Rev. James Martineau, a younger brother of Harriet Martineau, was born in Norwich in 1805. He was educated at the Unitarian College in York, and at once devoted himself to the ministry. He has achieved great distinction as a preacher and theological writer ; and, what is much more to our purpose, has enforced and illustrated the highest moral truths in a style of exceeding beauty. Few religious writers have so thoroughly entered into the thinking of the age — not to be swerved by it, but to understand its tendencies, and to guide the thoughtful into the realm of spiritual and eternal things. The observations of naturalists, the speculations of philosophers, the teachings of history, — all the best fruits of intellect are employed with an unobtrusive art to enrich his sentences, and to rivet attention upon the sublime doctrines that are linked with our immortality. The selections in this volume are from a work entitled *Endeavors after the Christian Life*.

IMMORTALITY.

THE corporeal frame is but the mechanism for making thoughts and affections *apparent*, the signal-house with which God has covered us, the electric telegraph by which quickest intimation flies abroad of the spiritual force within us. The instrument may be broken, the dial-plate effaced ; and, though the hidden artist can make no more signs, he may be rich as ever in the things to be signified. Fever

may fire the pulses of the body ; but wisdom and sanctity cannot sicken, be inflamed, and die. Neither consumption can waste, nor fracture mutilate, nor gunpowder scatter away, thought, and fidelity, and love, but only that organization which the spirit sequestered therein renders so fair and noble. To suppose such a thing would be to invert the order of rank, which God has visibly established among the forces of our world, and to give a downright ascendancy to the brute energies of matter above the vitality of the mind, which, up to that point, discovers, subdues, and rules them ; to proclaim the triumph of the sword, the casualty, the pestilence, over virtue, truth, and faith ; to set the cross above the crucified ; to surrender the holy things of this world to corruption, and shroud its heaven with darkness, and turn its moon into blood. Think only of this earth as it floats beneath the eye of God, — a speck in the blue infinite, — a precious life-balloon freighted with the family of spirits he has willed to come up and travel in this portion of his universe. Remember that at this very moment, and at each tick of the clock, some fifty souls have departed hence, gone with their tempestuous passions, their strife, their truth, their hopes, into space and silence ; not either with the appearance of forces spent and finished ; for there are children fallen away, with expectant look on life, nothing doubting the secure embrace that seems to fold them round ; there is youth, raised up to self-subsistence, not without difficulty and sorrow, with the clear deep light of thought and wonder shining from within, quenched in sudden night ; there is many an heroic life, built on no delusion of sense and selfishness, but firm on the adamant of faith, and defying the seductions of falsehood and the threats of fear, — sunk from us absolutely away, and giving no answer to our recalling entreaties and our tears. And will you tell me that all this treasure, which is nothing less than infinite, is *cancelled* and puffed away, like a worthless bubble, into emptiness ? Does God stand ahead of this mighty car of being as it traverses the skies, only to throw out the boundless wealth of lives it bears, and plunge them headlong into the abyss midway on their voyage through eternity ? Put the question in conjunction with any overwhelming calamity, which perceptibly plunges into sudden silence a multitude of souls ; like the dreadful destruction, just announced from the western world, of a ship freighted with priceless lives, with the wealth of homes, the hopes of the oppressed, the lights of nations.¹ Let any one think over the contents of that fated ship, when it quitted the port

¹ The steamboat Lexington, burned on Long Island Sound, January 13, 1840.

at even, amid the cheerful parting of friends, and consider well *where they were* when the morning broke. There were travellers from foreign lands, ready with pleased heart to tell at home the thousand marvels they had gathered on their way. There was a family of mourners, taking to their household graves their unburied dead. And there was *one* at least of rare truth and wisdom, of designs than which philanthropy knows nothing greater ; of faith that all must venerate, and love that all must trust ; of persuasive lips, from which a thoughtful genius and the simplest heart poured forth the true music of humanity. And does any one believe that this freight of transcendent worth,—all this sorrow, and thought, and hope, and moral greatness, and pure affection,—were *burnt*, and went out with flame and cotton-smoke ? Sooner would I believe that the fire consumed the less everlasting stars ! Such a galaxy of spiritual light and order and beauty is spread above the elements and their power, and neither heat can scorch it, nor cold water drown. The bleak wind, that swept in the morning over the black and heaving wreck, would moan in the ear of sympathy with the wail of a thousand survivors ; but to the ear of wisdom and of faith, would sound as the returning whisper and requiem of hope.

MUTUAL RELATION AND DEPENDENCE.

IN the grouping of nature, dissimilar things are invariably brought together, and by serving each other's wants and furnishing the complement to each other's beauty, present a whole more perfect than the sum of all the parts. The world we live in is not a cabinet of curiosities, in which every kind of thing has an assortment of its own, labelled with its exclusive characters, and scrupulously separated from objects of kindred tribe. The free creative hand distributes its riches by other order than the formal arrangements of a museum ; and, for the happy life and action of the universe, blends a thousand things, which, for ends of knowledge only, would be kept apart. A single natural object may be the focus of all human studies, and present problems to puzzle a whole congress of the wise. A tropical mountain, for instance, is a seat for all the sciences ; and from the snows of its summit to the ocean at its base, ranges through every realm of the physical world, and presents samples of the objects and forces peculiar to each. Its granite masses stand up as the monumental trophy of nature's engineering ; while each successive stratum piled around their pedestal is as a notch on the score and chronicle of her

operations. Its melting glaciers and its poised clouds keep her chemical register ; showing the temperature of her laboratory, and marking the dew-point every hour. And from the lichen and the moss that paint its upper rocks, through the fields and forests of its slope, to the sea-weeds that cling around its roots, it carries gradations of vegetable and animal life more various than can be told by the most accomplished physiologist. And perhaps from some platform on its side the observatory may be raised ; whence the astronomer obtains his glimpse at other regions of creation, surveys the lordly estate of the Sun of whom our holding is, and espies the realm of space beyond, where worlds lie thick as forest-leaves. In this, we have only a representation of the harmonizing method of creation everywhere, which combines the most unlike things into a perfect unity. The several *kingdoms* of nature, as we term them, are not like our political empires, enclosed with jealous boundaries, thick with commercial barriers, and bristling with military posts. They pervade and penetrate each other ; they form together an indissoluble economy ; the mineral subduing itself into a basis for the organic, the vegetable supporting the animal, the vital culminating in the spiritual ; weak things clinging to the strong, as the moss to the oak's trunk, and the insect to its leaf ; death acting as the purveyor of life, and life playing the sexton to death. Mutual service in endless gradation is clearly the world's great law.

In the natural grouping of human life, the same rule is found. It is not *similarity* but *dissimilarity*, that constitutes the qualification for heartfelt union among mankind ; and the mental affinities resemble the electric, in which like poles repel, while the unlike attract. A family, — than which there is no more genuine type of nature's method of arrangement, — is throughout a combination of *opposites* ; the woman depending on the man, — whose very strength, however, exists only by her weakness ; the child hanging on the parent, — whose power were no blessing, were it not compelled to stoop in gentleness ; the brother protecting the sister — whose affections would have but half their wealth, were they not brought to lean on him with trustful pride ; and even among seeming equals, the impetuous quieted by the thoughtful, and the timid finding shelter with the brave. That there "are diversities of gifts" is the reason why there is "one spirit ;" and it is because one is reliable for knowledge, and another for resolve, and a third for the graces of a balanced mind, that *all* are held in the bonds of a pure affection.

WHAT CHRISTIANITY HAS DONE.

THE difference between the ancient and the modern world is this ; that in the one the great reality of being was *now* ; in the other, it is *yet to come*. If you would witness a scene characteristic of the popular life of old, you must go to the amphitheatre of Rome, mingle with its eighty thousand spectators, and watch the eager faces of Senators and people ; observe how the masters of the world spend the wealth of conquest, and indulge the pride of power ; see every wild creature that God has made to dwell from the jungles of India to the mountains of Wales, from the forests of Germany to the deserts of Nubia, brought hither to be hunted down in artificial groves by thousands in an hour ; behold the captives of war, noble perhaps and wise in their own land, turned loose amid yells of insult more terrible for their foreign tongue, to contend with brutal gladiators trained to make death the favorite amusement, and present the most solemn of individual realities as a wholesale public sport ; mark the light look with which the multitude, by uplifted finger, demands that the wounded combatant be slain before their eyes ; notice the troop of Christian martyrs awaiting, hand in hand, the leap from the tiger's den ; and when the day's spectacle is over, and the blood of two thousand victims stains the ring, follow the giddy crowd as it streams from the vomitories into the street, trace its lazy course into the forum, and hear it there scrambling for the bread of private indolence doled out by the purse of public corruption ; and see how it suns itself to sleep in the open ways, or crawls into foul dens, till morning brings the hope of games and merry blood again ; — and you have an idea of the Imperial people, and their passionate living for the moment, which the gospel found in occupation of the world. And if you would fix in your thought an image of the popular mind of Christendom, I know not that you could do better than go at sunrise with the throng of toiling men to the hill-side where Whitefield or Wesley is about to preach. Hear what a great heart of reality in that hymn that swells upon the morning air ; — a prophet's strain upon a people's lips ! See the rugged hands of labor clasped and trembling, wrestling with the Unseen in prayer ! Observe the uplifted faces, deep-lined with hardship and with guilt, streaming now with honest tears, and flushed with earnest shame, as the man of God wakes the life within, and tells of him that bare for us the stripe and the cross, and offers the holiest spirit to the humblest lot, and tears away the veil of sense from the glad and awful gates of

heaven and hell. Go to these people's homes, and observe the decent tastes, the sense of domestic obligations, the care for childhood, the desire of instruction, the neighborly kindness, the conscientious self-respect, and say, whether the sacred image of duty does not live within those minds; whether *holiness* has not taken the place of *pleasure* in their idea of life; whether for them too the toils of nature are not lightened by some eternal hope, and their burden carried by some angel of love, and the strife of necessity turned into the service of God.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

Benjamin Disraeli was born in London in 1805. His father was the well-known author of *The Curiosities of Literature* and other scholarly works. He was educated at a private school, and at an early age was articled to an attorney as clerk; but, being an eminently handsome person, with agreeable manners and a ready talent in conversation, he escaped from his destined drudgery, and became a favorite in the fashionable world. His first book, *Vivian Gray*, was written at twenty years of age, and was greatly successful. In this, as in nearly all his fictions, the author has given real portraits of well-known persons; and the popularity of the society novel is often owing as much to curiosity on the part of the reader as to any extraordinary ability in the writer. Among his other works are *The Young Duke*, *Contarina Fleming*, *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, *Henrietta Temp'e*, *Venetia*, *Coningsby*, *Tancred*, *Count Alarcos* (a tragedy), and *Lothair*. The last-named novel is a sharp, political pamphlet against the Catholic party, written in an extravagant style, that might be more pardonable in a younger author.

After several unsuccessful attempts, Disraeli was elected to Parliament, where in his maiden speech he made the worst possible figure. But resolution, practice, and a profound study of men, made him in time a powerful debater and an adroit party leader. He has been constantly in public life, and has twice been Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was lately offered a peerage, which he gracefully declined in favor of his wife. It is very seldom that any one in aristocratic London has achieved such a remarkable success, — social, political, and literary, — by the sheer force of his own abilities, and in spite of the disadvantages of his origin.

[From *Tancred*.]

It was the first night of the new moon, and the white beams of the young crescent were just beginning to steal over the lately flushed and empurpled scene. The air was still glowing, and the evening breeze, which sometimes wandered through the ravines from the Gulf of Akabah, had not yet arrived. Tancred, shrouded in his Bedouin cloak, and accompanied by Baroni, visited the circle of black tents, which they found almost empty, the whole band, with the exception of the scouts, who are always on duty in an Arab encampment, being assembled in the ruins of the amphitheatre, in whose arena, opposite to the pavilion of the great sheik, a celebrated poet was reciting the visit of Antar to the temple of the fire-

worshippers, and the adventures of that greatest of Arabian heroes among the effeminate and astonished courtiers of the generous and magnificent Nushirvan.

The audience was not a scanty one, for this chosen detachment of the children of Rechab had been two hundred strong, and the great majority of them were now assembled; some seated, as the ancient Idumæans, on the still entire seats of the amphitheatre; most squatted in groups upon the ground, though at a respectful distance from the poet; others standing amid the crumbling pile and leaning against the tall, dark fragments just beginning to be silvered by the moonbeam; but, in all their countenances, their quivering features, their flashing eyes, the mouth open with absorbing suspense, were expressed a wild and vivid excitement, the heat of sympathy, and a ravishing delight.

When Antar, in the tournament, overthrew the famous Greek knight, who had travelled from Constantinople to beard the court of Persia; when he caught in his hand the assassin spear of the Persian satrap, envious of his Arabian chivalry, and returned it to his adversary's heart; when he shouted from his saddle that he was the lover of Ibla and the horseman of the age—the audience exclaimed, with rapturous earnestness, "It is true! it is true!" although they were guaranteeing the assertions of a hero who lived, and loved, and fought more than fourteen hundred years before. Antar is the Iliad of the desert; the hero is the passion of the Bedouins. They will listen forever to his forays, when he raised the triumphant cry of his tribe, "O, by Abs! O, by Adnan!" to the narratives of the camels he captured, the men he slew, and the maidens to whose charms he was indifferent, for he was "ever the lover of Ibla." What makes this great Arabian invention still more interesting, is, that it was composed at a period antecedent to the Prophet: it describes the desert before the Koran, and it teaches us how little the dwellers in it were changed by the introduction and adoption of Islamism.

As Tancred and his companion reached the amphitheatre, a ringing laugh resounded.

"Antar is dining with the King of Persia after his victory," said Baroni; "this is a favorite scene with the Arabs. Antar asks the courtiers the name of every dish, and whether the king dines so every day. He bares his arms, and chucks the food into his mouth without ever moving his jaws. They have heard this all their lives, but always laugh at it with the same heartiness. Why, Shedad, son of

Amroo," continued Baroni to an Arab near him, "you have listened to this ever since you first tasted liban, and it still pleases you!"

"I am never wearied with listening to fine language," said the Bedouin; "perfumes are always sweet, though you may have smelled them a thousand times."

Except when there was some expression of feeling elicited by the performance, — a shout or a laugh, — the silence was absolute. Not a whisper could be heard; and it was in the most muffled tone that Baroni intimated to Tancred that the great sheik was present, and that, as this was his first appearance since his illness, he must pay his respects to Amalek. So saying, and preceding Tancred, in order that he might announce his arrival, Baroni approached the pavilion. The great sheik welcomed Tancred with a benignant smile, motioned to him to sit upon his carpet, rejoiced that he was recovered, hoped that he should live a thousand years, gave him his pipe, and then, turning again to the poet, was instantly lost in the interest of his narrative. Baroni, standing as near Tancred as the carpet would permit him, occasionally leaned over and gave his lord an intimation of what was occurring.

After a little while, the poet ceased. Then there was a general hum, and great praise, and many men said to each other, "All this is true, for my father told it to me before." The great sheik, who was highly pleased, ordered his slaves to give the poet a cup of coffee, and, taking from his own vest an immense purse, more than a foot in length, he extracted from it, after a vast deal of research, one of the smallest of conceivable coins, which the poet pressed to his lips, and, notwithstanding the exiguity of the donation, declared that God was great.

"O, sheik of sheiks," said the poet, "what I have recited, though it is by the gift of God, is in fact written, and has been ever since the days of the giants; but I have also dipped my pen into my own brain, and now I would recite a poem which I hope some day may be suspended in the Temple of Mecca. It is in honor of one who, were she to rise to our sight, would be as the full moon when it rises over the desert. Yes, I sing of Eva, the daughter of Amalek" (the Bedouins always omitted Besso in her genealogy), "Eva, the daughter of a thousand chiefs. May she never quit the tents of her race! May she always ride upon Nejid steeds and dromedaries, with harness of silver! May she live among us forever! May she show herself to the people like a free Arabian maiden!"

"They are the thoughts of truth," said the delighted Bedouins to one another; "every word is a pearl."

And the great sheik sent a slave to express his wish that Eva and her maidens should appear. So she came to listen to the ode which the poet had composed in her honor. He had seen palm trees, but they were not as tall and graceful as Eva; he had beheld the eyes of doves and antelopes, but they were not as bright and soft as hers; he had tasted the fresh springs in the wilderness, but they were not more welcome than she, and the soft splendor of the desert moon was not equal to her brow. She was the daughter of Amalek, the daughter of a thousand chiefs. Might she live forever in their tents, ever ride on Nejid steeds and on dromedaries with silver harness, ever show herself to the people like a free Arabian maiden!

The poet, after many variations on this theme, ceased amid great plaudits.

"He is a true poet," said an Arab, who was, like most of his brethren, a critic; "he is, in truth, a second Antar."

"If he had recited these verses before the King of Persia, he would have given him a thousand camels," replied his neighbor, gravely.

"They ought to be suspended in the Temple of Mecca," said a third.

"What I most admire is his image of the full moon — that cannot be too often introduced," said a fourth.

"Truly the moon should ever shine," said a fifth. "Also, in all truly fine verses there should be palm trees and fresh springs."

Tancred, to whom Baroni had conveyed the meaning of the verses, was also pleased. Having observed that on a previous occasion the great sheik had rewarded the bard, Tancred ventured to take a chain, which he fortunately chanced to wear, from his neck, and sent it to the poet of Eva. This made a great sensation, and highly delighted the Arabs.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson was born in Lincolnshire in 1810. He is the son of a clergyman, and one of a numerous and gifted family. He was educated at Cambridge. Before finishing his course he published a volume containing the series of airy portraits, which, read now in the light of his great fame, seem exquisite, but were condemned by the critics then, as the dainty affectations of a poetaster. In his second volume was published *The Miller's Daughter*, and *The May Queen*, both full of human interest, and remarkable for a subtle skill in word-painting. But his third volume, which contained *The Gardener's Daughter*, *Locksley Hall*, *Dora*, *Ulysses*, and the first of the legendary tales of *Arthur's Court*, established his reputation as the first of English poets; and upon the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, he was appointed Poet Laureate. His principal poems since published are, *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, *The Idyls of the King*, *Enoch Arden*, and *The Holy Grail*.

Tennyson is generally considered to be a philosophical poet, and it is true that there is more of reverie and more of deep meditation than of apparent movement in his smoothly finished verse. But there is not one of the poems just named, no matter with what nice care its perfect epithets have been chosen, that is not alive to the core with some of the passions of our nature. His style has been stigmatized as "enamelled," but his enamel is like Milton's and Gray's, burned into the classic shape it covers, and as indestructible as the great thoughts it adorns.

The student who would know how the old Saxon element of the language can be moulded into the most terse, musical and picturesque blank verse must read the series of idylls (forming a real epic), upon the Knights of the Round Table. The characters are strongly drawn; the incidents are in due perspective, and the style appears so simple, that at first one does not suspect either the vigor that inspires or the art that has rounded the verse. The songs of Tennyson, especially those in *The Princess*, have a delicious melody, to which the finest music can hardly add any charm.

Another trait must be noticed, and that is the pictorial art of the poet. Every stanza in his descriptive poems brings up a vivid scene to the least imaginative reader; the earth, the sky, and the sea are seen to be in harmony with the feeling of the hour; and by their sympathetic aspect give dignity and intensity to the human element.

Tennyson is a man of large stature, dark in complexion, with a full beard and abundant hair. He lives mostly at Faringford, in the Isle of Wight, not far from the Queen's residence. His aversion to meeting strangers is peculiarly strong; and the determined silence, or the short and gruff phrases by which even the most cultivated visitors and admirers have been repelled, leave us without much knowledge of his social character. Many a celebrity is most warmly worshipped at a distance.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls

Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made, —
Though Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more — but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten through the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In after-time, this also shall be known :
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.”

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
“ It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.”

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topas-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long

That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw ; but at the last it seemed
Better to leave Excalibur concealed
There in the many-knotted water-flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
"Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :
For surer sign had followed, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought ;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud : —

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done ?
What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The king is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to after-time, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, ' King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the after-time
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded king.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere,
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widowed of the power in his eye
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutched the sword,
And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the king.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
" Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ? "

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
" Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere. "

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
" My end draws nigh ; ' tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die. "

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes

As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the king,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold — and from them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the king, and wept.

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And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,
 His double chin, his portly size,
 And who that knew him could forget
 The busy wrinkles round his eyes ?

The slow, wise smile that, round about
 His dusty forehead dryly curled,
 Seemed half-within and half-without,
 And full of dealings with the world ?

In yonder chair I see him sit,
 Three fingers round the old silver cup —
 I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
 At his own jest — gray eyes lit up
 With summer lightnings of a soul
 So full of summer warmth, so glad,
 So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole,
 His memory scarce can make me sad.

Yet fill my glass : give me one kiss :
 My own sweet Alice, we must die.
 There's somewhat in this world amiss
 Shall be unriddled by and by.
 There's somewhat flows to us in life,
 But more is taken quite away.
 Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife,
 That we may die the self-same day.

Have I not found a happy earth ?
 I least should breathe a thought of pain.
 Would God renew me from my birth
 I'd almost live my life again.
 So sweet it seems with thee to walk,
 And once again to woo thee mine —
 It seems in after-dinner talk
 Across the walnuts and the wine —

To be the long and listless boy
 Late left an orphan of the squire,
 Where this old mansion mounted high
 Looks down upon the village spire :
 For even here, where I and you
 Have lived and loved alone so long,
 Each morn my sleep was broken through
 By some wild skylark's matin-song.

And oft I heard the tender dove
 In furry woodlands making moan ;
 But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
 I had no motion of my own.
 For scarce my life with fancy played
 Before I dreamed that pleasant dream —
 Still hither thither idly swayed
 Like those long mosses in the stream.

Or from the bridge I leaned to hear
 The mill-dam rushing down with noise,
 And see the minnows everywhere
 In crystal eddies glance and poise,
 The tall flag-flowers when they sprang
 Below the range of stepping-stones,
 Or those three chestnuts near, that hung
 In masses thick with milky cones.

But, Alice, what an hour was that,
 When after roving in the woods,
 ('Twas April then), I came and sat
 Below the chestnuts, when their buds

Were glistening to the breezy blue ;
 And on the s'lope, an absent fool,
 I cast me down, nor thought of you,
 But angled in the higher pool.

A love-song I had somewhere read,
 An echo from a measured strain,
 Beat time to nothing in my head
 From some odd corner of the brain.
 It haunted me, the morning long,
 With weary sameness in the rhymes,
 The phantom of a silent song,
 That went and came a thousand times.

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
 I watched the little circles die ;
 They past into the level flood,
 And there a vision caught my eye ;
 The reflex of a beauteous form,
 A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,
 As when a sunbeam wavers warm
 Within the dark and dimpled beck.

For you remember, you had set,
 That morning, on the casement's edge
 A long green box of mignonette,
 And you were leaning from the ledge ;
 And when I raised my eyes, above
 They met with two so full and bright —
 Such eyes ! I swear to you, my love,
 That these have never lost their light.

I loved, and love dispelled the fear
 That I should die an early death ;
 For love possessed the atmosphere,
 And filled the breast with purer breath.
 My mother thought, What ails the boy ?
 For I was altered, and began
 To move about the house with joy,
 And with the certain step of man.

I loved the brimming wave that swam
 Through quiet meadows round the mill,
 The sleepy pool above the dam,
 The pool beneath it never still,
 The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
 The dark round of the dripping wheel,
 The very air about the door
 Made misty with the floating meal.

And oft in ramblings on the wold,
 When April nights began to blow,
 And April's crescent glimmered cold,
 I saw the village lights below ;
 I knew your taper far away,
 And full at heart of trembling hope,
 From off the wold I came, and lay
 Upon the freshly-flowered slope.

The deep brook groaned beneath the mill :
And "by that lamp," I thought, "she
sits !"

The white chalk-quarry from the hill
Gleamed to the flying moon by fits.

"O that I were beside her now !
O will she answer if I call ?
O would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet Alice, if I told her all ?"

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin ;
And, in the pauses of the wind,
Sometimes I heard you sing within ;
Sometimes your shadow crossed the blind ;
At last you rose and moved the light,
And the long shadow of the chair
Flitted across into the night,
And all the casement darkened there.

But when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with May ;
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flushed like the coming of the day :
And so it was — half shy, half shy,
You would, and would not, little one !
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone.

And slowly was my mother brought
To yield consent to my desire :
She wished me happy, but she thought
I might have looked a little higher ;
And I was young — too young to wed :
"Yet must I love her for your sake ;
Go fetch your Alice here," she said ;
Her eyelid quivered as she spake.

And down I went to fetch my bride ;
But, Alice, you were ill at ease ;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
Too fearful that you should not please.
I loved you better for your fears,
I knew you could not look but well ;
And dews, that would have fallen in tears,
I kissed away before they fell.

I watched the little flutterings,
The doubt my mother would not see ;
She spoke at large of many things,
And at the last she spoke of me ;

And turning looked upon your face,
As near this door you sat apart,
And rose, and, with a silent grace
Approaching, pressed you heart to heart.

Ah, well ; but sing the foolish song
I gave you, Alice, on the day
When, arm in arm, we went along,
A pensive pair, and you were gay
With bridal flowers — that I may seem,
As in the nights of old, to lie
Beside the mill-wheel in the stream,
While those full chestnuts whisper by.

Look through mine eyes with thine. True
wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine ;
My other dearer life in life,
Look through my very soul with thine !
Untouched with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes forever dwell !
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

Yet tears they shed : they had their part
Of sorrow : for when time was ripe,
The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness past again,
And left a want unknown before ;
Although the loss that brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in thee ;
But that God bless thee, dear — who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind —
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find.

Arise, and let us wander forth
To yon old mill across the wolds ;
For look, the sunset, south and north,
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires your narrow casement glass,
Touching the sullen pool below :
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

SONGS.

[From the Princess.]

THE splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying :
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
 dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
 dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river ;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever .
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
 flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
 dying.

HOME they brought her warrior dead :
 She nor swooned, nor uttered cry ;
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 " She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Called him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe ;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior slept,
 Took the face-cloth from the face ;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee —
 Like summer tempest came her tears —
 " Sweet my child, I live for thee."

THE EAGLE.

FRAGMENT.

HE clasps the crag with hooked hands ;
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,
 Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

SONG.

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ;
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

[From In Memoriam.]

xi.

CALM is the morn without a sound,
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
 And only through the faded leaf
 The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold
 And on these dews that drench the furze,
 And all the silvery gossamers
 That twink'le into green and gold :

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall ;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

cv.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more :

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns !" he said ;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

"Forward, the Light Brigade !"
Was there a man dismayed ?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered .
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered ;

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well ;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered ;
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered ;

Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI.
 When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade!
 Noble six hundred.

THE NEW TIMON AND THE POETS.¹

We know him, out of Shakespeare's art,
 And those fine curses which he spoke;
 The old Timon, with his noble heart,
 That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old: here comes the New.
 Regard him: a familiar face;
 I thought we knew him: What, it's you,
 The padded man — that wears the stays —

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
 With dandy pathos when you wrote!
 A Lion, you, that made a noise,
 And shook a mane *en papillotes*.

And once you tried the Muses too;
 You failed, sir: therefore now you turn,
 To fall on those who are to you
 As Captain is to Subaltern.

But men of long-enduring hopes,
 And careless what this hour may bring,
 Can pardon little would-be Popes
 And Brummels, when they try to sting.

An Artist, Sir, should rest in Art,
 And wave a little of his claim;

To have the deep poetic heart
 Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, Sir, you are hard to please;
 You never look but half content;
 Nor like a gentleman at ease,
 With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites and what with fears,
 You cannot let a body be;
 It's always ringing in your ears,
 "They call this man as good as *me*."

What profits now to understand
 The merits of a spotless shirt —
 A dapper boot — a little hand —
 If half the little soul is dirt!

You talk of tinsel! why, we see
 The old mark of rouge upon your cheeks.
You prate of Nature! you are he
 That spilt his life about the cliques.

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame!
 It looks too arrogant a jest —
 The fierce old man — to take his name,
 You bandbox! Off, and let him rest.

PUNCH, 1846.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta in 1811, his father being in the civil service of the East India Company. At seven years of age he was sent to England, stopping on the way at St. Helena, where, as he says, he saw the "Corsican ogre," and on reaching London was placed at the Charterhouse school. He was afterwards sent to Cambridge, but did not graduate. Having inherited a fortune, he determined to devote himself to art, and pursued his studies abroad for some years: but at length, after meeting with pecuniary losses, he turned his attention to literature. It has been said (though the authority cannot be given here), that his first acquaintance with Dickens came from his making some drawings to illustrate a story written by the younger and more popular novelist.

¹ See extract from Bulwer Lytton's *New Timon*.

The first productions of our author were light sketches and tales, mostly under the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh; and it is a coincidence that Thackeray's nose was flattened in boyhood by a blow, as the great sculptor's was by the mallet of Torregiano, a brother workman. In this early period were published *The Paris Sketch-Book*, *The Great Hogarty Diamond*, *The Irish Sketch-Book*, *Jeames's Diary*, *The Yellowplush Papers*, *The Book of Snobs*, *From Cornhill to Cairo*, and *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*. The reputation of Thackeray was of slow growth; none of his early works made much impression, until he became known through "Punch" as the author of the inimitable observations of *Jeames*. In all these comic sketches the artist was quite as conspicuous as the author. His first serial novel was *Vanity Fair*, a powerful but bitterly satirical work, and containing the germs of nearly all the ideas since elaborated in his other novels. This was followed at intervals by *The History of Pendennis*, *The History of Henry Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, and *Lovel the Widower*. He wrote and illustrated also a great number of Christmas stories, which are treasures of fun and of delicate sentiment. In this field he has neither equal nor second. *Rebecca and Rowena*, *Dr. Birch* and his *Young Friends*, *The Rose and the Ring*, and *Our Street*, are instances of the drollest conceits set off by the drollest pictures, without a touch of vulgarity, and written for the most part in a style so exquisite, that if Addison were proof-reader he would lay down his pencil in despair. Equally charming are his Lectures on the English Humorists, and on *The Four Georges*. These were delivered in this country as well as in England, and will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to hear them.

Various opinions are held as to Thackeray's novels. It is true that his heroines seldom have intellect and heart together, and that we are invited rather too often to the discovery of mean motives, and of all sorts of skeletons in closets. But there are passages in all his works that could have been dictated only by a great and generous heart; the ideas of honor and manliness are never forgotten; and, while affecting to sneer at sentiment, he paints scenes which cannot be read without tears.

It is difficult to compare him with his great rival, Dickens; most educated men will prefer the first as the more profound thinker, the more robust in character, and by far the more scholarly and more idiomatic writer in style.

Thackeray was a man of powerful frame and commanding presence. His reserve was chilling at first, but when the ice was broken, the ease, liveliness, and kindness of his manner were indescribable. He died in 1863.

[From *The History of Henry Esmond*.]

THE actors in the old tragedies, as we read, piped their iambics to a tune, speaking from under a mask, and wearing stilts and a great head-dress. 'Twas thought the dignity of the Tragic Muse required these appurtenances, and that she was not to move except to a measure and cadence. So Queen Medea slew her children to a slow music: and King Agamemnon perished in a dying fall (to use Mr. Dryden's words): the Chorus standing by in a set attitude, and rhythmically and decorously bewailing the fates of those great crowned persons. The Muse of History hath encumbered herself with ceremony as well as her Sister of the Theatre. She too wears the mask and the cothurnus, and speaks to measure. She too, in our age, busies herself with the affairs only of kings; waiting on them, obsequiously and stately, as if she were but a mistress of Court ceremonies, and had nothing to do with the registering of the

affairs of the common people. I have seen in his very old age and decrepitude the old French King Lewis the Fourteenth, the type and model of king-hood — who never moved but to measure, who lived and died according to the laws of his Court-Marshal, persisting in enacting through life the part of Hero ; and divested of poetry, this was but a little wrinkled old man, pock-marked, and with a great periwig and red heels to make him look tall, — a hero for a book if you like, or for a brass statue or a painted ceiling, a god in a Roman shape, but what more than a man for Madame Maintenon, or the barber who shaved him, or Monsieur Fagon his surgeon ? I wonder shall History ever pull off her periwig and cease to be court-ridden ? Shall we see something of France and England besides Versailles and Windsor ? I saw Queen Anne at the latter place tearing down the Park slopes after her staghounds, and driving her one-horse chaise — a hot, red-faced woman, not in the least resembling that statue of her which turns its stone back upon Saint Paul's, and faces the coaches struggling up Ludgate Hill. She was neither better bred nor wiser than you and me, though we knelt to hand her a letter or a wash-hand-basin. Why shall History go on kneeling to the end of time ? I am for having her rise up off her knees, and take a natural posture : not to be forever performing cringes and congées like a Court-chamberlain, and shuffling backwards out of doors in the presence of the sovereign. In a word, I would have History familiar rather than heroic : and think that Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Fielding will give our children a much better idea of the manners of the present age in England, than the Court Gazette and the newspapers which we get thence.

[From The Four Georges.]

GEORGE I.

A VERY few years since, I knew familiarly a lady, who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George I. This lady had knocked at Dr. Johnson's door ; had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgina of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III. ; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the court of Queen Anne. I often thought as I took my kind old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old society of wits and men of the world. I could travel back

for seven score years of time — have glimpses of Brummell, Selwyn, Chesterfield and the men of pleasure ; of Walpole and Conway ; of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith ; of North, Chatham, Newcastle ; of the fair maids of honor of George II.'s court ; of the German retainers of George I.'s ; where Addison was secretary of state ; where Dick Steele held a place ; whither the great Marlborough came with his fiery spouse ; when Pope, and Swift, and Bolingbroke yet lived and wrote. Of a society so vast, busy, brilliant, it is impossible in four brief chapters to give a complete notion ; but we may peep here and there into that bygone world of the Georges, see what they and their courts were like ; glance at the people round about them ; look at past manners, fashions, pleasures, and contrast them with our own.

As one views Europe, through contemporary books of travel in the early part of the last century, the landscape is awful — wretched wastes, beggarly and plundered ; half-burned cottages and trembling peasants gathering piteous harvests ; gangs of such tramping along with bayonets behind them, and corporals with canes and cats-of-nine-tails to flog them to barracks. By these passes my lord's gilt carriage floundering through the ruts, as he swears at the postilions, and toils on to the Residenz. Hard by, but away from the noise and brawling of the citizens and buyers, is Wilhelmslust or Ludwigsruhe, or Monbijou, or Versailles — it scarcely matters which, — near to the city, shut out by woods from the beggared country, the enormous, hideous, gilded, monstrous marble palace, where the Prince is, and the Court, and the trim gardens, and huge fountains, and the forest where the ragged peasants are beating the game in (it is death to them to touch a feather) ; and the jolly hunt sweeps by with its uniform of crimson and gold ; and the Prince gallops ahead puffing his royal horn ; and his lords and mistresses ride after him ; and the stag is pulled down ; and the grand huntsman gives the knife in the midst of a chorus of bugles ; and 'tis time the Court go home to dinner ; and our noble traveller, it may be the Baron of Pöllnitz, or the Count de Königsmarck, or the excellent Chevalier de Seingalt, sees the procession gleaming through the trim avenues of the wood, and hastens to the inn, and sends his noble name to the marshal of the Court. Then our nobleman arrays himself in green and gold, or pink and silver, in the richest Paris mode, and is introduced by the chamberlain, and makes his bow to the jolly Prince, and the gracious Princess ; and is presented to the chief lords and

ladies, and then comes supper and a bank at Faro, where he loses or wins a thousand pieces by daylight. If it is a German court, you may add not a little drunkenness to this picture of high life ; but German, or French, or Spanish, if you can see out of your palace-windows beyond the trim-cut forest vistas, misery is lying outside ; hunger is stalking about the bare villages, listlessly following precarious husbandry ; ploughing stony fields with starved cattle ; or fearfully taking in scanty harvests. Augustus is fat and jolly on his throne ; he can knock down an ox, and eat one almost ; his mistress, Aurora von Königsmarck, is the loveliest, the wittiest creature ; his diamonds are the biggest and most brilliant in the world, and his feasts as splendid as those of Versailles. As for Louis the Great, he is more than mortal. Lift up your glances respectfully, and mark him eying Madame de Fontanges or Madame de Montespan from under his sublime periwig, as he passes through the great gallery where Villars and Vendôme, and Berwick, and Bossuet, and Massillon are waiting. Can Court be more splendid ; nobles and knights more gallant and superb ; ladies more lovely ? A grander monarch, or a more miserable starved wretch than the peasant his subject, you cannot look on. Let us bear both these types in mind, if we wish to estimate the old society properly. Remember the glory and the chivalry ? Yes ! Remember the grace and beauty, the splendor and lofty politeness ; the gallant courtesy of Fontenoy, where the French line bids the gentlemen of the English guard to fire first ; the noble constancy of the old King and Villars his general, who fits out the last army with the last crown-piece from the treasury, and goes to meet the enemy and die or conquer for France at Denain. But round all that royal splendor lies a nation enslaved and ruined : there are people robbed of their rights — communities laid waste — faith, justice, commerce trampled upon, and well nigh destroyed — nay, in the very centre of royalty itself, what horrible stains and meanness, crime and shame ! It is but to a silly harlot that some of the noblest gentlemen, and some of the proudest women in the world, are bowing down ; it is the price of a miserable province that the King ties in diamonds round his mistress's white neck. In the first half of the last century, I say, this is going on all Europe over. Saxony is a waste as well as Picardy or Artois ; and Versailles is only larger and not worse than Herrenhausen.

We have brought our Georges to London city, and if we would behold its aspect, may see it in Hogarth's lively perspective of

Cheapside, or read of it in a hundred contemporary books which paint the manners of that age. Our dear old "Spectator" looks smiling upon the streets, with their innumerable signs, and describes them with his charming humor. "Our streets are filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans, and Red Lions, not to mention Flying Pigs and Hogs in Armor, with other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa." A few of these quaint old figures still remain in London town. You may still see there, and over its old hostel in Ludgate Hill, the "Belle Sauvage" to whom the "Spectator" so pleasantly alludes in that paper; and who was, probably, no other than the sweet American Pocahontas, who rescued from death the daring Captain Smith. There is the "Lion's Head," down whose jaws the "Spectator's" own letters were passed; and over a great banker's in Fleet Street, the effigy of the wallet, which the founder of the firm bore when he came into London a country boy. People this street, so ornamented, with crowds of swinging chairmen, with servants bawling to clear the way, with Mr. Dean in his cassock, his lackey marching before him; or Mrs. Dinah in her sack, tripping to chapel, her footboy carrying her ladyship's great prayer-book; with itinerant tradesmen, singing their hundred cries (I remember forty years ago, as boy in London city, a score of cheery, familiar cries that are silent now). Fancy the beaux thronging to the chocolate-houses, tapping their snuff-boxes as they issue thence, their periwigs appearing over the red curtains. Fancy Saccharissa, beckoning and smiling from the upper windows, and a crowd of soldiers brawling and bustling at the door — gentlemen of the Life Guards, clad in scarlet, with blue facings, and laced with gold at the seams; gentlemen of the Horse Grenadiers, in their caps of sky-blue cloth, with the garter embroidered on the front in gold and silver; men of the Halberdiers, in their long red coats, as bluff Harry left them, with their ruff and velvet flat caps. Perhaps the King's Majesty himself is going to St. James's as we pass. If he is going to Parliament, he is in his coach-and-eight, surrounded by his guards and the high officers of his crown. Otherwise his Majesty only uses a chair, with six footmen walking before, and six yeomen of the guard at the sides of the sedan. The officers in waiting follow the King in coaches. It must be rather slow work.

Our "Spectator" and "Tatler" are full of delightful glimpses of the town life of those days. In the company of that charming guide, we may go to the opera, the comedy, the puppet-show, the auction, even the cock-pit: we can take boat at Temple Stairs, and accom-

pany Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator to Spring Garden—it will be called Vauxhall a few years hence, when Hogarth will paint for it. Would you not like to step back into the past, and be introduced to Mr. Addison?—not the Right Honorable Joseph Addison, Esq., George I.'s Secretary of State, but to the delightful painter of contemporary manners; the man who, when in good-humor himself, was the pleasantest companion in all England. I should like to go into Lockit's with him, and drink a bowl along with Sir R. Steele (who has just been knighted by King George, and who does not happen to have any money to pay his share of the reckoning). I should not care to follow Mr. Addison to his secretary's office in Whitehall. There we get into politics. Our business is pleasure, and the town, and the coffee-house, and the theatre, and the Mall. Delightful Spectator! kind friend of leisure hours! happy companion! true Christian gentleman! How much greater, better, you are than the King Mr. Secretary kneels to!

You can have foreign testimony about old-world London, if you like; and my before-quoted friend, Charles Louis, Baron de Pöllnitz, will conduct us to it. "A man of sense," says he, "or a fine gentleman, is never at a loss for company in London, and this is the way the latter passes his time. He rises late, puts on a frock and, leaving his sword at home, takes his cane, and goes where he pleases. The park is commonly the place where he walks, because 'tis the Exchange for men of quality. 'Tis the same thing as the Tuileries at Paris, only the park has a certain beauty of simplicity which cannot be described. The grand walk is called the Mall; is full of people at every hour of the day, but especially at morning and evening, when their Majesties often walk with the royal family, who are attended only by a half-dozen yeomen of the guard, and permit all persons to walk at the same time with them. The ladies and gentlemen always appear in rich dresses, for the English, who, twenty years ago, did not wear gold lace but in their army, are now embroidered and bedaubed as much as the French. I speak of persons of quality; for the citizen still contents himself with a suit of fine cloth, a good hat and wig, and fine linen. Everybody is well clothed here, and even the beggars don't make so ragged an appearance as they do elsewhere." After our friend, the man of quality, has had his morning or undress walk in the Mall, he goes home to dress, and then saunters to some coffee-house or chocolate-house frequented by the persons he would see. "For 'tis a rule with the English to go once a day at least to houses of this sort, where they talk of

business and news, read the papers, and often look at one another without opening their lips. And 'tis very well they are so mute : for were they all as talkative as people of other nations, the coffee-houses would be intolerable, and there would be no hearing what one man said where there are so many. The chocolate-house in St. James's Street, where I go every morning to pass away the time, is always so full that a man can scarce turn about in it."

Delightful as London city was, King George I. liked to be out of it as much as ever he could ; and when there, passed all his time with his Germans. It was with them as with Blucher, one hundred years afterwards, when the bold old Reiter looked down from St. Paul's, and sighed out, "Was für Plunder !" The German women plundered ; the German secretaries plundered ; the German cooks and intendants plundered ; even Mustapha and Mahomet, the German negroes, had a share of the booty. Take what you can get, was the old monarch's maxim. He was not a lofty monarch, certainly : he was not a patron of the fine arts : but he was not a hypocrite, he was not revengeful, he was not extravagant. Though a despot in Hanover, he was a moderate ruler in England. His aim was to leave it to itself as much as possible, and to live out of it as much as he could. His heart was in Hanover. When taken ill on his last journey, as he was passing through Holland, he thrust his livid head out of the coach window, and gasped out, "Osnaburg. Osnaburg !"

The Fates are supposed to interest themselves about royal personages ; and so this one had omens and prophecies specially regarding him. He was said to be much disturbed at a prophecy that he should die very soon after his wife ; and sure enough, pallid Death, having seized upon the luckless Princess in her castle of Ahlden, presently pounced upon H. M. King George I., in his travelling chariot, on the Hanover road. What postilion can outride that pale horseman ? It is said, George promised one of his left-handed widows to come to her after death, if leave were granted to him to revisit the glimpses of the moon ; and soon after his demise, a great raven actually flying or hopping in at the Duchess of Kendal's window at Twickenham, she chose to imagine the king's spirit inhabited these plumes, and took special care of her sable visitor. Affecting metempsychosis — funereal royal bird ! How pathetic is the idea of the Duchess weeping over it !

The days are over in England of that strange religion of king-worship, when priests flattered princes in the Temple of God ; when servility was held to be ennobling duty ; when beauty and youth tried eagerly for royal favor ; and woman's shame was held to be no dishonor. Mended morals and mended manners in courts and people, are among the priceless consequences of the freedom which George I. came to rescue and secure. He kept his compact with his English subjects ; and if he escaped no more than other men and monarchs from the vices of his age, at least we may thank him for preserving and transmitting the liberties of ours. In our free air, royal and humble homes have alike been purified ; and Truth, the birthright of high and low among us, which quite fearlessly judges our greatest personages, can only speak of them now in words of respect and regard. There are stains in the portrait of the first George, and traits in it which none of us need admire ; but among the nobler features are justice, courage, moderation — and these we may recognize ere we turn the picture to the wall.

GEORGE III.

I HOLD old Johnson (and shall we not pardon James Boswell some errors for embalming him for us ?) to be the great supporter of the British monarchy and church during the last age — better than whole benches of bishops, better than Pitts, Norths, and the great Burke himself. Johnson had the ear of the nation ; his immense authority reconciled it to loyalty, and shamed it out of irreligion. When George III. talked with him, and the people heard the great author's good opinion of the sovereign, whole generations rallied to the King. Johnson was revered as a sort of oracle ; and the oracle declared for church and king. What a humanity the old man had ! He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures : a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. "What, boys, are you for a frolic ?" he cries, when Topham Beauclerc comes and wakes him up at midnight : "I'm with you." And away he goes, tumbles on his homely old clothes, and trundles through Covent Garden with the young fellows. When he used to frequent Garrick's theatre, and had "the liberty of the scenes," he says, "All the actresses knew me, and dropped me a courtesy as they passed to the stage." That would make a pretty picture : it is a pretty picture in my mind, of youth, folly, gayety, tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful, pure eyes.

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His mother's bigotry and hatred he inherited with the courageous obstinacy of his own race ; but he was a firm believer where his fathers had been free-thinkers, and a true and fond supporter of the Church, of which he was the titular defender. Like other dull men, the King was all his life suspicious of superior people. He did not like Fox ; he did not like Reynolds ; he did not like Nelson, Chatham, Burke : he was testy at the idea of all innovations, and suspicious of all innovators. He loved mediocrities ; Benjamin West was his favorite painter ; Beattie was his poet. The King lamented, not without pathos, in his after life, that his education had been neglected. He was a dull lad, brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little probably to expand that small intellect, though they might have improved his tastes, and taught his perceptions some generosity.

But he admired as well as he could. There is little doubt that a letter, written by the little Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz, — a letter containing the most feeble commonplaces about the horrors of war, and the most trivial remarks on the blessings of peace, struck the young monarch greatly, and decided him upon selecting the young Princess as the sharer of his throne. I pass over the stories of his juvenile loves — of Hannah Lightfoot, the Quaker, to whom they say he was actually married (though I don't know who has ever seen the register) — of lovely black-haired Sarah Lennox, about whose beauty Walpole has written in raptures, and who used to lie in wait for the young Prince, and make hay at him on the lawn of Holland House. He sighed and he longed, but he rode away from her. Her picture still hangs in Holland House, a magnificent master-piece of Reynolds, a canvas worthy of Titian. She looks from the castle window, holding a bird in her hand, at black-eyed young Charles Fox, her nephew. The royal bird flew away from lovely Sarah. She had to figure as bridesmaid at her little Mecklenburg rival's wedding, and died in our own time a quiet old lady, who had become the mother of the heroic Napiers.

They say the little Princess who had written the fine letter about the horrors of war — a beautiful letter without a single blot, for which she was to be rewarded, like the heroine of the old spelling-book story — was at play one day with some of her young companions in the gardens of Strelitz, and that the young ladies' conversation was, strange to say, about husbands. "Who will take such a poor little princess as me?" Charlotte said to her friend, Ida von Bulow, and at that very moment the postman's horn sounded, and

Ida said, "Princess, there is the sweetheart!" As she said, so it actually turned out. The postman brought letters from the splendid young King of all England, who said, "Princess, because you have written such a beautiful letter, which does credit to your head and heart, come and be Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and the true wife of your most obedient servant, George!" So she jumped for joy; and went up stairs and packed all her little trunks; and set off straightway for her kingdom in a beautiful yacht, with a harpischord on board for her to play upon, and around her a beautiful fleet, all covered with flags and streamers, and the distinguished Madame Auerbach complimented her with an ode, a translation of which may be read in "The Gentleman's Magazine" to the present day:—

"Her gallant navy through the main
Now cleaves its liquid way.
There to their queen a chosen train
Of nymphs due reverence pay.

"Europa, when conveyed by Jove
To Crete's distinguished shore,
Greater attention scarce could prove,
Or be respected more."

They met, and they were married, and for years they led the happiest, simplest lives sure ever led by married couple. It is said the King winced when he first saw his homely little bride; but, however that may be, he was a true and faithful husband to her, as she was a faithful and loving wife. They had the simplest pleasures—the very mildest and simplest—little country dances, to which a dozen couple were invited, and where the honest King would stand up and dance for three hours at a time to one tune; after which delicious excitement they would go to bed without any supper (the Court people grumbling sadly at that absence of supper), and get up quite early the next morning, and perhaps the next night have another dance; or the Queen would play on the spinet—she played pretty well, Haydn said—or the King would read to her a paper out of the "Spectator," or perhaps one of Ogden's sermons. O Arcadia! what a life it must have been! There used to be Sunday drawing-rooms at Court; but the young King stopped these, as he stopped all that godless gambling whereof we have made mention. Not that George was averse to any innocent pleasures, or pleasures which he thought innocent. He was a patron of the arts, after his fashion; kind and gracious to the artists whom he favored, and respectful to their calling. He wanted once to establish an Order of Minerva for

literary and scientific characters ; the knights were to take rank after the knights of the Bath, and to sport a straw-colored ribbon and a star of sixteen points. But there was such a row amongst the *literati* as to the persons who should be appointed, that the plan was given up, and Minerva and her star never came down amongst us.

He objected to painting St. Paul's, as Popish practice ; accordingly, the most clumsy heathen sculptures decorate that edifice at present. It is fortunate that the paintings, too, were spared, for painting and drawing were wofully unsound at the close of the last century ; and it is far better for our eyes to contemplate whitewash (when we turn them away from the clergyman) than to look at Opie's pitchy canvases, or Fuseli's livid monsters.

And yet there is one day in the year — a day when old George loved with all his heart to attend it — when I think St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world : when five thousand charity children, with cheeks like nosegays, and sweet, fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world — coronations, Parisian splendors, Crystal Palace openings, Pope's chapels with their processions of long-tailed cardinals and quavering choirs of fat sopranis — but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Charity Children's day. *Non Angli, sed angeli*. As one looks at that beautiful multitude of innocents : as the first note strikes : indeed one may almost fancy that cherubs are singing.

Of church music the King was always very fond, showing skill in it both as a critic and as a performer. Many stories, mirthful and affecting, are told of his behavior at the concerts which he ordered. When he was blind and ill he chose the music for the Ancient Concerts once, and the music and words which he selected were from "Samson Agonistes," and all had reference to his blindness, his captivity, and his affliction. He would beat time with his music-roll as they sang the anthem in the Chapel Royal. If the page below was talkative or inattentive, down would come the music-roll on young scapegrace's powdered head. The theatre was always his delight. His bishops and clergy used to attend it, thinking it no shame to appear where that good man was seen. He is said not to have cared for Shakespeare or tragedy much ; farces and pantomimes were his joy ; and especially when clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages, he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely Princess by his side would have to say, "My gracious mon-

arch, do compose yourself." But he continued to laugh, and at the very smallest farces, as long as his poor wits were left him.

There is something to me exceedingly touching in that simple early life of the King's. As long as his mother lived—a dozen years after his marriage with the little spinet-player—he was a great, shy, awkward boy, under the tutelage of that hard parent. She must have been a clever, domineering, cruel woman. She kept her household lonely and in gloom, mistrusting almost all people who came about her children. Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester silent and unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause of his silence. "I am thinking," said the poor child. "Thinking, sir! and of what?" "I am thinking if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me." The other sons were all wild, except George. Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the King's mother at Carlton House. She had a throat-complaint, of which she died; but to the last persisted in driving about the streets to show she was alive. The night before her death the resolute woman talked with her son and daughter-in-law as usual, went to bed, and was found dead there in the morning. "George, be a king!" were the words which she was forever croaking in the ears of her son: and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be.

[From The English Humorists.]

ADDISON.

WE love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity—we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as, if my audience will think their reading and hearing over, doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of Heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this preacher without orders—this parson in the tye-wig. When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the Heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more se-

rene rapture : a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him : from your childhood you have known the verses : but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe ? —

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
And all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound,
Among their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind : and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town : looking at the birds in the trees : at the children in the streets : in the morning or in the moonlight : over his books in his own room : in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful — a calm death — an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.

STEELE.

SHORTLY before the Boyne was fought, and young Swift had begun to make acquaintance with English court manners and English servitude, in Sir William Temple's family, another Irish youth was brought to learn his humanities at the old school of Charterhouse, near Smithfield ; to which foundation he had been appointed by James, Duke of Ormond, a governor of the House, and a patron of the lad's family. The boy was an orphan, and described, twenty years after, with a sweet pathos and simplicity, some of the earli-

est recollections of a life which was destined to be checkered by a strange variety of good and evil fortune.

I am afraid no good report could be given by his masters and ushers of that thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy. He was very idle. He was whipped deservedly a great number of times. Though he had very good parts of his own, he got other boys to do his lessons for him, and only took just as much trouble as should enable him to scuffle through his exercises, and by good fortune escape the flogging-block. One hundred and fifty years after, I have myself inspected, but only as an amateur, that instrument of righteous torture still existing, and in occasional use, in a secluded private apartment of the old Charterhouse School; and have no doubt it is the very counterpart, if not the ancient and interesting machine itself, at which poor Dick Steele submitted himself to the tormentors.

Besides being very kind, lazy, and good-natured, this boy went invariably into debt with the tart-woman; ran out of bounds, and entered into pecuniary, or rather promissory engagements with the neighboring lollipop-vendors and piemen — exhibited an early fondness and capacity for drinking mum and sack, and borrowed from all his comrades who had money to lend. I have no sort of authority for the statements here made of Steele's early life; but if the child is father of the man, the father of young Steele of Merton, who left Oxford without taking a degree, and entered the Life Guards — the father of Captain Steele of Lucas's Fusiliers, who got his company through the patronage of my Lord Cutts — the father of Mr. Steele the Commissioner of Stamps, the editor of "The Gazette," "The Tatler," and "Spectator," the expelled Member of Parliament, and the author of "The Tender Husband" and "The Conscious Lovers;" if man and boy resembled each other, Dick Steele the school-boy must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the verb *tupto* I beat, *tuptomai* I am whipped, in any school in Great Britain.

Almost every gentleman who does me the honor to hear me will remember that the very greatest character which he has seen in the course of his life, and the person to whom he has looked up with the greatest wonder and reverence, was the head boy at his school. The schoolmaster himself hardly inspires such an awe. The head boy construes as well as the schoolmaster himself. When he begins to speak the hall is hushed, and every little boy listens. He writes

off copies of Latin verses as melodiously as Virgil. He is good-natured, and, his own master-pieces achieved, pours out other copies of verses for other boys with an astonishing ease and fluency; the idle ones only trembling lest they should be discovered on giving in their exercises, and whipped because their poems were too good. I have seen great men in my time, but never such a great one as that head boy of my childhood: we all thought he must be Prime Minister, and I was disappointed on meeting him in after-life to find he was no more than six feet high.

Dick Steele, the Charterhouse gown boy, contracted such an admiration in the years of his childhood, and retained it faithfully through his life. Through the school and through the world, whithersoever his strange fortune led this erring, wayward, affectionate creature, Joseph Addison was always his head boy. Addison wrote his exercises. Addison did his best themes. He ran on Addison's messages: fagged for him and blacked his shoes: to be in Joe's company was Dick's greatest pleasure; and he took a sermon or a caning from his monitor with the most boundless reverence, acquiescence, and affection.

GOLDSMITH.

IN those charming lines of Béranger,¹ one may fancy described the career, the sufferings, the genius, the gentle nature of Goldsmith, and the esteem in which we hold him. Who, of the millions whom he has amused, doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and

1 " Jeté sur cette boule,
Laid, chétif et souffrant ;
Etouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand :

" Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit ;
Le bon Dieu me dit : Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit !

" Chanter, ou je m'abuse,
Est ma tâche ici bas.
Tous ceux qu'ainsi j'amuse,
Ne m'aimeront-ils pas ? "

achieve name and fortune ; and after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant ; in repose it longs for change : as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy ; and he would fly away this hour : but that a cage and necessity keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humor ? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns ? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper ? Whom did he ever hurt ? He carries no weapon—save the harp on which he plays to you ; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of "The Vicar of Wakefield," he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives, has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave ; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him ; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph—and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humor delighting us still : his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it : his words in all our mouths : his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us : to do gentle kindnesses : to succor with sweet charity : to soothe, caress, and forgive : to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

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THE END OF THE PLAY.

ORIGINALLY PRINTED AT THE END OF "DR. BIRCH AND HIS FRIENDS."

I.

THE play is done ; the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell :
 A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell.
 It is an irksome word and task ;
 And, when he's laughed and said his say,
 He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's anything but gay.

II.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas time.
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
 That Fate ere long shall bid you play ;
 Good night ! with honest gentle hearts
 A kindly greeting go away !

III.

Good night ! — I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
 Just hinted in this mimic page,
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,
 Are but repeated in our age.
 I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
 Your hopes more vain than those of men ;
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
 At forty-five played o'er again.

IV.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
 Not less nor more as men than boys ;
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve in corduroys.
 And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray,
 Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
 May never wholly pass away.

V.

And in the world, as in the school,
 I'd say, how fate may change and shift,
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,
 The race not always to the swift.
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown,
 The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

VII.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit :
 Who brought him to that mirth and state ?
 His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
 Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?
 Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

VIII.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed ;
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
 And longing passion unfulfilled.
 Amen ! whatever fate be sent,
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
 Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snow.

IX.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the Awful Will,
 And bear it with an honest heart,
 Who misses or who wins the prize.
 Go, lose or conquer as you can ;
 But if you fail, or if you rise
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

X.

A gentleman, or old or young !
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays) ;
 The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days :
 The shepherds heard it overhead —
 The joyful angels raised it then :
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men.

XI.

My song, save this, is little worth ;
 I lay the weary pen aside,
 And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
 As fits the Holy Christmas birth,
 Be this, good friends, our carol still —
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
 To men of gentle will.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Robert Browning was born near London in 1812, and was educated at London University. He went to Italy at an early age, and studied Italian literature and history with an ardor which has colored all his works. It is seldom that fate or inclination brings together in the marriage relation two persons so thoroughly alike as Robert and Elizabeth Browning. There are differences between them of course, but they are of a sort that must be left for a more refined analysis than our limits allow. Masculine strength, keen insight, hard-jolting verse, thought buried under obscure phrases, but relieved by an occasional grim humor, and by some of the loveliest poetic touches, are the elements of Browning's verse. His poetry, like that of Mrs. Browning, will have a limited number of admirers, and those will inevitably include the most cultivated minds; but it can never be, and never was intended to be, popular.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he :
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
 "Good speed !" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew,
 "Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace —
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
 Lokeren the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
 At Boorn a great yellow star came out to see ;
 At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime —
 So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time !"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past ;
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance ;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her ;
We'll remember at Aix ; " for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh ;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

" How they'll greet us ! " — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer —
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Elizabeth Barrett was born in London in 1809, and received a thorough education. She began to write at an early age, and published a volume of poems in her seventeenth year. Everything from her pen exhibited great natural power, but her genius had a singular and unpleasant development; every critic admitted the intellect that animated the sinewy verse, but none except earnest students cared to undertake the necessary labor to read it. The solution of a mathematical problem, or the comprehension of a proposition in mechanics or metaphysics, might give an exalted pleasure in the mastery, but we should hardly consider mathematics or any other science a part of literature, or their perusal a literary pleasure. Mrs. Browning by her later poems has gained a right to a more general recognition, but a certain obscurity hangs over her best productions; and her sincere admirers constitute a circle of friends that, if fit, are certainly few. The turning-point in her life, as well as in her poetical career, was her marriage with the poet Robert Browning, which occurred in 1846, on her recovery from a long and severe sickness. In 1851 she published a poem called *Casa Guidi Windows*, upon modern Italian subjects; this was followed, in 1856, by *Aurora Leigh*, a narrative poem. Among all thoughtful and cultured persons her poems must hold a very high rank; though sealed to casual and unreflecting readers, they have an innate vigor and a spiritual insight very rare in any author. And this does not refer merely to intellectual subjects; even the passion of love has had a new and positive illumination in her verse. The characteristics we have endeavored to describe are sufficient to place her most striking poems outside of a merely elementary course of reading; but they will not be forgotten by the maturer student; and whoever enjoys the contact with a masculine mind of the highest order cannot neglect them.

Mrs. Browning died at Florence in 1861.

THE SEA-MEW.

I.

How joyously the young sea-mew
Lay dreaming on the waters blue,
Whereon our little bark had thrown
A forward shade — the only one —
(But shadows aye will man pursue !)

II.

Familiar with the waves, and free,
As if their own white foam were he;
His heart upon the heart of ocean,
Learning all its mystic motion,
And throbbing to the throbbing sea !

III.

And such a brightness in his eye,
As if the ocean and the sky
Within him had lit up and nurst
A soul God gave him not at first,
To comprehend their majesty.

IV.

We were not cruel, yet did sunder
His white wing from the blue waves under,

And bound it — while his fearless eyes
Shone up to ours in calm surprise,
As deeming us some ocean wonder !

V.

We bore our ocean-bird unto
A grassy place, where he might view
The flowers bending to the bees,
The waving of the tall green trees,
The falling of the silver dew.

VI.

But flowers of earth were pale to him
Who had seen the rainbow fishes swim;
And when earth's dew around him lay,
He thought of ocean's wingéd spray,
And his eye waxéd sad and dim.

VII.

The green trees round him only made
A prison, with their darksome shade;
And drooped his wing, and mournéd he
For his own boundless, glittering sea, —
Albeit he knew not they could fade !

VIII.

Then one her gladsome face did bring,
Her gentle voice's murmuring,
In yearn's stead his heart to move,
And teach him what was human love. —
He thought it a strange, mournful thing!

IX.

He lay down in his grief to die,
(First looking to the sea-like sky
That hath no waves :) because, alas!
Our human touch did on him pass,
And with our touch, our agony.

 CHARLES DICKENS.

Charles Dickens was born at Portsmouth in 1812, where his father, a clerk in the Navy Pay office, then resided. At seven years of age he was sent to a private school; and on the completion of his course, his father wished him to follow the profession of law; but this was not to the youth's liking, and he prepared himself to become a parliamentary reporter. Not much is known as to the thoroughness or extent of the education he received, but his reading was of a sort to foster and develop his natural tastes. In *David Copperfield* he mentions the novels of Smollett, Fielding, Goldsmith, De Foe, Cervantes, Le Sage, and others, in a tone of familiar affection which only a long intimacy could have inspired.

His first sketches were published in the *Monthly Magazine*, and were signed "Box." These were collected in 1836, and issued in two volumes with illustrations by Cruikshank. The *Pickwick Papers* appeared in monthly parts in 1836-7, and were received with an enthusiasm that increased to the end of the series. The publishers, it is said, made a profit of twenty thousand pounds on this single work; the author received thirty-five hundred pounds; but as he had agreed to write for fifteen pounds a number, he was manifestly overpaid. All of Dickens's novels have some traces of his genius, both in the conception of humorous or grotesque characters and in vivid descriptive passages. But the peculiar quality of his humor, and the flowering of his genius in characterization, are to be seen only in "*Pickwick*." And though it is written with little more of plot than would suffice for a day's ramble in the country, it has almost the effect of a perfect work of art in its natural order of events. Almost every one of Dickens's novels appears to have been written with a purpose. It is the "burden" of a modern prophet against some form of wrong. Thus in *Oliver Twist* there are weighty suggestions for parochial officers; in *Nicholas Nickleby* there is a terrible exposition of the brutalities practised in certain cheap boarding-schools; the moral of *Barnaby Rudge* is directed against capital punishment; *Black House* has rolled up in its dim chambers, an interminable spider's-web of a chancery suit. And in every one there is something of that spirit of cheerfulness, kindness, and charity, which has found so touching an expression in the *Christmas Carol*.

It would take us far beyond proper limits to give an appreciative notice of the characters he has created. His works furnish a larger number of sharply-drawn and easily-recognized figures than can be found in the pages of any English author, not excepting Shakespeare. But Dickens often incarnates a passion, a loveliness, a deformity, a trick of manner, or a whim. His marked characters lack the rounded symmetry of life, and, fascinating as they may be, they are always in a measure "theatrical." But, though he inclines to sketching the colder traits of mankind, it is singular that he has never drawn one character of either sex that is highly gifted, personally beautiful, and thoroughly noble at the same time. Not one of his countless youths or maidens comes to us with the radiance with which Shakespeare, Scott, or Goethe has painted the kindling of genius and the glow of feeling in the young and the beautiful. As pictures of Englishmen, the best and the vilest, — as sketches of odd but not wholly incredible traits, and of society among the middle and lower classes, — they are as wonderful as the plates of Hogarth. His novels have had more readers, probably, than any published in our language.

He visited the United States in 1842, and wrote an account of his tour under the title of *American Notes*. His last visit in 1868 was almost triumphal. His readings were thronged by cultivated people in every large city. And after his sudden death in June of the next year, many a father, with dimmed eyes, charged his favorite child to remember when she came to be old to tell her grandchildren that she heard Charles Dickens read the Christmas Carol.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IN FOUR STAVES.

[As abridged by the Author; from the Author's edition, by permission of Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.]

STAVE ONE. — MARLEY'S GHOST.

MARLEY was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, his sole mourner.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name, however. There it yet stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door—Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley. He answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

O! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, was Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! External heat and cold had little influence on him. No warmth could warm, no cold could chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain and snow and hail and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect—they often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all

his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blindmen's dogs appeared to know him ; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts ; and then would wag their tails as though they said, " No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master ! "

But what did Scrooge care ! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call " nuts " to Scrooge.

Once upon a time — of all the good days in the year, upon a Christmas Eve — old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting, foggy weather ; and the city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room ; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle ; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

" A merry Christmas, uncle ! God save you ! " cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation Scrooge had of his approach.

" Bah ! " said Scrooge ; " humbug ! "

" Christmas a humbug, uncle ! You don't mean that, I am sure ? "

" I do. Out upon merry Christmas ! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money ; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer ; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you ? If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with ' Merry Christmas ' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should ! "

" Uncle ! "

" Nephew, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine. "

" Keep it ! But you don't keep it. "



"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round,—apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it *can* be apart from that,—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travellers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?"

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon."

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon."

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon!"

"And A Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!"

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. The clerk, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago, this very night."

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?"

"Plenty of prisons. But under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the unoffending multitude, a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat, and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!"

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the prisons and the workhouses, — they cost enough, — and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill will Scrooge, dismounting from his stool, tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?"

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself mightily ill used, I'll be bound?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you don't think *me* ill used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

"It's only once a year, sir."

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier *next* morning."

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's-buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and, having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard. The building was old enough now, and dreary enough; for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices.

Now it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door of this house, except that it was very large; also, that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also, that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London. And yet Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change, not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face, with a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but it looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look — with ghostly spectacles turned up upon its ghostly forehead.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again. He said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed the door with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door,

and walked across the hall, and up the stairs. Slowly too, trimming his candle as he went.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for its being very dark. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room, all as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber-rooms as usual. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat, put on his dressing-gown and slippers and his nightcap, and sat down before the very low fire to take his gruel.

As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated, for some purpose now forgotten, with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that, as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. Soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This was succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar.

Then he heard the noise much louder on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

It came on through the heavy door, and a spectre passed into the room before his eyes. And upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's ghost!"

The same face, the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phan-

tom through and through, and saw it standing before him, — though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes, and noticed the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, — he was still incredulous.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!" — Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you, then?"

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you — can you sit down?"

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that, in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me."

"I don't."

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know."

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an under-done potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel in his heart by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his horror.

But how much greater was his horror when, the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

"Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me? Why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man, that the spirit within him should

walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide ; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. I cannot tell you all I would. A very little more is permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house — mark me ! — in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole ; and weary journeys lie before me ! ”

“ Seven years dead. And travelling all the time ? You travel fast ? ”

“ On the wings of the wind. ”

“ You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years. ”

“ O, blind man, blind man ! not to know that ages of incessant labor by immortal creatures for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life’s opportunities misused ! Yet I was like this man ; I once was like this man ! ”

“ But you were always a good man of business, Jacob, ” faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

“ Business ! ” cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. “ Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business ; charity, mercy, forbearance, benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business ! ”

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

“ Hear me ! My time is nearly gone. ”

“ I will. But don’t be hard upon me ! Don’t be flowery, Jacob ! Pray ! ”

“ I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer. ”

“ You were always a good friend to me. Thank’ee ! ”

“ You will be haunted by Three Spirits. ”

“ Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob ? I — I think I’d rather not. ”

“ Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow night, when the bell tolls One. Expect

the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night, when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more ; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us ! ”

It walked backward from him ; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that, when the apparition reached it, it was wide open.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. Scrooge tried to say, “Humbug !” but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the invisible world, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, he went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep on the instant.

STAVE TWO. — THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

WHEN Scrooge awoke, it was so dark, that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber, until suddenly the church clock tolled a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE.

Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn aside by a strange figure — like a child : yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child’s proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age ; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand ; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright, clear jet of light, by which all this was visible ; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extingisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

“Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me ?”

“I am !”

“Who and what are you ?”

“I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.”

“Long past ?”

"No. Your past. The things that you will see with me are shadows of the things that have been; they will have no consciousness of us."

Scrooge then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare. Rise, and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that the bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose; but finding that the Spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal, and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood in the busy thoroughfares of a city. It was made plain enough by the dressing of the shops that here, too, it was Christmas time.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it! Was I apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that, if he had been two inches taller, he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement, "Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart, it's Fezziwig, alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice, "Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

A living and moving picture of Scrooge's former self, a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "My old fellow-prentice, bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shut-

ters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug and warm and dry and bright a ball-room as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty **sk**, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend the milkman. In they all came one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for that purpose.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many, — four times, — old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the

term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance, — advance and retire, turn your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place, — Fezziwig "cut" — cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs.

When the clock struck eleven this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude. He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money — three or four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter self, — "it isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up: what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing particular."

"Something, I think?"

"No, no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all."

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again he saw himself. He was older now; a man in the prime of life.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a black dress, in whose eyes there were tears.

"It matters little," she said softly to Scrooge's former self. "To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What Idol has displaced you?"

"A golden one. You fear the world too much. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then? Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you. Have I ever sought release from our engagement?"

"In words, no. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. If you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl; or, choosing her, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

"Spirit! remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed. "I cannot bear it! Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!"

As he struggled with the Spirit he was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bed-room. He had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

STAVE THREE. — THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

SCROOGE awoke in his own bed-room. There was no doubt about that. But it and his own adjoining sitting-room, into which he shuffled in his slippers, attracted by a great light there, had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove. The leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that petrification of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and great bowls of punch.

In easy state upon this couch there sat a Giant glorious to see ; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and who raised it high to shed its light 'on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in,—come in! and know me better, man! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me! You have never seen the like of me before!"

"Never."

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family ; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have, I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred."

"A tremendous family to provide for! Spirit, conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

The room and its contents all vanished instantly, and they stood in the city streets upon a snowy Christmas morning.

Scrooge and the Ghost passed on, invisible, straight to Scrooge's clerk's ; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself ; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name ; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence ; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons ; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own ; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these



young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant,—not coming upon Christmas day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest

things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs, — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby, — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little sauce-pan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone, — too nervous to bear witnesses, — to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough ! Suppose it should break in turning out ! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose, — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid ! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo ! A great deal of steam ! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day ! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that ! That was the pudding ! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, — flushed but smiling proudly, — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

O, a wonderful pudding ! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire.

Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, — two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done ; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed : —

“ A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us ! ”

Which all the family re-echoed.

“ God bless us every one ! ” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Scrooge raised his head speedily, on hearing his own name.

“ Mr. Scrooge ! ” said Bob ; “ I'll give you, Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast ! ”

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas day."

"It should be Christmas day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five and sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to be home to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a courtesan and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter," at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All the time the fireburnt and the day went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have

known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawn-broker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time ; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, as this scene vanished, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed, Scrooge's niece by marriage laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends, being not a bit behind-hand, laughed out lustily.

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly. Bless those women! they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty; exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face, a ripe little mouth that seemed made to be kissed, — as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, but satisfactory, too. O, perfectly satisfactory.

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He don't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well, I am very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper clearly had his eye on one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister — the plump one with the lace tucker; not the one with the roses — blushed.

After tea they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about, when they sang a Glee or Catch, I can assure you. — especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits: for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. There was first a game at blind-man's-buff though. And I no more believe Topper was really blinded than I believe he had eyes in his boots. Because the way in which he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went there went he! He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there, he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding, and would instantly have stilled off in the direction of the plump sister.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half-hour, Spirit, only one."

It was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what: he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The fire of questioning to which he was exposed earned from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every new question put to him this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter, and was so imexpressibly tickled, that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister cried out —

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes."

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would have drank to the unconscious company in an inaudible speech. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick-beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. Suddenly, as they stood together in an open place, the bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it no more. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and, lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist along the ground towards him.

STAVE FOUR.—THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS.

THE Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come? Ghost of the Future! I fear you more than any spectre I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear

you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on! Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them. But there they were in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin. "Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to me. That's all I know. By, by!"

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversation apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that it must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. It could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Future.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the Porch. It gave him little surprise, however, for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and he thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this.

They left this busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, to a low shop where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal were bought. A gray-haired rascal, of great age, sat smoking his pipe.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man, just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had

scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too, and she was closely followed by a man in faded black. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two ain't strangers. What have you got to sell? What have you got to sell?"

"Half a minute's patience, Joe, and you shall see."

"What odds then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did! Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose."

Mrs. Dilber, whose manner was remarkable for general propitiation, said, "No, indeed, ma'am."

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw, why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself."

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke, it's a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier judgment, and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it."

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening the bundle, and dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this? Bed-curtains!"

"Ah! Bed-curtains! Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"*His* blankets?"

"Whose else's do you think? He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say. Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it by dressing him up in it, if it hadn't been for me."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror.

"Spirit! I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now. Merciful Heaven, what is this!"

The scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bare, uncurtained bed. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon this bed; and on it, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this plundered unknown man.

"Spirit, let me see some tenderness connected with a death, as this dark chamber, Spirit, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him to poor Bob Cratchit's house,—the dwelling he had visited before,—and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in needle-work. But surely they were very quiet!

"'And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them.'"

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again. It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry, and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble,—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then

the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?"

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child! My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart, perhaps, than they were.

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was, with the covered face, whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him to a dismal, wretched, ruinous churchyard.

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of the things that May be only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead. But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and, following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, — Ebenezer Scrooge.

"Am I that man who lay upon the bed? No, Spirit! O no, no! Spirit! hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope? Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life."

For the first time the kind hand faltered.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the

lessons that they teach. O, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone ! ”

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

Yes, and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in !

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard.

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist, no night ; clear, bright, stirring, golden day.

“ What's to-day ? ” cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

“ EH ? ”

“ What's to-day, my fine fellow ? ”

“ To-day ! Why, Christmas day.”

“ It's Christmas day ! I haven't missed it. Hallo, my fine fellow ! ”

“ Hallo ! ”

“ Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner ? ”

“ I should hope I did.”

“ An intelligent boy ! A remarkable boy ! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there ? Not the little prize Turkey, — the big one ? ”

“ What, the one as big as me ? ”

“ What a delightful boy ! It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck ! ”

“ It's hanging there now.”

“ Is it ! Go and buy it.”

“ Walk-ER ! ” exclaimed the boy.

“ No, no, I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown ! ”

The boy was off like a shot.

“ I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's ! He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be ! ”

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one ;

but write it he did, somehow, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man.

It *was* a Turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

Scrooge dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that, of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

In the afternoon, he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?"

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress."

"He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

"Fred!"

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!"

But he was early at the office next morning. O, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it. The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. Bob was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

Bob's hat was off, before he opened the door ; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy ; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hullo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir. I ~~was~~ behind my time."

"You are? Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," Scrooge continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again, — "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy a second coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more ; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him ; but his own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived in that respect upon the Total-Abstinence Principle ever afterwards ; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us ! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One !

AUBREY DE VERE.

Aubrey Thomas De Vere, third son of the late Sir Aubrey De Vere, Bart., of Curragh Chas., County Limerick, was born in 1814, and educated at the University of Dublin. He published in 1842 *The Waldenses and other Poems*; in 1843 *The Search after Proserpine*; in 1856 *Poems Miscellaneous and Sacred*; in 1858 *May Carols*; in 1864 *The Infant Bridal*. In 1869, in this country, was published a volume of poems, dedicated to the poet Longfellow, entitled *Irish Odes and other Poems*. It is from this last volume that the specimens here given have been taken. His prose works are *English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds* (1843), and *Wanderings in Greece and Turkey* (1850).

He is a highly-cultivated gentleman, of agreeable manners, and though belonging to a Protestant family, is an ardent Catholic. His poems are of a very high order, and will have more than an ephemeral interest.

[From the Ascent of the Apennines.]

THE plains recede; the olives dwindle;
 The chestnut slopes fall far behind;
 The skirts of the billowy pine-woods kindle
 In the evening lights and wind.
 Not here we sigh for the Alpine glory
 Of peak primeval and death-pale snow;
 For the cold gray green, and the glacier hoary,
 Or blue caves that yawn below.
 The landscape here is mature and mellow;
 Fruit-like, not flower-like: — hills embrowned;
 Ridges of purple and ledges of yellow
 From red stream to rock church-crowned:
 'Tis a region of mystery, hushed and sainted:
 Serene as the visions of artists old
 When the thoughts of Dante his Giotto painted: —
 The summit is reached! Behold!
 Like a sky condensed lies the lake far down;
 Its curves like the orbit of some fair planet;
 A fire-wreath falls on the cliffs that frown
 Above it — dark walls of granite;
 The hill-sides with homesteads and hamlets glow;
 With snowy villages zoned below;
 Down drops by the island's woody shores
 The bannered barge with the rhythmic oars.
 No solitude here, no desert cheerless
 Is needed pure thoughts or hearts to guard;
 'Tis a populous solitude, festal, fearless,

For men of good-will prepared.
 The hermit may hide in the wood, but o'er it
 All day the happy chimes are rolled :
 The black crag woos the cloud, but before it
 The procession winds on white-stoled.
 Farewell, O Nature ! None meets thee here
 But his heart goes up to a happier sphere,
 The radiance around him spread forgetting.
 That City he sees on whose golden walls
 No light of a rising sun, or setting,
 Of moon or of planet falls ;
 For the Lamb alone is the light thereof—
 The City of Truth, the Kingdom of Love!

SONNETS TO WORDSWORTH.

ON VISITING THE DUDDON.

I.

So long as Duddon 'twixt his cloud-girt walls
 Thridding the woody chambers of the hills
 Warbles from vaulted grot and pebbled halls
 Welcome or farewell to the meadow rills ;
 So long as linnets chant low madrigals,
 Near that brown nook the laborer whistling tills,
 Or the late-reddening apple forms and falls
 'Mid brakes whose heart the autumnal redbreast thrills,
 So long, last Poet of the great old race,
 Shall thy broad song through England's bosom roll,
 A river singing anthems in its place,
 And be to later England as a soul.
 Glory to Him who made thee, and increase
 To them that hear thy word, of love and peace !

II.

When first that precinct sacrosanct I trod,
 Autumn was there, but Autumn just begun ;
 Fronting the portals of a sinking sun
 The queen of quietude in vapor stood,
 Her sceptre on the dimly-crimsoned wood
 Resting in light. The year's great work was done ;

Summer had vanished, and repinings none
 Troubled the pulse of thoughtful gratitude.
 Wordsworth ! the autumn of our English song
 Art thou : — 'twas thine our vesper psalms to sing :
 Chaucer sang matins ; — sweet his note and strong ;
 His singing-robe the green, white garb of Spring :
 Thou like the dying year art rightly stoled —
 Pontific purple and dark harvest gold.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Charlotte Brontë, the daughter of a clergyman of Irish descent, was born in Yorkshire in 1816. She and her sisters were educated at a private school, of which hardly anything commendatory could be said. The recollection of the ill usage, the desolation which the motherless girls experienced, has been wrought into the story of *Jane Eyre*. Charlotte and two of her sisters, Emily and Anne, published a volume of poems in 1846 under the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell ; the volume had only a moderate success. The first prose work of Charlotte was called *The Professor*, which was refused by many publishers, and was only published after the author's death. In 1847 *Jane Eyre* appeared, and was at once recognized as a work of extraordinary power. Two years later she published *Shirley*, a far more agreeable novel than the first, but not so popular. *Villette*, the author's third novel, contains her recollections of Brussels, and is in all respects a most charming story.

The life of Charlotte Brontë was not a happy one. The family was poor and proud ; with capacity for the highest things, she was compelled to teach for a livelihood, and her stories show how deeply her feelings were wounded during her engagement as governess. The two sisters, to whom she was tenderly attached, died young ; the only brother did the family no particular credit ; the surroundings of the parsonage at Haworth were bleak ; but all these trials only developed the strength, the beauty, and tenderness of this most remarkable woman. She was married in 1854 to her father's curate, Rev. Mr. Nicholls, and died in 1855. Her *Memoirs* have been written by Mrs. Gaskell.

It is difficult to make selections from such works as *Jane Eyre* or *Shirley* ; but the reader who takes up and follows either story is soon conscious of the presence of an original, brilliant, and powerful mind.

[From *Shirley*.]

THE evening was still and warm ; close and sultry it even promised to become. Round the descending sun the clouds glowed purple : summer tints, rather Indian than English, suffused the horizon, and cast rosy reflections on hill-side, house-front, tree-bole ; on winding road, and undulating pasture-ground. The two girls came down from the fields slowly : by the time they reached the churchyard the bells were hushed ; the multitudes were gathered into the church : the whole scene was solitary.

"How pleasant and calm it is !" said Caroline.

"And how hot it will be in the church !" responded Shirley ;

"and what a dreary, long speech Dr. Boulby will make! and how the curates will hammer over their prepared orations! For my part, I would rather not enter."

"But my uncle will be angry, if he observes our absence."

"I will bear the brunt of his wrath: he will not devour me. I shall be sorry to miss his pungent speech. I know it will be all sense for the Church, and all causticity for Schism: he'll not forget the battle of Royd-lane. I shall be sorry also to deprive you of Mr. Hall's sincere, friendly homily, with all its racy Yorkshireisms; but here I must stay. The gray church and grayer tombs look divine with this crimson gleam on them. Nature is now at her evening prayers: she is kneeling before those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs on moors, and unfledged birds in woods. Caroline, I see her! and I will tell you what she is like: she is like what Eve was when she and Adam stood alone on earth."

"And that is not Milton's Eve, Shirley?"

"Milton's Eve! Milton's Eve! I repeat. No, she is not! Cary, we are alone: we may speak what we think. Milton was great; but was he good? His brain was right, how was his heart? He saw Heaven: he looked down on Hell. He saw Satan, and Sin his daughter, and Death their horrible offspring. Angels serried before him their battalions; the long lines of adamantine shields flashed back on his blind eyeballs the unutterable splendor of heaven. Devils gathered their legions in his sight: their dim, discrowned, and tarnished armies passed, rank and file, before him. Milton tried to see the first woman; but, Cary, he saw her not."

"You are bold to say so, Shirley."

"Not more bold than faithful. It was his cook that he saw: or it was Mrs. Gill, as I have seen her, making custards in the heat of summer, in the cool dairy, with rose trees and nasturtiums about the latticed window, preparing a cold collation for the rectors, — preserves and 'dulcet creams,' — puzzled 'what choice to choose for delicacy best; what order so contrived as not to mix tastes, not well joined, inelegant; but bring taste after taste, upheld with kindest change.'"

"All very well too, Shirley."

"I would beg to remind him that the first men of the earth were Titans, and that Eve was their mother: from her sprang Saturn, Hyperion, Oceanus; she bore Prometheus —"

"Pagan that you are ! what does that signify ?"

"I say there were giants on the earth in those days : giants that strove to scale heaven. The first woman's breast that heaved with life on this world yielded the daring which could contend with Omnipotence : the strength which could bear a thousand years of bondage — the vitality which could feed that vulture death through uncounted ages — the unexhausted life and uncorrupted excellence, sisters to immortality, which, after millenniums of crimes, struggles, and woes, would conceive and bring forth a Messiah. The first woman was heaven-born : vast was the heart whence gushed the well-spring of the blood of nations ; and grand the undegenerate head where rested the consort-crown of creation."

"She coveted an apple, and was cheated by a snake ; but you have got such a hash of Scripture and mythology into your head that there is no making any sense of you. You have not yet told me what you saw kneeling on those hills."

"I saw — I now see — a woman-Titan : her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing ; a veil white as an avalanche sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon : through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture ; they are clear — they are deep as lakes — they are lifted and full of worship — they tremble with the softness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers : she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stilbro' Moor ; her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face, she speaks to God. That Eve is Jehovah's daughter, as Adam was his son."

"She is very vague and visionary ! Come, Shirley, we ought to go into church."

The day being fine, or at least fair, — for soft clouds curtained the sun, and a dim but not chill or waterish haze slept blue on the hills, — Caroline, while Shirley was engaged with her callers, had persuaded Mrs. Pryor to assume her bonnet and summer shawl, and to take a walk with her up towards the narrow end of the Hollow.

Here, the opposing sides of the glen approaching each other, and becoming clothed with brushwood and stunted oaks, formed a wooded ravine ; at the bottom of which ran the mill-stream in broken, unquiet course, struggling with many stones, chafing against rugged

banks, fretted with gnarled tree-roots, foaming, gurgling, battling as it went. Here, when you had wandered half a mile from the mill, you found a sense of deep solitude; found it in the shade of unmolested trees; received it in the singing of many birds, for which that shade made a home. This was no trodden way; the freshness of the woodflowers attested that foot of man seldom pressed them: the abounding wild-roses looked as if they budded, bloomed, and faded under the watch of solitude, as in a sultan's harem. Here you saw the sweet azure of blue-bells, and recognized in pearl-white blossoms, spangling the grass, a humble type of some starlit spot in space.

Mrs. Pryor liked a quiet walk: she ever shunned highroads, and sought byways and lonely lanes: one companion she preferred to total solitude, for in solitude she was nervous; a vague fear of annoying encounters broke the enjoyment of quite lonely rambles; but she feared nothing with Caroline: when once she got away from human habitations, and entered the still demesne of Nature, accompanied by this one youthful friend, a propitious change seemed to steal over her mind and beam in her countenance.

To-day, for instance, as they walked along, Mrs. Pryor talked to her companion about the various birds singing in the trees, discriminated their species, and said something about their habits and peculiarities. English natural history seemed familiar to her. All the wild flowers round their path were recognized by her: tiny plants springing near stones and peeping out of chinks in old walls—plants such as Caroline had scarcely noticed before—received a name and an intimation of their properties: it appeared that she had minutely studied the botany of English fields and woods. Having reached the head of the ravine, they sat down together on a ledge of gray and mossy rock, hutting from the base of a steep green hill, which towered above them: she looked round her, and spoke of the neighborhood as she had once before seen it long ago. She alluded to its changes, and compared its aspect with that of other parts of England: revealing in quiet, unconscious touches of description, a sense of the picturesque, an appreciation of the beautiful or commonplace, a power of comparing the wild with the cultured, the grand with the tame, that gave to her discourse a graphic charm as pleasant as it was unpretending.



JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

James Anthony Froude was born in Totness, Devonshire, in 1818. He was educated at Oxford, and intended at first to enter the ministry, but soon engaged in literary pursuits. The work by which he is known is his History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth. Mr. Froude is an ardent advocate of the Anglican Church, and the period of which he has written has to the mind of a churchman the completeness of an *opus*; being that of the separation from Rome and the establishment of the National Church. This is the key-note of the History. It certainly required some courage to ask the world to reverse the general verdict against Henry VIII., but Mr. Froude has unflinchingly gone over the mishaps and crimes of the great king, with plentiful citations from State Papers; and, though he does not make him a saint, we are led to believe that he was not quite such a wretch as he has been painted. In like manner he asks us wholly to disbelieve the accuracy of the popular judgment upon the characters of Queen Elizabeth and of Mary Stuart. As we see the first in the light of her letters, and of the copious diplomatic papers of the time (quoted in this History), she appears false, impetuous, wayward, temporizing, and parsimonious to dishonesty. Neither princes nor subjects knew when to trust her word: she was now as alluring as her mother, and now as merciless as her father. And we are told that the splendor and stability of her reign are wholly due to her able ministers, without whose prudence and unselfish loyalty she would have been overthrown by her enemies. For the Scottish Queen he draws an even darker portrait; the beauty of an angel covering a nature crafty and treacherous, destitute of the honor that belongs to men, as well as that of women, consciously using her charms to deceive and betray, not stopping for murder even, and so overtaken at last by a just retribution. No period of history has been more vigorously fought over than this; and such is the conflict of testimony that it is difficult now to be assured that we have reached just conclusions upon any disputed point.

Mr. Froude has since published a volume of historical essays, entitled *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. This work, and his History in twelve volumes, have been published in this country.

THE MURDER OF DARNLEY:—A NEW VIEW OF A MUCH-BEWEEPED HEROINE.

[From the History of England.]

LORD DARNLEY had made some use of his illness; as he lay between life and death he had come to understand that he had been a fool, and for the first time in his life had been thinking seriously. When the Queen entered his room she found him lying on his couch, weak and unable to move. Her first question was about his letter; it was not her cue to irritate him, and she seemed to expostulate on the credulity with which he had listened to calumnies against her. He excused himself faintly. She allowed her manner to relax, and she inquired about the cause of his illness.

A soft word unlocked at once the sluices of Darnley's heart; his passion gushed out uncontrolled, and with a wild appeal he threw himself on his wife's forgiveness.

"You are the cause of it," he said ; "it comes only from you, who will not pardon my faults when I am sorry for them. I have done wrong, I confess it ; but others besides me have done wrong, and you have forgiven them ; and I am but young. You have forgiven me often, you may say ; but may not a man of my age, for want of counsel, of which I am very destitute, fall twice or thrice, and yet repent and learn from experience ? Whatever I have done wrong, forgive me ; I will do so no more. Take me back to you ; let me be your husband again, or may I never rise from this bed. Say that it shall be so," he went on with wild eagerness ; "God knows I am punished for making my God of you — for having no thought but of you."

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When she attempted to leave the room he implored her to stay with him. He had been told, he said, that she had brought a litter with her ; did she mean to take him away ?

She said she thought the air of Craigmillar would do him good ; and, as he could not sit on horseback, she had contrived a means by which he could be carried.

The name of Craigmillar had an ominous sound. The words were kind, but there was perhaps some odd glitter of the eyes not wholly satisfactory.

He answered that if she would promise him on her honor to live with him as his wife, and not to leave him any more, he would go with her to the world's end, and care for nothing ; if not, he would stay where he was.

It was for that purpose, she said, tenderly, that she had come to Glasgow ; the separation had injured both of them, and it was time that it should end : "and so she granted his desire, and promised it should be as he had spoken, and thereupon gave him her hand and faith of her body that she would love him and use him as her husband ;" she would wait only till his health was restored ; he should use cold baths at Craigmillar, and then all should be well.

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She had gained her point ; he would go with her, and that was all she wanted. A slight cloud rose between them before she left the room. He was impatient at her going, and complained that she would not stay with him : she on her part said that he must keep her promise secret ; the Lords would be suspicious of their agreement, and must not know of it.

He did not like the mention of the Lords ; the Lords, he said, had



no right to interfere; he would never excite the Lords against her, and she, he trusted, would not again make a party against him.

She said that their past disagreements had been no fault of hers. He, and he alone, was to blame for all that had gone wrong.

With these words she left him. Mary Stuart was an admirable actress; rarely, perhaps, on the world's stage, has there been a more skilful player. But the game was a difficult one; she had still some natural compunction, and the performance was not quite perfect.

Darnley, perplexed between hope and fear, affection and misgiving, sent for Crawford. He related the conversation which had passed, so far as he could recollect it, word for word, and asked him what he thought.

Crawford, unblinded by passion, answered at once "that he liked it not;" if the Queen wished to have him living with her, why did she not take him to Holyrood? Craigmillar—a remote and lonely country house—was no proper place for him; if he went with her, he would go rather as her prisoner than her husband.

Darnley answered that he thought little less himself; he had but her promise to trust to, and he feared what she might mean; he had resolved to go, however; "he would trust himself in her hands though she should cut his throat."

And Mary, what was her occupation after parting thus from her husband? Late into the night she sat writing an account of that day's business to her lover, "with whom," as she said, "she had left her heart." She told him of her meeting with Crawford, and of her coming to the King; she related, with but slight verbal variations, Darnley's passionate appeal to her, as Darnley himself had told it to his friend.

The next morning the Queen added a few closing words:

"If in the mean time I hear nothing to the contrary, according to my commission, I will bring the man to Craigmillar on Monday, — where he will be all Wednesday, — and I will go to Edinburgh to draw blood of me. Provide for all things and discourse upon it first with yourself."

St. Mary's-in-the-Fields, called commonly Kirk-a-Field, was a roofless and ruined church, standing just inside the old town walls of Edinburgh, at the north-western corner of the present College. Adjoining it there stood a quadrangular building which had at one time belonged to the Dominican monks. The north front was

built along the edge of the slope which descends to the Cowgate ; the south side contained a low range of unoccupied rooms which had been "priests' chambers ;" the east consisted of offices and servants' rooms ; the principal apartments in the dwelling, into which the place had been converted, were in the western wing, which completed the square. Under the windows there was a narrow strip of grass-plot dividing the house from the town wall ; and outside the wall were gardens into which there was an opening through the cellars by an underground passage. The principal gateway faced north, and direct into the quadrangle.

Here it was that Paris found Bothwell with Sir James Balfour. He delivered his letter and gave his message. The Earl wrote a few words in reply. "Commend me to the Queen," he said as he gave the note, "and tell her that all will go well. Say that Balfour and I have not slept all night, that everything is arranged, and that the King's lodgings are ready for him. I have sent her a diamond. You may say I would send my heart too were it in my power — but she has it already."

A few hours later she was on the road with her victim. He could be moved but slowly. She was obliged to rest with him two days at Linlithgow ; and it was not till the 30th that she was able to bring him to Edinburgh. As yet he knew nothing of the change of his destination, and supposed that he was going on to Craigmillar. Bothwell, however, met the cavalcade outside the gates, and took charge of it. No attention was paid either to the exclamations of the attendants, or the remonstrances of Darnley himself ; he was informed that the Kirk-a-Field house was most convenient for him, and to Kirk-a-Field he was conducted.

"The lodgings" prepared for him were in the west wing, which was divided from the rest of the house by a large door at the foot of the staircase. A passage ran along the ground floor, from which a room opened which had been fitted up for the Queen. At the head of the stairs a similar passage led first to the King's room, — which was immediately over that of the Queen, — and farther on to closets and rooms for the servants.

Here it was that Darnley was established during the last hours which he was to know on earth. The keys of the doors were given ostentatiously to his groom of the chamber, Thomas Nelson ; the Earl of Bothwell being already in possession of duplicates. The door from the cellar into the garden had no lock, but the servants

were told that it could be secured with bolts from within. The rooms themselves had been comfortably furnished, and a handsome bed had been set up for the King with new hangings of black velvet. The Queen, however, seemed to think that they would be injured by the splashing from Darnley's bath, and desired that they might be changed. Being a person of ready expedients, too, she suggested that the door at the bottom of the staircase was not required for protection. She had it taken down and turned into a cover for the bath-vat ; "so that there was nothing left to stop the passage into the said chamber but only the portal door."

The Queen meanwhile spent her days at her husband's side, watching over his convalescence with seemingly anxious affection, and returning only to sleep at Holyrood.

After a few days her apartment at Kirk-a-Field was made habitable ; a bed was set up there in which she could sleep, and particular directions were given as to the part of the room where it was to stand. Paris through some mistake misplaced it. "Fool that you are," the Queen said to him when she saw it, "the bed is not to stand there ; move it yonder to the other side." She perhaps meant nothing, but the words afterwards seemed ominously significant. A powder-barrel was to be lighted in that room to blow the house and every one in it into the air. They had placed the bed on the spot where the powder was to stand, immediately below the bed of the King.

Whatever she meant, she contrived when it was moved to pass two nights there. The object was, to make it appear as if in whatever was to follow her own life had been aimed at as well as her husband's. Wednesday, the 5th, she slept there, and Friday, the 7th, and then her penance was almost over, for on Saturday the thing was to have been done.

So at last came Sunday, eleven months exactly from the day of Rizzio's murder ; and Mary Stuart's words that she never would rest till that dark business was revenged were about to be fulfilled.

It was a high day at the Court ; Sebastian, one of the musicians, was married in the afternoon to Margaret Cawood, Mary Stuart's favorite waiting-woman. When the service was over, the Queen took an early supper with Lady Argyle, and afterwards, accompanied by Cassilis, Huntley, and the Earl of Argyle himself, she went as

usual to spend the evening with her husband, and professed to intend to stay the night with him. The hours passed on. She was more than commonly tender ; and Darnley, absorbed in her caresses, paid no attention to sounds in the room below him, which, had he heard them, might have disturbed his enjoyment.

There was a pause, — the length of a Paternoster, — when the Queen suddenly recollected that there was a masque and a dance at the Palace on the occasion of the marriage, and that she had promised to be present. She rose, and, with many regrets that she could not stay as she intended, kissed her husband, put a ring on his finger, wished him good night, and went. The lords followed her. As she left the room, she said, as if by accident, "It was just this time last year that Rizzio was slain."

In a few moments the gay train was gone. The Queen walked back to the glittering halls in Holyrood ; Darnley was left alone with his page, Taylor, who slept in his room, and his two servants, Nelson and Edward Seymour. Below in the darkness, Bothwell's two followers shivered beside the powder heap, and listened with hushed breath till all was still.

The King, though it was late, was in no mood for sleep, and Mary's last words sounded awfully in his ears. "She was very kind," he said to Nelson, "but why did she speak of Davie's slaughter?"

Just then Paris came back to fetch a fur wrapper which the Queen had left, and which she thought too pretty to be spoiled.

"What will she do?" Darnley said again when he was gone ; "it is very lonely."

The shadow of death was creeping over him ; he was no longer the random boy who two years before had come to Scotland filled with idle dreams of vain ambition. Sorrow, suffering, disease, and fear had done their work. He was said to have opened his Prayer-book, and to have read over the 55th Psalm, which, by a strange coincidence, was in the English service for the day that was dawning.

If his servant's tale was true, these are the last words that passed the lips of Mary Stuart's husband : —

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and hide not thyself from my petition.

"My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me.



"Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me.

"It is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonor, for then I could have borne it.

"It was even thou, my companion, my guide, and my own familiar friend."

Forlorn victim of a cruel time! Twenty-one years old—no more. At the end of one hour he went to bed, with his page at his side. An hour later they two were lying dead in the garden under the stars.

The exact facts of the murder were never known—only at two o'clock that Monday morning, a "crack" was heard which made the drowsy citizens of Edinburgh turn in their sleep, and brought down all that side of Balfour's house of Kirk-a-field in a confused heap of dust and ruin. Nelson, the sole survivor, went to bed and slept when he left his master, and "knew nothing till he found the house falling about him;" Edward Seymour was blown in pieces; but Darnley and his page were found forty yards away, beyond the town wall, under a tree, with "no sign of fire on them," and with their clothes scattered at their side.

Some said that they were smothered in their sleep; some, that they were taken down into a stable and "wirried;" some, that, "hearing the keys grate in the doors below them, they started from their beds, and were flying down stairs, when they were caught and strangled." Hay and Hepburn told one consistent story to the foot of the scaffold:—

When the voices were silent overhead, they lit the match and fled, locking the doors behind them. In the garden they found Bothwell watching with his friends, and they waited there till the house blew up, when they made off, and saw no more. It was thought, however, that in dread of torture they left the whole dark truth untold; and over the events of that a horrible mist still hangs, unpenetrated and unpenetrable forever.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley was born in Devonshire in 1819; he was educated at King's College, London, and Magdalene College, Cambridge. He entered the service of the church and became Rector of Eversley—a position which he still retains. He is a man of marked character, holding independent opinions, and never shrinking from defending them. His writings are full of his own energy, and all are intended to interest the public in measures of reform. Had he been less vehement he would have been a better literary artist; as it is, his best works have few passages that can be quoted as specimens of style. His first work was in verse—*A Saint's Tragedy*. The next was *Alton Locke*—a powerful but painful story, written in the interest of the working classes, and directed against the inequality of English laws and the oppression caused by hereditary customs. This was followed by *Yeast*,—a Problem (the title page being something like a conundrum),—*Phaethon*, *Hypatia* (a story of the early Christian Church), *Westward Ho!* (a novel of maritime adventure in the time of Queen Elizabeth), *Glaucus or Wonders of the Shore*, *Two Years Ago*, a poem in hexameters entitled *Andromeda*, and a volume of *Lectures, Essays, and Miscellanies*.

BALLAD.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good by to the bar and its moaning.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee ;"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see ;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land —
And never home came she.

"O, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea ;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.



ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Arthur Hugh Clough was born in Liverpool in 1819, and was sent very young to Rugby. He rose to the highest rank in the school, and his distinguished master, and the well-known chronicler of "School Days," have referred to his scholarship and pure manly character with a just pride. He entered the University of Oxford, and, upon graduation, was elected a Fellow, and afterwards Tutor, of Oriel College. He resigned his place in 1848, and travelled on the continent during that year of uprising. In 1852 he came to this country, and resided at Cambridge, but the following year returned to fill a place in the department of Education in the Privy Council. His labors were onerous and exhausting, and at length his health gave way. He went abroad in 1861, and died at Florence.

His poems have been published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, with a beautiful and touching memoir by Charles E. Norton. The work to which he devoted many of his best years was the revision of Dryden's translation of Plutarch's Lives. The "revision" was

so thorough as to be substantially a new translation ; and the accurate scholarship and exquisite taste of Clough have made this a standard work, needing no further touches until time shall render the best English obsolete.

Mr. Clough was a reserved, quiet man, with a sweet simplicity of manner rare even among poets and scholars. His attachment to his American friends and to republican principles was strong ; and it may be mentioned, to show his self-denying generosity, that, during the Irish famine in 1847, while Tutor at Oxford, he advocated and practised a rigid abstinence from luxuries, in order to relieve the distress in the sister island.

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH.

THERE is a stream, I name not its name, lest inquisitive tourist
Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into guide-books,
Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the folds of great mountains,

Falling two miles through rowan and stunted alder, enveloped
Then for four more in a forest of pine, where broad and ample
Spreads, to convey it, the glen with heathery slopes on both sides :
Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls and narrows ;
But, where the glen of its course approaches the vale of the river,
Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of granite,
Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging up, and raging onward,
Forces its flood through a passage so narrow a lady would step it.
There, across the great rocky wharves, a wooden bridge goes,
Carrying a path to the forest ; below, three hundred yards, say,
Lower in level some twenty-five feet, through flats of shingle,
Stepping-stones and a cart-track cross in the open valley.
But in the interval here the boiling, pent-up water
Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a basin,
Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness and fury
Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a mirror ;
Beautiful there for the color derived from green rocks under ;
Beautiful, most of all, where beads of foam uprising
Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate hue of the stillness.
Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendent birch boughs,
Here it lies, unthought of above at the bridge and pathway,
Still more enclosed from below by wood and rocky projection.
You are shut in, left alone with yourself and perfection of water,
Hid on all sides, left alone with yourself and the goddess of bathing.
Here, the pride of the plunger, you stride the fall and clear it ;
Here, the delight of the bather, you roll in beaded sparklings,
Here into pure green depth drop down from lofty ledges.
Hither, a month ago, they had come, and discovered it ; hither
(Long a design, but long unaccountably left unaccomplished),

Leaving the well-known bridge and pathway above to the forest,
 Turning below from the track of the carts over stone and shingle,
 Piercing a wood, and skirting a narrow and natural causeway
 Under the rocky wall that hedges the bed of the streamlet,
 Rounded a craggy point, and saw on a sudden before them
 Slabs of rock, and a tiny beach, and perfection of water,
 Picture-like beauty, seclusion sublime, and the goddess of bathing.
 There they bathed, of course, and Arthur, the glory of headers,
 Leapt from the ledges with Hope, he twenty feet, he thirty ;
 There, overbold, great Hobbes from a ten-foot height descended,
 Prone, as a quadruped, prone with hands and feet protending ;
 There in the sparkling champagne, ecstatic, they shrieked, and
 shouted.

"Hobbes's Gutter" the Piper entitles the spot, profanely,
 Hope "the Glory" would have, after Arthur, the glory of headers :
 But, for before they departed, in shy and fugitive reflex
 Here in the eddies and there did the splendor of Jupiter glimmer,
 Adam adjudged it the name of Hesperus, star of the evening.
 Hither, to Hesperus, now, the star of evening above them,
 Come in their lonelier walk the pupils twain and Tutor ;
 Turned from the track of the carts, and passing the stone and
 shingle,

Piercing the wood, and skirting the stream by the natural causeway,
 Rounded the craggy point, and now at their ease looked up ; and
 Lo, on the rocky edge, regardant, the Glory of headers,
 Lo, on the beach, expecting the plunge, not cigarless, the Piper. —
 And they looked, and wondered, incredulous, looking yet once more.
 Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed, an Apollo, down-gazing,
 Eying one moment the beauty, the life, ere he flung himself in it,
 Eying through eddying green waters the green-tinting floor under-
 neath them,

Eying the bead on the surface, the bead, like a cloud, rising to it,
 Drinking in deep in his soul, the beautiful hue and the clearness,
 Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the glory of headers ;
 Yes, and with fragrant weed, by his knapsack, spectator and critic,
 Seated on slab by the margin, the Piper, the Cloud-compeller.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
 Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered : —

Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass
 guides, —
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze, and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last !

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare, —
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
 At last, at last, unite them there !

 JOHN RUSKIN.

John Ruskin was born in London in 1819, and graduated at Oxford in 1842. He has been, and still is, an enthusiastic student of art. With his theories, and especially with the justice of setting Turner above all previous masters of landscape painting, we have nothing to do: it is Ruskin the writer that is to be considered. And certainly the acute and patient observation of details, the broad generalizations of studies, the passionate love of nature, the delicate sense of color and perspective, and the philosophic power that combines all these in sentences that are as luminous and grand as nature itself, are to be seen nowhere but in the pages of Ruskin.

The *Modern Painters*, from which the following extracts are taken, is a work in five volumes, published at long intervals; and the student may be amused to learn that in the last one (1857) the later manner of Turner is severely criticised. Artist and critic, sailing in opposite directions, had met and confronted each other on the other side of the sphere. The other works of our author are *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and *The Stones of Venice*, both admirably illustrated; also, *The Two Paths*, *Elements of Drawing*, *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, besides many contributions to periodicals.

Mr. Ruskin claims that the Pre-Raphaelite school of painting is a development of his original ideas — an honor that some persons will not try to appropriate. Of all living Englishmen, he has shown the most intense insular prejudice against the free institutions and the people of the United States.

[From *Modern Painters*.]

KNOWLEDGE THE ONLY BASIS OF CRITICISM.

ASK the connoisseur, who has scampered over all Europe, the shape of the leaf of an elm, and the chances are ninety to one that he cannot tell you; and yet he will be voluble of criticism on every

painted landscape from Dresden to Madrid, and pretend to tell you whether they are like nature or not. Ask an enthusiastic chatterer in the Sistine Chapel how many ribs he has, and you get no answer ; but it is odds that you do not get out of the door without his informing you that he considers such and such a figure badly drawn !

A few such interrogations as these might indeed convict, if not convince, the mass of spectators of incapability, were it not for the universal reply, that they can recognize what they cannot describe, and feel what is truthful, though they do not know what is truth. And this is, to a certain degree, true : a man may recognize the portrait of his friend, though he cannot, if you ask him apart, tell you the shape of his nose or the height of his forehead ; and every one could tell nature herself from an imitation ; why not then, it will be asked, what is like her from what is not ? For this simple reason, that we constantly recognize things by their least important attributes, and by help of very few of those : and if these attributes exist not in the imitation, though there may be thousands of others far higher and more valuable, yet if those be wanting, or imperfectly rendered, by which we are accustomed to recognize the object, we deny the likeness ; while if these be given, though all the great and valuable and important attributes may be wanting, we affirm the likeness. Recognition is no proof of real and intrinsic resemblance. We recognize our books by their bindings, though the true and essential characteristics lie inside. A man is known to his dog by the smell—to his tailor by the coat—to his friend by the smile : each of these knows him, but how little, or how much, depends on the dignity of the intelligence. That which is truly and indeed characteristic of the man, is known only to God. One portrait of a man may possess exact accuracy of feature, and no atom of expression ; it may be, to use the ordinary terms of admiration bestowed on such portraits by those whom they please, “as like as it can stare.” Everybody, down to his cat, would know this. Another portrait may have neglected or misrepresented the features, but may have given the flash of the eye, and the peculiar radiance of the lip, seen on him only in his hours of highest mental excitement. None but his friends would know this. Another may have given none of his ordinary expressions, but one which he wore in the most excited instant of his life, when all his secret passions and all his highest powers were brought into play at once. None but those who had then seen him might recognize *this* as like. But which would be the most truthful portrait of the *man* ? The first

gives the accidents of body — the sport of climate, and food, and time — which corruption inhabits, and the worm waits for. The second gives the stamp of the soul upon the flesh ; but it is the soul seen in the emotions which it shares with many — which may not be characteristic of its essence — the results of habit, and education, and accident — a gloze, whether purposely worn or unconsciously assumed, perhaps totally contrary to all that is rooted and real in the mind that it conceals. The third has caught the trace of all that was most hidden and most mighty, when all hypocrisy, and all habit, and all petty and passing emotion — the ice, and the bank, and the foam of the immortal river — were shivered, and broken, and swallowed up in the awakening of its inward strength ; when the call and claim of some divine motive had brought into visible being those latent forces and feelings which the spirit's own volition could not summon, nor its consciousness comprehend ; which God only knew, and God only could awaken, the depth and the mystery of its peculiar and separating attributes. And so it is with external Nature : she has a body and a soul like man ; but her soul is the Deity. It is possible to represent the body without the spirit ; and this shall be like to those whose senses are only cognizant of body. It is possible to represent the spirit in its ordinary and inferior manifestations ; and this shall be like to those who have not watched for its moments of power. It is possible to represent the spirit in its secret and high operations ; and this shall be like only to those to whose watching they have been revealed. All these are truth ; but according to the dignity of the truths he can represent or feel, is the power of the painter, — the justice of the judge.

AN ITALIAN LANDSCAPE.

NOT long ago, I was slowly descending this very bit of carriage road, the first turn after you leave Albano, not a little impeded by the worthy successors of the ancient prototypes of Viento. It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up the infinity of its arches like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano and graceful darkness of its ilex grove rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through



the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep, palpitating azure, half ether and half dew. The noonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it color, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark though flushed with scarlet lichen,—casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and over all—the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orbéd repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY; CLOUDS AND MISTS AT SUNRISE; SUPERIORITY OF TURNER OVER CLAUDE.

STAND upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away; and down under their depths, the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and

broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain. Has Claude given this? Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above, in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below. Has Claude given this? Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapors, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves together; and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey. Has Claude given this? And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapor swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black, bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapor, now gone, now gathered again; while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood. Has Claude given this? And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter — brighter



yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line ; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion, that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them. Ask Claude, or his brethren, for that. And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning : watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire ; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning ; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven ; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven — one scarlet canopy — is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels ; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men !



JOHN TYNDALL.

John Tyndall was born in the village of Leighlin Bridge, Ireland, in 1820. He received only a common school education. He was first employed as an assistant in the Ordnance Survey, and quickly mastered both the mathematical and practical parts of the business. At the suggestion of a friend to devote his leisure to study, he commenced *the next day* at five o'clock in the morning, and continued in this practice for twelve years. He was next employed as Civil Engineer in constructing a railroad. He became known to the scientific world by the publication of his discoveries, On the Magneto-optic Properties of Crystals, and the Relation of Magnetism and Diamagnetism to Molecular Arrangement. He studied for some years in Germany with eminent physicists, — making special investigations of Alpine glaciers, — and returned in 1852 to London, when he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1853 Professor of Natural Philosophy in the same institution.

His first work, The Glaciers of the Alps, was published in 1860. The next, published in 1863, is entitled Heat as a Mode of Motion. The author, though an independent investigator, has incorporated with his own researches the recent theories of Mayer, Helmholtz, and others upon the Conservation and Correlation of Force, and takes the reader into an elevated region of thought. If the doctrines are true, all the treatises upon physical laws, called in school-books "natural philosophy," must be re-written.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE SUN.

[From *Heat as a Mode of Motion.*]

AS surely as the force which moves a clock's hands is derived from the arm which winds up the clock, so surely is all terrestrial power drawn from the sun. Leaving out of account the eruptions of volcanoes, and the ebb and flow of the tides, every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic and inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun. His warmth keeps the sea liquid, and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up to the mountains; and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him. Thunder and lightning are also his transmitted strength. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows dispenses light and heat which originally belonged to the sun. In these days, unhappily, the news of battle is familiar to us, but every shock, and every charge, is an application, or misapplication, of the mechanical force of the sun. He blows the trumpet, he urges the projectile, he bursts the bomb. And remember, this is not poetry, but rigid mechanical truth. He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the muscle, he urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot: he springs in the panther, he soars in the eagle, he slides in the snake. He builds the forest and hews it down, the power which raised the tree, and which wields the axe, being one and the same. The clover sprouts and blossoms, and the scythe of the mower swings, by the operation of the same force. The sun digs the ore from our mines, he rolls the iron: he rivets the plates, he boils the water: he draws the train. He not only grows the cotton, but he spins the fibre and weaves the web. There is not a hammer raised, a wheel turned, or a shuttle thrown, that is not raised, and turned, and thrown by the sun. His energy is poured freely into space, but our world is a balding-place where this energy is conditioned. Here the Proteus works his spells: the self-same essence takes a million shapes and hues, and finally dissolves into its primitive and almost formless form. The sun comes to us as heat: he quits us as heat: and between his entrance and departure the multitudinous powers of our globe appear. They are all special forms of solar power—the moulds into which his strength is temporarily poured, in passing from its source through infinitude.



Presented rightly to the mind, the discoveries and generalizations of modern science constitute a poem more sublime than has ever yet been addressed to the intellect and imagination of man. The natural philosopher of to-day may dwell amid conceptions which beggar those of Milton. So great and grand are they, that, in the contemplation of them, a certain force of character is requisite to preserve us from bewilderment. Look at the integrated energies of our world—the stored power of our coal-fields ; our winds and rivers ; our fleets, armies, and guns. What are they ? They are all generated by a portion of the sun's energy, which does not amount to an infinitesimal part of the whole. Multiplying our powers by millions of millions, we do not reach the sun's expenditure. And still, notwithstanding this enormous drain, in the lapse of human history we are unable to detect a diminution of his store. Measured by our largest terrestrial standards, such a reservoir of power is infinite ; but it is our privilege to rise above these standards, and to regard the sun himself as a speck in infinite extension,—a mere drop in the universal sea. We analyze the space in which he is immersed, and which is the vehicle of his power. We pass to other systems and other suns, each pouring forth energy like our own, but still without infringement of the law, which reveals immutability in the midst of change, which recognizes incessant transference and conversion, but neither final gain nor loss. This law generalizes the aphorism of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun, by teaching us to detect everywhere, under its infinite variety of appearances, the same primeval force. To nature nothing can be added ; from nature nothing can be taken away ; the sum of her energies is constant, and the utmost man can do in the pursuit of physical truth, or in the application of physical knowledge, is to shift the constituents of the never-varying total, and out of one of them to form another. The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation. Waves may change to ripples, and ripples to waves,—magnitude may be substituted for number, and number for magnitude,—asteroids may aggregate to suns, suns may resolve themselves into floræ and faunæ, and floræ and faunæ melt in air,—the flux of power is eternally the same. It rolls in music through the ages, and all terrestrial energy,—the manifestations of life, as well as the display of phenomena, are but the modulations of its rhythm.

“GEORGE ELIOT.”

“George Eliot” is the assumed name of Marian C. Evans, born in Derbyshire about the year 1820, and the daughter of a clergyman. She is the wife of George H. Lewes, the author of the *Life of Goethe*, the *History of Philosophy*, and other able works. Her novels are profoundly interesting, full of finely drawn characters, elegant and scholarly in style, and showing the author to be on the whole the most powerful and most cultivated female writer of the century. The titles of her works are, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Felix Holt*, *Romola*, *Scenes of Clerical Life*, and *Silas Marner*. She has also written a poem, entitled *The Spanish Gypsy*.

THE BLIND SCHOLAR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

[From *Romola*.]

THE house in which Bardo lived was situated on the side of the street nearest the hill, and was one of those large sombre masses of stone building pierced by comparatively small windows, and surmounted by what may be called a roofed terrace, or loggia, of which there are many examples still to be seen in the venerable city. Grim doors, with conspicuous scrolled hinges, having high up on each side of them a small window defended by iron bars, opened on a groined entrance-court, empty of everything but a massive lamp-iron suspended from the centre of the groin. A small grim door on the left hand admitted to the stone staircase and the rooms on the ground-floor.

Maso, the old serving man, who returned from the Mercato with the stock of cheap vegetables, had to make his slow way up to the second story before he reached the door of his master, Bardo, through which we are about to enter.

We follow Maso across the antechamber to the door on the left hand, through which we pass as he opens it. He merely looks in and nods, while a clear young voice says, “Ah, you are come back, Maso. It is well. We have wanted nothing.”

The voice came from the farther end of a long, spacious room surrounded with shelves, on which books and antiquities were arranged in scrupulous order. Here and there, on separate stands in front of the shelves, were placed a beautiful feminine torso; a headless statue, with an uplifted muscular arm wielding a bladeless sword; rounded, dimpled, infantine limbs severed from the trunk, inviting the lips to kiss the cold marble; some well-preserved Roman busts; two or three vases of *Magna Græcia*. A large table in the centre

was covered with antique bronze lamps and small vessels in dark pottery. The color of these objects was chiefly pale or sombre ; the vellum bindings, with their deep-ridged backs, gave little relief to the marble livid with long burial ; the once splendid patch of carpet at the farther end of the room had long been worn to dimness ; the dark bronzes wanted sunlight upon them to bring out their tinge of green, and the sun was not yet high enough to send gleams of brightness through the narrow windows that looked on the Via de' Bardi.

The only spot of bright color in the room was made by the hair of a tall maiden of seventeen or eighteen, who was standing before a carved *leggio*, or reading-desk, such as is often seen in the choirs of Italian churches. The hair was of a reddish gold color, enriched by an unbroken small ripple, such as may be seen in the sunset clouds on grandest autumnal evenings. It was confined by a black fillet above her small ears, from which it rippled forward again, and made a natural veil for her neck above her square-cut gown of black *rascia*, or serge. Her eyes were bent on a large volume placed before her : one long white hand rested on the reading-desk, and the other clasped the back of her father's chair.

The blind father sat with head uplifted and turned a little aside towards his daughter, as if he were looking at her. His delicate paleness, set off by the black velvet cap which surmounted his drooping white hair, made all the more perceptible the likeness between his aged features and those of the young maiden, whose cheeks were also without any tinge of the rose. There was the same refinement of brow and nostril in both, counterbalanced by a full, though firm mouth and powerful chin, which gave an expression of proud tenacity and latent impetuosity : an expression carried out in the backward poise of the girl's head, and the grand line of her neck and shoulders. It was a type of face of which one could not venture to say whether it would inspire love or only that unwilling admiration which is mixed with dread ; the question must be decided by the eyes, which often seem charged with a more direct message from the soul. But the eyes of the father had long been silent, and the eyes of the daughter were bent on the Latin pages of Politian's *Miscellanea*, from which she was reading aloud.

Bardo shook his head again. " It is not mere bodily organs that I want : it is the sharp edge of a young mind to pierce the way for my somewhat blunted faculties. For blindness acts like a dam, sending the streams of thought backward along the already-travelled

channels and hindering the course onward. If my son had not forsaken me, deluded by debasing fanatical dreams, worthy only of an energumen whose dwelling is among tombs, I might have gone on and seen my path broadening to the end of my life; for he was a youth of great promise. . . . But it has closed in now," the old man continued, after a short pause; "it has closed in now — all but the narrow track he has left me to tread — alone, in my blindness."

"Nay, *Romola mia*, if I have pronounced an anathema on a degenerate and ungrateful son, I said not that I could wish thee other than the sweet daughter thou hast been to me. For what son could have tended me so gently in the frequent sickness I have had of late? And even in learning thou art not, according to thy measure, contemptible. Something perhaps were to be wished in thy capacity of attention and memory, not incompatible even with the feminine mind. But as Calcondila bore testimony when he aided me to teach thee, thou hast a ready apprehension, and even a wide-glancing intelligence. And thou hast a man's nobility of soul; thou hast never fretted me with thy petty desires as thy mother did. It is true, I have been careful to keep thee aloof from the debasing influence of thy own sex, with their sparrow-like frivolity and their enslaving superstition, except, indeed, from that of our cousin Brigida, who may well serve as a scarecrow and a warning. And though — since I agree with the divine Petrarca, when he declares, quoting the *Aulularia* of Plautus, who again was indebted for the truth to the supreme Greek intellect, 'Optimam fœminam nullam esse, aliâ licet alia pejor sit' — I cannot boast that thou art entirely lifted out of that lower category to which Nature assigned thee, nor even that in erudition thou art on a par with the more learned women of this age; thou art nevertheless — yes, *Romola mia*," said the old man, his pedantry again melting into tenderness, "thou art my sweet daughter, and thy voice is as the lower notes of the flute, 'sweet, firm, clear, pure, cutting the air, and resting in the ear,' according to the choice words of Quintilian; and Bernardo tells me thou art fair, and thy hair is like the brightness of the morning, and indeed it seems to me that I discern some radiance from thee. Ah! I know how all else looks in this room, but thy form I only guess at. Thou art no longer the little woman six years old, that faded for me into darkness: thou art tall, and thy arm is but little below mine. Let us walk together."

The old man's voice had become at once loud and tremulous, and a pink flush overspread his proud, delicately-cut features, while the habitually raised attitude of his head gave the idea that behind the curtain of his blindness he saw some imaginary high tribunal to which he was appealing against the injustice of Fame.



D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON.

D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson is Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Galway, and was formerly Classical Master in the Edinburgh Academy. He has written a number of works, most of them relating to the ancient languages and their literature: *Latin Grammar for elementary classes*, 1859; *Ancient Leaves, or Metrical Rendering of Poets (Greek and Roman)*, 1862; *Nursery Rhymes*, 1863; *Fun and Earnest*, 1864; *Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster*, 1864; *Wayside Thoughts*, 1865; *Scala Nova*, a Ladder to Latin, 1866; *Sales Attici*, 1867.

THE CLASSIC LANGUAGES NOT DEAD.

[From *Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster*.]

A DEAD language: what a sad and solemn expression! Trite enough, I own; but, to a reflective mind, none the less sad and solemn; for in the death of which it speaks are involved deaths untold, innumerable.

I can understand what is meant by "a Dead Sea;" and should suppose it to be a sheet of water cut off from all intercourse with the main ocean; never rising with its flow; never sinking with its ebb; never skimmed by the sail of commerce; never flapped by wing of wandering bird; undisturbed by the bustle of the restless world; but slumbering in a desolate wilderness, far from the track of caravan, or railway, or steamship, in a stagnant, and tide-forgotten, and unheeded repose.

The chance-directed efforts of an enterprising traveller exhumed, but recently, the sculptured monuments of a dead civilization. We then learned that Nineveh and Babylon were not only the homes of conquering kings, but the seats of tranquil learning and treasured science, before ever a fleet had sailed from Aulis, or the eagles had promised empire to the watcher on the green Palatine.

The language of priestly and kingly Etruria is revealed to us only by dim marks upon vase or tablet, or by melancholy inscriptions on sepulchral stones. That is, indeed, a language unquestionably dead.

But can such a term be applied to that Hellenic speech that in the *Iliad* has rolled, like the great Father of Waters, its course unhindered down three thousand years ; that in Pindar still soars heavenwards, staring at the sun ; that rises and falls in Plato with the long, sequacious music of an Æolian lute ; that moves, stately and black-stoled, in Æschylus ; that reverberates with laughter half Olympian in Aristophanes ; that pierces with a trumpet-sound in Demosthenes ; that smells of crocuses in Theocritus ; that chirrups like a balm-cricket in Anacreon ? If it be dead, then what language is alive ?

Or again, is that old Italian speech dead and gone, that murmurs in Lucretius a ceaseless, solemn monotone of sea-shell sound ; that in Virgil flows, like the Eridanus, calmly but majestically through rich lowlands, fringed with tall poplars and rimmed with grassy banks ; that quivers to wild strings of passion in Catullus ; that wimples like a beck in Ovid ; that coos in Tibullus like the turtle ; that sparkles in Horace like a well-cut diamond ?

No, no ! The music of Homer will die with the choral chants of the Messiah, and the strains of Pindar with the symphonies of Beethoven ; *una dies dabit exitio*¹ Aristophanes and Cervantes and Molière ; the Mantuan will go hand in hand to oblivion with the Florentine, *divinus Magister cum Discipulo diviniore* ;² the Metamorphoses of Ovid will decay with the fantastic tale of Ariosto and the music of Don Giovanni ; Horace will fade out of ken linked arm in arm with that sweet fellow-epicure, Montaigne ; Antigone will be forgotten maybe a short century before Cordelia ; and Plato and Aristotle will be entombed beneath the mausoleum that covers forever the thoughts of Bacon, Kepler, Newton, and Laplace.

¹ The same day will consign to oblivion Aristophanes, &c.

² The divine Master with his diviner Disciple.

THOMAS HUGHES.

Thomas Hughes was born in 1823 near Newbury. He was educated at Rugby, under the celebrated Dr. Arnold, and at Oxford. He read law at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1848. He published *School Days at Rugby* in 1856, and the sequel, *Tom Brown at Oxford*, in 1861. He was chosen a member of Parliament in 1865, and is still in public service. He is universally esteemed for the nobleness of his nature, for his robust intellect, and his liberal culture. His own manly traits are fully evident in the tone of his delightful books. No student will need any formal introduction to *Tom Brown*.

TOM BROWN AT THE MASTER'S TOMB.

[From *School Days at Rugby*.]

HE was lying on the very spot where the fights came off; where he himself had fought six years ago his first and last battle. He conjured up the scene till he could almost hear the shouts of the ring, and East's whisper in his ear; and looking across the close to the Doctor's private door, half expected to see it open, and the tall figure in cap and gown come striding under the elm trees towards him.

No, no! that sight could never be seen again. There was no flag flying on the round tower; the school-house windows were all shuttered up; and when the flag went up again, and the shutters came down, it would be to welcome a stranger. All that was left on earth of him whom he had honored, was lying cold and still under the chapel floor. He would go in and see the place once more, and then leave it once for all. New men and new methods might do for other people; let those who would worship the rising star, he at least would be faithful to the sun which had set. And so he got up, and walked to the chapel door and unlocked it, fancying himself the only mourner in all the broad land, and feeding on his own selfish sorrow.

He passed through the vestibule, and then paused for a moment to glance over the empty benches. His heart was still proud and high, and he walked up to the seat which he had last occupied as a sixth-form boy, and sat himself down there to collect his thoughts.

And, truth to tell, they needed collecting and setting in order not a little. The memories of eight years were all dancing through his brain, and carrying him about whither they would; while beneath them all, his heart was throbbing with the dull sense of a loss that could never be made up to him. The rays of the evening sun came solemnly through the painted windows above his head and fell in gorgeous colors on the opposite wall, and the perfect stillness

soothed his spirit by little and little. And he turned to the pulpit, and looked at it, and then leaning forward, with his head on his hands, groaned aloud — “If he could only have seen the Doctor again for one five minutes, to have told him all that was in his heart, what he owed to him, how he loved and revered him, and would, by God’s help, follow his steps in life and death, he could have borne it all without a murmur. But that he should have gone away forever without knowing it all, was too much to bear.” “But am I sure that he does not know it all?” — the thought made him start — “May he not even now be near me, in this very chapel? If he be, am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow — as I shall wish to have sorrowed when I shall meet him again?”

He raised himself up and looked round; and after a minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them. And he looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how, when a little boy, he used to try not to look through it at the elm trees and the rooks, before the painted glass came — and the subscription for the painted glass, and the letter he wrote home for money to give to it. And there, down below, was the name of the boy who sat on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak panelling.

And then came the thought of all his old school-fellows; and from after form of boys, nobler, and braver, and purer than he, rose up and seemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them, and what they had felt and were feeling; they who had honored and loved from the first, the man whom he had taken years to know and love? Could he not think of those yet dearer to him who was gone, who bore his name and shared his blood, and were now without a husband or a father? Then the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose up once more, and walked up the steps to the altar; and while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, knelt down humbly and hopefully, to lay down there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

Here let us leave him — where better could we leave him, than at the altar, before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood — at the grave beneath the



altar of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond?

And let us not be hard with him, if at that moment his soul is fuller of the tomb and him who lies there, than of the altar and Him of whom it speaks. Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls, who must win their way through hero-worship to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love, and tenderness, and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives, — through the strength, and courage, and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell forever and ever in perfect fullness.



DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

Dinah Maria Mulock was born at Stoke-upon-Trent in 1826. Her father was a man of considerable literary ability. She is the author of several novels of more than ordinary merit : chief among them is *John Halifax, Gentleman*. The titles of the others are, *The Ogilvies*, *Olive*, *Agatha's Husband*, *The Head of the Family*, *Alice Learmont*, *Nothing New*. She has written several children's stories, also *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*, and a volume of poems. Her traits as a writer are intensely feminine ; the scenes and characters she describes are minutely, faithfully depicted, but in a diffuse style. Her poems have genuine religious feeling, and are graceful and refined in expression.

Miss Mulock was married in 1865 to Mr. George L. Craik.

PHILIP MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip my king,
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities :
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden ;
I am thine Esther to command
Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
Philip my king.

O the day when thou goest a wooing,
Philip my king !

When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And some gentle heart's bars undoing
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified. Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah ! we love so blindly,
Philip my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth, — up to thy brow,
Philip my king !
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant and make men bow
As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers :
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer
Let me behold thee in future years ;
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip my king.

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip my king,
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray :
Rebels within thee and foes without,
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch : till angels shout
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
“ Philip the king ! ”

A STREAM'S SINGING.

O, how beautiful is Morning !
How the sunbeams strike the daisies,
And the kingcups fill the meadow
Like a golden-shielded army
Marching to the uplands fair !
I am going forth to battle,
And life's uplands rise before me,
And my golden shield is ready,
And I pause a moment, twining
My heart's pæan to the waters,
As with cheerful song incessant

Onward runs the little stream ;
Singing ever, onward ever,
Boldly runs the merry stream.

O, how glorious is the Noonday !
With the cool large shadows lying
Underneath the giant forest,
The far hill-tops towering dimly
O'er the conquered plains below ;
I am conquering — I shall conquer
In life's battle-field impetuous :
And I lie and listen dreamy
To a double-voiced, low music, —
Tender beech trees sheeny shiver
Mingled with the diapason
Of the stony, deep, joyful stream,
Like a man's love and a woman's ;
So it runs — the happy stream !

O, how grandly cometh Even,
Sitting on the mountain summit,
Purple-vestured, grave, and silent,
Watching o'er the dewy valleys,
Like a good king near his end : —
I have labored, I have governed ;
Now I feel the gathering shadows
Of the night that closes all things :
And the fair earth fades before me,
And the stars leap out in heaven,
While into the infinite darkness
Solemn runs the steadfast stream ;
Onward, onward, ceaseless, fearless,
Singing runs the eternal stream.

more naturally loyalty than patriotism. In history, they are even more inclined than men to dwell exclusively upon biographical incidents or characteristics as distinguished from the march of general causes. In benevolence, they excel in charity, which alleviates individual suffering, rather than in philanthropy, which deals with large masses, and is more frequently employed in preventing than in allaying calamity. It was a remark of Winckelmann, that "the supreme beauty of Greek art is rather male than female;" and the justice of this remark has been amply corroborated by the greater knowledge we have of late years attained of the works of the Phidian period, in which art achieved its highest perfection, and in which, at the same time, force and freedom, and masculine grandeur, were its pre-eminent characteristics. A similar observation may be made of the moral ideal of which ancient art was simply the expression. In antiquity the virtues that were most admired were almost exclusively those which are distinctively masculine. Courage, self-assertion, magnanimity, and, above all, patriotism, were the leading features of the ideal type; and chastity, modesty, and charity, the gentler and the domestic virtues, which are especially feminine, were greatly undervalued. With the single exception of conjugal fidelity, none of the virtues that were very highly prized were virtues distinctively or pre-eminently feminine. With this exception, nearly all the illustrious women of antiquity were illustrious chiefly because they overcame the natural conditions of their sex. It is a characteristic fact that the favorite female ideal of the artists appears to have been the Amazon. We may admire the Spartan mother, or the mother of the Gracchi, repressing every sign of grief when their children were sacrificed upon the altar of their country, we may wonder at the majestic courage of a Porcia, or an Arria, but we extol them chiefly because, being women, they emancipated themselves from the frailty of their sex, and displayed an heroic fortitude worthy of the strongest and the bravest of men. We may bestow an equal admiration upon the noble devotion and charity of a St. Elizabeth of Hungary, or of a Mrs. Fry, but we do not admire them because they displayed these virtues, although they were women, for we feel that their virtues were of the kind which the female nature is most fitted to produce. The change from the heroic to the saintly ideal, from the ideal of Paganism to the ideal of Christianity, was a change from a type which was essentially male to one which was essentially feminine. Of all the great schools of philosophy no other reflected so faithfully the Roman conception of moral excellence as Stoicism,



thought and act, more tender to the erring, more compassionate to the suffering, more affectionate to all about them. On the other hand, those who have traced the course of the wives of the poor, and of many who, though in narrow circumstances, can hardly be called poor, will probably admit that in no other class do we so often find entire lives spent in daily persistent self-denial, in the patient endurance of countless trials, in the ceaseless and deliberate sacrifice of their own enjoyments to the well-being or the prospects of others. In active courage women are inferior to men. In the courage of endurance they are commonly their superiors; but their passive courage is not so much fortitude which bears and defies, as resignation which bears and bends. In the ethics of intellect they are decidedly inferior. To repeat an expression I have already employed, women very rarely love truth, though they love passionately what they call "the truth," or opinions they have received from others, and hate vehemently those who differ from them. They are little capable of impartiality or of doubt; their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though very generous in their acts, they are rarely generous in their opinions, and their leaning is naturally to the side of restriction. They persuade rather than convince, and value belief rather as a source of consolation than as a faithful expression of the reality of things. They are less capable than men of perceiving qualifying circumstances, of admitting the existence of elements of good in systems to which they are opposed, of distinguishing the personal character of an opponent from the opinions he maintains. Men lean most to justice, and women to mercy. Men are most addicted to intemperance and brutality, women to frivolity and jealousy. Men excel in energy, self-reliance, perseverance, and magnanimity; women in humility, gentleness, modesty, and endurance. The realizing imagination which causes us to pity and to love is more sensitive in women than in men, and it is especially more capable of dwelling on the unseen. Their religious or devotional realizations are incontestably more vivid; and it is probable that, while a father is most moved by the death of a child in his presence, a mother generally feels most the death of a child in some distant land. But though more intense, the sympathies of women are commonly less wide than those of men. Their imaginations individualize more, their affections are, in consequence, concentrated rather on leaders than on causes; and if they care for a great cause, it is generally because it is represented by a great man, or connected with some one whom they love. In politics, their enthusiasm is

JEAN INGELOW.

Jean Ingelow, daughter of William Ingelow, Esq., late of Ipswich, Suffolk, was born about 1830. She has written a volume of short stories entitled *Tales of Orris*, published in 1860 in the *Round of Days*—a volume of poems which has gone through several editions both in England and America. This authoress contributed several poems to an exquisitely illustrated collection of original poetical pieces entitled *Home Sights and Home Scenes*, published in 1864. Messrs. Roberts Brothers have issued a new edition of her poems, in three volumes, 1870. The touching ballad that follows gives a sufficient proof of her poetic power, although her *Songs of Seven* are more widely known and admired.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE (1571).

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers rang by two, by three ;
 " Pull, if ye never pulled before ;
 Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
 " Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
 Ply all your changes, all your swells,
 Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.' "

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall :
 And there was nought of strange, beside
 The flights of mews and peewits pied
 By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes ;
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
 And dark against day's golden death
 She moved where Lindis wandereth,
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

" Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! " calling,
 Ere the early dews were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.
 " Cusha ! Cusha ! " all along ;

Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking-song.

“Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !” calling,
“For the dews will soone be falling ;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow ;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow ;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head ;
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking-shed.”

If it be long, aye, long ago,
 When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;
And all the aire it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
 The steeple towered from out the greene :
And, lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The “Brides of Mavis Enderby.”

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mabelthorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and, lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking-song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed

A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud ;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout —
Then beaten foam flew round about —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet :
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by :
I marked the lofty beacon-light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high —
A lurid mark and dread to see ;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
And I — my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O, come in life, or come in death !
O lost ! my love, Elizabeth !"

And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter, deare ;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.

Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !

To manye more than myne and me ;
But each will mourn his own (she saith).
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha, Cusha, Cusha !" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling ;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha, Cusha !" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth :
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver ;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy, lonesome shore ;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow ;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot ;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow ;
Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow ;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head ;
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

William Morris was born near London in 1835, and was educated at Oxford. He has become suddenly and universally known to the reading world by his poems. *The Life and Death of Jason* is Greek to the core, and takes the reader back to Homeric days. *The Earthly Paradise* is a collection of poems strung on the thread of a story,—some of them founded on classic fables or traditions, and some upon the wild legends of the Norse tribes. The author is an admirer and student of Chaucer, and has followed well his great master in the difficult art of fluent narration in verse; he has also followed him in the habit of forcing rhymes and in the arbitrary use of accent, to the annoyance of the reader. His last work fills three stout volumes; the poet's art could have condensed it to advantage. Still, it must be admitted, the interest seldom flags, the verses run on like the weaving of a glittering stuff in a loom—the flying and returning shuttle often throwing up some figure of beauty, with only enough of plain surface intervening for judicious relief. The poems are, moreover, for a leisure day, for the mood of repose, for the contented and uncritical. They display in general a pervading sense of the beautiful, an admiration for the heroic, and, most of all, a passionate love of life for its own sake—a clinging to mere existence as the one priceless object of desire. The scenes and figures have an air of reality, yet are sufficiently remote and of ideal proportions. If, in addition to these traits, it were possible to add that they inspire fortitude and faith, and teach the high lessons of aspiration and duty, it would be enough to place the author among the immortals. But he is content with presenting his pictures of the elder days, and his verses give no sign that the thinking or the conscience of our own time has ever touched him. As he confesses in a tone of delicious languor, he is

“The idle singer of an empty day.”

It is to be hoped that this vein of pure gold is not exhausted, and that after due rest the poet will again delight the vast multitude of readers who now offer their homage to his genius.

[Conclusion of *The Man born to be King*.—From *The Earthly Paradise*.]

It was foretold to a certain King that an infant, born in a hut in which the King was forced to spend a night, would succeed him on the throne. His only child at the time was a newly-born daughter. The story recounts the various attempts made by the King to destroy the boy, and so bring the prophecy to nought. The babe was first put in a box and thrown into a river, but was rescued and kindly reared by a miller. Afterwards, when the secret of the boy's birth was discovered, the King directed a retainer to decoy him away from the miller and despatch him with a dagger. But the boy was found by monks, still living, with the King's dagger in his wound, and was cared for at the monastery. After arriving at man's estate he became a soldier in the royal retinue, and the necessary link in his history was accidentally furnished by the King's dagger, which the young man had kept. In the mean time the King had sent his daughter to a distant castle, and had given her an intimation that she might expect to receive a visit there from her destined husband. To make sure of the destruction of his now formidable foe, the King sent him with a sealed letter to the seneschal of this castle, directing the instant execution of the messenger. The youth was now in early manhood, handsome, brave, light-hearted, and unsuspecting. His journey to the distant castle and his subsequent adventures are related in the part of the poem that follows:—

LONG time he rode, till suddenly,
When now the sun was broad and high,
From out a hollow where the yew
Still guarded patches of the dew,

He found at last that he had won
That highland's edge, and gazed upon
A valley that beneath the haze
Of that most fair of autumn days

Showed glorious ; fair with golden sheaves,
 Rich with the darkened autumn leaves,
 Gay with the water-meadows green,
 The bright blue streams that lay between,
 The miles of beauty stretched away
 From that bleak hill-side bare and gray,
 Till white cliffs over slopes of vine
 Drew 'gainst the sky a broken line.
 And 'twixt the vineyards and the stream
 Michael saw gilded spirelets gleam ;
 For, hedged with many a flowery close,
 There lay the Castle of the Rose,
 His hurried journey's aim and end.

Then downward he began to wend,
 And 'twixt the flowery hedges sweet
 He heard the hook smite down the wheat,
 And murmur of the unseen folk ;
 But when he reached the stream that broke
 The golden plain, but leisurely
 He passed the bridge, for he could see
 The masters of that ripening realm,
 Cast down beneath an ancient elm
 Upon a little strip of grass,
 From hand to hand the pitcher pass,
 While on the turf beside them lay
 The ashen-handled sickles gray,
 The matters of their cheer between :
 Slices of white cheese, specked with green,
 And green-striped onions and rye-bread,
 And summer apples faintly red,
 Even beneath the crimson skin ;
 And yellow grapes, well ripe and thin,
 Plucked from the cottage gable-end.

And certes Michael felt their friend
 Hearing their voices, nor forgot
 His boyhood and the pleasant spot
 Beside the well-remembered stream :
 And friendly did this water seem
 As through its white-flowered weeds it ran
 Bearing good things to beast and man.

Yea, as the parapet he passed,
 And they a greeting toward him cast,
 Once more he felt a boy again ;
 As though beneath the harvest wain
 He was asleep, by that old stream,
 And all these things were but a dream, —
 The King, the squire, the hurrying ride
 Unto the lonely quagmire side ;
 The sudden pain, the deadly swoon,
 The feverish life from noon to noon ;
 The tending of the kind old man,
 The black and white Dominican,
 The hour before the Abbot's throne,
 The poring o'er old books alone,

In summer morn ; the King again,
 The envious greetings of strange men,
 This mighty horse and rich array,
 This journey on an unknown way.

Surely he thought to wake from it,
 And once more by the wagon sit,
 Blinking upon the sunny mill.

But not for either good or ill
 Shall he see one of all those days ;
 On through the quivering noontide haze
 He rode, and now on either hand
 Heavy with fruit the trees did stand ;
 Nor had he ridden long, ere he
 The red towers of the house could see
 Gray on the wind-beat southern side :
 And soon the gates thrown open wide
 He saw, the long-fixed drawbridge down,
 The moat, with lilies overgrown,
 'Midst which the gold-scaled fishes lay :
 Such peace was there for many a day.

And deep within the archway's shade
 The warder on his cloak was laid,
 Dozing, one hand upon a harp.
 And nigh him a great golden carp
 Lay stiff, with all his troubles done,
 Drawn from the moat ere yet the sun
 Was high, and nigh him was his bane,
 An angling-rod of Indian cane.

Now hearing Michael's horse-hoofs smite
 The causeway, shading from the light
 His eyes, as one scarce yet awake,
 He made a shift his spear to take,
 And, eying Michael's badge the while,
 Rose up, and with a lazy smile
 Said, "Ho ! fair sir, abide, abide,
 And show why hitherward ye ride
 Unto my lady's royal home."
 Said Michael, "From the King I come,
 As by my badge ye well may see ;
 And letters have I here with me
 To give my lord the seneschal."

"Yea," said the man. "But in the hall
 He feasteth now ; what haste is there ?
 Certes full quickly cometh care ;
 And sure I am he will not read
 Thy letters, or to aught give heed
 Till he has played out all the play,
 And every guest has gone away ;
 So thou, O damoiseau, must wait ;
 Tie up thine horse anigh the gate,
 And sit with me, and thou shalt hear
The Kaiser lieth on his Bier.
 Thou laughest, — hast thou never heard
 Of this same valorous Red Beard,
 And how he died ? well, I can sing
 Of many another dainty thing,

Thou wilt not a long while forget,
 The budget is not empty yet.
 Peter ! I think thou mockest me,
 But thou art young and fair, perdie,
 I wish thee luck, — well, thou mayst go
 And feel the afternoon wind blow
 Within Dame Bertha's pleasure here ;
 She who was held so lief and dear,
 All this was built but for her sake,
 Who made the hearts of men to ache ;
 And dying full of years and shame
 Yet left an unforgotten name, —
 God rest her soul ! ”

Michael the while
 Hearkened his talking with a smile,
 Then said, “ O friend, I think to hear
 Both ‘ *The King lieth on his bier* ’
 And many another song of thee,
 Ere I depart ; but now show me
 The pleasure of the ancient queen,
 For these red towers above the green
 Show like the gates of paradise,
 That surely somewhere through them lies.”

Then said the warder, “ That may be
 If thou know'st what may come to thee.
 When past the drawbridge thou hast gone,
 Upon the left three steps of stone
 Lead to a path beneath the wall
 Of the great court, that folk now call
 The falconer's path, nor canst thou miss
 Going thereby, to find the bliss
 Thou look'st for, since the path ends there,
 And through a wicket gilded fair
 The garden lies where thou wouldst be :
 Nor will I fail to come to thee
 Whene'er my lord the seneschal
 Shall pass well fed from out the hall.”

Then Michael, thanking him, passed on,
 And soon the gilded wicket won,
 And entered that pleasure sweet.
 And wandered there with wary feet
 And open mouth, as though he deemed
 That in some lovely dream he dreamed,
 And feared to wake to common day,
 So fair was all ; and e'en decay
 Brought there but pensive loveliness,
 Where autumn those old walls did bless
 With wealth of fruit, and through the grass
 Unscared the spring-born thrush did pass,
 Who yet knew nought of winter-tide.

So wandering, to a fountain's side
 He came, and o'er the basin hung,
 Watching the fishes, as he sung
 Some song remembered from of old,
 Ere yet the miller won that gold.
 But soon made drowsy with his ride,

And the warm, hazy autumn-tide,
 And many a musical sweet sound,
 He cast him down upon the ground,
 And watched the glittering water leap,
 Still singing low, nor thought to sleep.
 But scarce three minutes had gone by
 Before, as if in mockery,
 The starling chattered o'er his head,
 And nothing he remembered,
 Nor dreamed of aught that he had seen.

Meanwhile unto that garden green
 Had come the Princess, and with her
 A maiden that she held right dear,
 Who knew the inmost of her mind.
 Now those twain, as the scented wind
 Played with their raiment or their hair,
 Had late been running here and there,
 Chasing each other merrily,
 As maids do, thinking no one by ;
 But now, well wearied therewithal,
 Had let their gathered garments fall
 About their feet, and slowly went ;
 And through the leaves a murmur sent,
 As of two happy doves that sing
 The soft returning of the spring.

Now of these twain the Princess spoke
 The less, but into laughter broke
 Not seldom, and would reddened oft,
 As on her lips her fingers soft
 She laid, as still the other maid,
 Half grave, half smiling, follies said.

So in their walk they drew anigh
 That fountain in the midst, whereby
 Lay Michael sleeping, dreaming nought
 Of such fair things so nigh him brought ;
 They, when the fountain shaft was passed,
 Beheld him on the ground downcast,
 And stopped at first, until the maid
 Stepped lightly forward to the shade,
 And when she had gazed there a while
 Came running back again, a smile
 Parting her lips, and her bright eyes
 Afire with many fantasies ;
 And ere the Lady Cecily
 Could speak a word, “ Hush ! hush ! ” said
 she ;

“ Did I not say that he would come
 To woo thee in thy peaceful home
 Before thy father brought him here ?
 Come, and behold him, have no fear !
 The great bell would not wake him now,
 Right in his ears.”

“ Nay, what dost thou ? ”
 The Princess said ; “ let us go hence ;
 Thou know'st I give obedience

To what my father bids ; but I
A maid full fain would live and die,
Since I am born to be a queen."

"Yea, yea, for such as thou hast seen,
That may be well," the other said.
"But come now, come ; for by my head
This one must be from Paradise ;
Come swiftly then, if thou art wise,
Ere aught can snatch him back again."

She caught her hand, and not in vain
She prayed ; for now some kindly thought
To Cecily's brow fair color brought,
And quickly 'gan her heart to beat
As Love drew near those eyes to greet,
Who knew him not till that sweet hour.

So over the fair, pink-edged flower,
Softly she stepped ; but when she came
Anigh the sleeper, lovely shame
Cast a soft mist before her eyes
Full filled of many fantasies.
But when she saw him lying there
She smiled to see her mate so fair ;
And in her heart did Love begin
To tell his tale, nor thought she sin
To gaze on him that was her own,
Not doubting he was come alone
To woo her, whom 'midst arms and gold
She deemed she should at first behold ;
And with that thought love grew again
Until departing was a pain,
Though fear grew with that growing love,
And with her lingering footsteps strove
As from the place she turned to go,
Sighing and murmuring words full low.
But as her raiment's hem she raised,
And for her merry fellow gazed
Shamefaced and changed, she met her eyes
Turned grave and sad with ill surprise :
Who while the Princess mazed did stand
Had drawn from Michael's loosened band
The King's scroll, which she held out now
To Cecily, and whispered low,
"Read, and do quickly what thou wilt, —
Sad, sad ! such fair life to be spilt :
Come further first."

With that they stepped
A pace or two from where he slept,
And then she read,

"Lord Seneschal,
On thee and thine may all good fall ;
Greeting hereby the King sendeth,
And biddeth thee to put to death
His enemy who beareth this ;
And as thou lovest life and bliss,
And all thy goods thou holdest dear,

Set thou his head upon a spear
A good half furlong from the gate,
Our coming hitherward to wait, —
So perish the King's enemies !"

She read, and scarcely had her eyes
Seen clear her father's name and seal,
Ere all love's powers her heart did feel,
That drew her back in spite of shame,
To him who was not e'en a name
Unto her a short hour ago.
Panting she said, "Wait thou alone
Beside him, watch him carefully,
And let him sleep if none draw nigh.
If of himself he waketh, then
Hide him until I come again,
When thou hast told him of the snare, —
If thou betrayest me, beware !
For death shall be the least of all
The ills that on thine head shall fall.
What say I ? — thou art dear to me,
And doubly dear now shalt thou be,
Thou shalt have power and majesty,
And be more queen in all than I.
Few words are best, be wise, be wise !"

Withal she turned about her eyes
Once more, and swiftly as a man
Betwixt the garden trees she ran,
Until, her own bower reached at last,
She made good haste, and quickly passed
Unto her secret treasury.

There, hurrying since the time was nigh
For folk to come from meat, she took
From 'twixt the leaves of a great book
A royal scroll, signed, sealed, but blank,
Then, with a hand that never shrank
Or trembled, she the scroll did fill
With these words, writ with clerkiy skill, —
"Unto the Seneschal, Sir Rafe,
Who holdeth our fair castle safe,
Greeting and health ! O well beloved,
Know that at this time we are moved
To wed our daughter, so we send
Him who bears this, our perfect friend,
To be her bridegroom ; so do thou
Ask nought of him, since well we know
His race and great nobility,
And how he is most fit to be
Our son ; therefore make no delay,
But wed the twain upon the day
Thou readest this : and see that all
Take oath to him, whate'er shall fall
To do his bidding as our heir ;
So doing still be lief and dear
As I have held thee yet to be."

She cast the pen down hastily

At that last letter, for she heard
How even now the people stirred
Within the hall : nor dared she think
What bitter potion she must drink
It now she failed, so falsely bold
That life or death did she infold
Within its cover, making shift
To seal it with her father's gift,
A signet of carnelian.

Then swiftly down the stairs she ran
And reached the garden ; but her fears
Brought shouts and thunder to her ears,
That were but lazy words of men
Full fed, far off ; nay, even when
Her limbs caught up her flying gown
The noise seemed loud enough to drown
The twitter of the autumn birds,
And her own muttered breathless words
That to her heart seemed loud indeed.

Yet therewithal she made good speed
And reached the fountain seen of none,
Where yet abode her friend a'one,
Watching the sleeper, who just now
Turned in his sleep and muttered low.
Therewith fair Agnes saying nought
From out her hand the letter caught ;
And while she leaned against the stone
Stole up to Michael's side alone,
And with a cool, unshrinking hand
Thrust the new scroll deep in his band,
And turned about unto her friend :
Who, having come unto the end
Of all her courage, trembled there
With face upturned for fresher air,
And parted lips grown gray and pale,
And limbs that now began to fail,
And hands wherefrom all strength had gone,
Scarce fresher than the blue-veined stone
That quivering still she strove to clutch.

But when she felt her lady's touch,
Feebly she said, "Go ! let me die
And end this sudden misery
That in such wise has wrapped my life,
I am too weak for such a strife,
So sick I am with shame and fear :
Would thou hadst never brought me here !"

But Agnes took her hand and said,
"Nay, Queen, and must we three be dead
Because thou fearest ? All is safe
If boldly thou wilt face Sir Rafe."

So saying, did she draw her hence,
Past tree, and bower, and high-pleached
fence

Unto the garden's further end,
And left her there, and back did wend,

And from the house made haste to get
A gilded maund wherein she set
A flask of ancient island wine,
Ripe fruits and wheaten manchets fine,
And many such a delicate
As goddesses in old time ate,
Ere Helen was a Trojan queen ;
So passing through the garden green
She cast her eager eyes again
Upon the spot where he had lain,
But found it empty, so sped on
Till she at last the place had won
Where Cecily lay weak and white
Within that fair bower of delight.

Her straight she made to eat and drink,
And said, "See now thou dost not shrink
From this thy deed ; let love slay fear
Now, when thy life shall grow so dear,
Each minute should seem lost to thee
If thou for thy felicity
Couldst stay to count them ; for I say,
This day shall be thy happy day."

Therewith she smiled to see the wine
Embraced by her fingers fine ;
And her sweet face grew bright again
With sudden pleasure after pain.
Again she spoke, "What is this word
That, dreaming, I perchance have heard,
But certainly remember well ;
That some old soothsayer did tell
Strange things unto my lord, the King,
That on thy hand the spousal ring
No Kaiser's son, no King should set,
But one a peasant did beget, —
What say'st thou ?"

But the Queen flushed red ;
"Such fables I have heard," she said ;
"And thou — is it such scath to me,
The bride of such a man to be ?"

"Nay," said she, "God will have him
King :

How shall we do a better thing
With this or that one than He can ?
God's friend must be a goodly man."

But with that word she heard the sound
Of folk who through the mazes wound
Bearing the message ; then she said,
"Be strong, pluck up thine hardihead,
Speak little, so sha'l all be well,
For now our own tale will they tell."

And even as she spoke they came,
And all the green place was aflame
With golden raiment of the lords ;
While Cecily, noting not their words,
Rose up to go ; and for her part

By this had fate so steeled her heart,
 Scarce otherwise she seemed, than when
 She passed before the eyes of men
 At tourney or high festival.
 But when they now had reached the hall,
 And up its very steps they went,
 Her head a little down she bent ;
 Nor raised it till the dais was gained,
 For fear that love some monster feigned
 To be a god, and she should be
 Smit by her own bolt wretchedly.
 But at the rustling, crowded dais
 She gathered heart her eyes to raise,
 And there beheld her love, indeed,
 Clad in her father's serving weed,
 But proud, and flushed, and calm withal,
 Fearless of aught that might befall,
 Nor too astonished, for he thought, —
 "From point to point my life is brought
 Through wonders till it comes to this ;
 And trouble cometh after bliss,
 And I will bear all as I may,
 And ever, as day passeth day,
 My life will hammer from the twain,
 Forging a long-enduring chain."

But 'midst these thoughts their young eyes
 met,

And every word did he forget
 Wherewith men name unhappiness,
 As read again those words did bless
 With double blessings his glad ears.
 And if she trembled with her fears,
 And if with doubt, and love, and shame,
 The rosy color went and came
 In her sweet cheeks and smooth bright
 brow,

Little did folk think of it now,
 But as of maiden modesty,
 Shamefaced to see the bridegroom nigh.

And now when Rafe the Seneschal
 Had read the message down the Hall,
 And turned to her, quite calm again
 Her face had grown, and with no pain
 She raised her serious eyes to his,
 Grown soft and pensive with his bliss,
 And said, —

"Prince, thou art welcome here,
 Where all my father loves is dear,
 And full trust do I put in thee,
 For that so great nobility
 He knoweth in thee ; be as kind
 As I would be to thee, and find
 A happy life from day to day,
 Till all our days are passed away."

What more than found the bystanders
 He found within this speech of hers,

I know not ; some faint quivering
 In the last words : some little thing
 That checked the cold words' even flow.
 But yet they set his heart aglow,
 And he in turn said eagerly, —

"Surely I count it nought to die
 For him who brought me unto this ;
 For thee, who givest me this bliss ;
 Yea, even dost me such a grace
 To look with kind eyes in my face,
 And send sweet music to my ears."

But at his words she, mazed with tears,
 Seemed faint, and failing quickly, when
 Above the low hum of the men
 Uprose the sweet bells' sudden clang,
 As men unto the chapel rang ;
 While just outside the singing folk
 Into most heavenly carols broke.
 And going softly up the hall
 Boys bore aloft the verges tall
 Before the bishop's gold-clad head.

Then forth his bride young Michael led,
 And nought to him seemed good or bad
 Except the lovely hand he had ;
 But she the while was murmuring low,
 "If he could know, if he could know,
 What love, what love, his love should be !"

But while 'mid mirth and minstrelsy
 The ancient Castle of the Rose
 Such pageant to the autumn shows
 The King sits ill at ease at home,
 For in these days the news is come
 That he who in his line should wed
 Lies in his own town stark and dead,
 Slain in a tumult in the street.

Brooding on this he deemed it meet,
 Since nigh the day was come when she
 Her bridegroom's visage looked to see,
 To hold the settled day with her,
 And bid her at the least to wear
 Dull mourning guise for gold and white.
 So on another morning bright,
 When the whole promised month was past,
 He drew anigh the place at last
 Where Michael's dead head, looking down
 Upon the highway with a frown,
 He doubted not at last to see.
 So 'twixt the fruitful greenery
 He rode, scarce touched by care the while,
 Humming a roundel with a smile.

Withal, ere yet he drew anigh,
 He heard their watch-horn sound from high,
 Nor wondered, for their wont was so,
 And well his banner they might know
 Amidst the stubble-lands afar :

But now a distant point of war
He seemed to hear, and bade draw rein,
But listening cried, "Push on again !
They do but send forth minstrelsy
Because my daughter thinks to see
The man who lieth on his bier."
So on they passed, till sharp and clear
They heard the pipe and shrill life sound ;
And restlessly the King glanced round
To see that he had striven for,
The crushing of that sage's lore,
The last confusion of that fate.

But drawn still nigher to the gate
They turned a sharp bend of the road,
And saw the pageant that abode
The solemn coming of the King.

For first on each side, maids did sing,
Dressed in gold raiment ; then there came
The minstrels in their coats of flame ;
And then the many-colored lords,
The knights' spears, and the swordmen's
swords,

Backed by the glittering wood of bills.
So now, presaging many ills,
The King drew rein, yet none the less
He shrank not from his hardness,
But thought, "Well, at the worst I die,
And yet perchance long life may lie
Before me — I will hold my peace ;
The dumb man's borders still increase."

But as he strengthened thus his heart
He saw the crowd before him part,
And down the long, melodious lane,
Hand locked in hand there passed the twain,
As fair as any earth has found,
Clad as kings' children are, and crowned.
Behind them went the chiefest lords,
And two old knights with sheathed swords
The banners of the kingdom bore.

But now the king had pondered sore,
By when they reached him, though, indeed,
The time was short unto his need,
Betwixt his heart's first startled pang
And those old banner-bearers' clang
Anigh his saddle-bow ; but he
Across their heads scowled heavily,
Not saying aught a while : at last,
Ere any glance at them he cast,
He said, "Whence come ye ? what are ye ?
What play is this ye play to me ?"

None answered, — Cecily, faint and white,
The rather Michael's hand clutched tight,
And seemed to speak, but not one word
The nearest to her could have heard.
Then the King spoke again, — "Sir Rafe,

Meseems this youngling came here safe
A week ago ?"

"Yea, sir," he said ;
"Therefore the twain I straight did wed,
E'en as thy letters bound me to."
"And thus thou diddest well to do,"
The King said. "Tell me on what day
Her old life she did put away."

"Sire, the eleventh day this
Since that they gained their earthly bliss,"
Quoth old Sir Rafe. The King said nought,
But with his head bowed down in thought,
Stood a long while ; but at the last
Upward a smiling face he cast,
And cried aloud above the folk :
"Shout for the joining of the yoke
Betwixt these twain ! and thou, fair lord,
Who dost so well my every word,
Nor makest doubt of anything,
Wear thou the collar of thy King ;
And a duke's banner, cut foursquare,
Henceforth shall men before thee bear
In tourney and in stricken field.

"But this mine heir shall bear my shield,
Carry my banner, wear my crown,
Ride equal with me through my town,
Sit on the same step of the throne ;
In nothing will I reign alone ;
Nor be ye with him discontent,
For that with little ornament
Of gold and folk to you he came ;
For he is of an ancient name
That needeth not the clink of gold —
The ancientest the world doth hold ;
For in the fertile Asian land,
Where great Damascus now doth stand,
Ages ago his line was born,
Ere yet men knew the gift of corn :
And there, anigh to Paradise,
His ancestors grew stout and wise ;
And certes he from Asia bore
No little of their piercing lore.
"Look then to have great happiness,
For every wrong shall he redress."

Then did the people's shouting drown
His clatter as he leapt adown,
And, taking in each hand a hand
Of the two lovers, now did stand
Betwixt them on the flower-strewn way,
And to himself meanwhile 'gan say, —

"How many an hour might I have been
Right merry in the gardens green ;
How many a glorious day had I
Made happy with some victory :

What noble deeds I might have done,
 What bright renown my deeds have won ;
 What blessings would have made me glad ;
 What little burdens had I had ;
 What calmness in the hope of praise ;
 What joy of well-accomplished days,
 If I had let these things alone ;
 Nor sought to sit upon my throne
 Like God between the cherubim.
 But now, — but now, my days wax dim,
 And all this fairness have I tost
 Unto the winds, and all have lost
 For nought, for nought ! yet will I strive
 My little end of life to live ;
 Nor will I look behind me more,
 Nor forward to the doubtful shore. ”

With that he made the sign to turn,

And straight the autumn air did burn
 With many a point of steel and gold ;
 And through the trees the carol rolled
 Once more, until the autumn thrush
 Far off 'gan twittering on his bush,
 Made mindful of the long-lived spring.

So mid sweet song and taboring,
 And shouts amid the apple-grove,
 And soft caressing of his love,
 Began the new King Michael's reign.
 Nor will the poor folk see again
 A king like him on any throne,
 Or such good deeds to all men done ;
 For then, as saith the chronicle,
 It was the time, as all men tell,
 When scarce a man would stop to gaze
 At gold crowns hung above the ways.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Robert Buchanan was born in 1841, and was educated at the High School and the University of Glasgow. His first work, *Undertones*, appeared in 1860, followed by *Idylls and Legends of Inverburn* in 1865, and *London Poems* in 1866. Mr. Buchanan edited *Wayside Poems*, and contributed to the *Danish Ballads* in 1866. American editions of his poems are published by Roberts Brothers. It is impossible as yet to assign him any definite rank among poets. His poems seem to give promise of something better than he has yet accomplished.

FROM A SKETCH OF INVERBURN.

SEVEN pleasant miles by wood, and stream, and moor,
 Seven miles along the country road that wound
 Uphill and downhill in a thin red line,
 Then from the forehead of a hill, behold —
 Lying below me, sparkling ruby-like, —
 The village ! — quaint old gables, roofs of thatch,
 A glimmering spire that peeped above the firs,
 The sunset lingering orange-red on all,
 And nearer, tumbling through a mossy bridge,
 The river that I knew ! No wondrous peep
 Into the faery land of Oberon,
 Its bowers, its glowworm-lighted colonnades
 Where pygmy lovers wandered two by two,
 Could weigh upon the city wanderer's heart
 With peace so pure as this ! Why, yonder stood,
 A fledgeling's downward flight beyond the spire,

The gray old manse, endeared by memories
Of Jean the daughter of the minister ;
And in the cottage with the painted sign,
Hard by the bridge, how many a winter night
Had I with politicians sapient-eyed
Discussed the country paper's latest news,
And tippled Sandie's best ! And nought seemed changed !
The very gig before the smithy door,
The barefoot lassie with the milking-pail
Pausing and looking backward from the bridge,
The last rook wavering homeward to the wood,
All seemed a sunset-picture, every tint
Unchanged, since I had bade the place farewell.
My heart grew garrulous of olden times,
And my face saddened, as I sauntered down.
There came a rural music on my ears, —
The wagons in the lanes, the waterfall
With cool sound plunging in its wood-nest wild,
The rooks amid the windy rookery,
The shouts of children, and afar away
The crowing of a cock. Then o'er the bridge
I bent, above the river gushing down
Through mossy boulders, making underneath
Green-shaded pools where now and then a trout
Sank in the ripple of its own quick leap ;
And like some olden and familiar tune,
Half-hummed aloud, half-tinkling in the brain,
Troublously, faintly, came the buzz of looms.

And here I lingered, nested in the shade
Of Peace, that makes a music as she grows ;
And when the vale had put its glory on
The bitter aspiration was subdued,
And Pleasure, though she wore a woodland crown,
Looked at me with Ambition's serious eyes.
Amid the deep-green woods of pine, whose boughs
Made a sea-music overhead, and caught
White flakes of sunlight on their highest leaves,
I fostered solemn meditations ;
Stretched on the sloping river banks, fresh prinked
With gowans and the meek anemone,

I watched the bright king-fisher dart about,
His quick, small shadow with an azure
Startling the minnows in the pool beneath ;
Or out upon the moors, where far away
Across the waste the sportsman with his gun
Stood a dark speck across the sky, what time
The heath-hen floundered through the furze and fell,
I caught the solemn wind that wandered down
With thunder-echoes heaved among the hills.
Nor lacked I, in the balmy summer nights,
Or on the days of rain, such counterpoise
As books can give.

ANONYMOUS.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

It should be remembered that General Havelock was not an hour too soon in his relief, as the advance of the enemy's batteries and mines had settled the fate of the garrison ; and it should be known that in the continual uproar of the cannonade, and the obstructions of military works and buildings, the beleaguered and devoted garrison did not hear or see anything of the advancing relief until the battle had been fought outside, and the relieving force was marching up to the gates.

[From a letter to the London Times, by a lady, the wife of an officer at Lucknow.]

ON every side death stared us in the face ; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with



fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, her "father should return from the ploughing." She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear: my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, "Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreaming: it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved! we're saved!" Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, "Courage! courage! Hark to the slogan — to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'! Here's help at last!"

To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women, who had flocked to the spot, burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull, Lowland ears heard only the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line, "Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear? d'ye hear?" At that moment all seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance; for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never, surely, was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the

murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of "God save the Queen" they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot." After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drank by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of "Auld Lang Syne."

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

[Printed as anonymous in Longfellow's "Wail," but now understood to have been written by Alfred Domett.]

It was the calm and silent night!
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea.
 No sound was heard of clashing wars,—
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
 The senator of haughty Rome
 Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home:
 Triumphal arches gleaming swell
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
 What recked the Roman what befell
 A paltry province far away,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago?

Within that province far away,
 Went pilching home a weary bow;

A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed, — for nought
Told what was going on within ;
How keen the stars ! his only thought, —
The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

O, strange indifference ! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares ;
The earth was still, — but knew not why
The world was listening, — unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever !
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, — charmed and holy now !
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given ;
For in that stable lay, new born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

APPENDIX.

Page 1. That the final *e* was used anciently as a separate syllable is shown by Chaucer's making *Romē* rhyme with *to me*.

Page 3. *Amor vincit omnia*. Love conquers all things.

Page 29. Byrd was a composer, and was organist to Queen Elizabeth. There is no evidence that he wrote the poem.

Page 104. Tully, now generally called Cicero.

Page 144. *Idylliums*. Pastoral poems.

Page 156. *Le vainqueur*, &c. The conqueror of the conqueror of the earth.

Page 186. *Bæotum in crasso jurares ære natos*! You would swear that they were born in the heavy air of the Bæotians.

Page 213. *Quantum meruit*. How much he has deserved.

Page 215. *Æneid*, B. III. 201, 202. Palinurus himself declared that he could not distinguish night from day in the heavens, and that he did not remember the course in the midst of the sea.

Page 219. *Nitor in adversum*. I make my way against opposition.

Page 226. *Æneid*, B. IX. 448, 449. While the house of *Æneas* shall occupy the immovable rock of the Capitol, and the Roman citizen shall bear sway.

Page 229. *Boue de Paris*. Paris mud. — *Sans culottes*. Without breeches.

Page 277. *Nemo*, &c. No one provokes me with impunity.

Page 328. *Mundus*, &c. Stock of things eatable. — *Princeps*, &c. Chief of viands. — *Amor*, &c. Love of uncleanness.

Page 381. *Muoiono le città*, &c. Cities die, kingdoms die, and man appears to disdain his being mortal.

Page 382. *Odi*, &c. I hate the common crowd and drive them off.

Page 384. *Evasit*, &c. He has escaped, he has burst forth. — *From Cicero's second oration against Catiline*.

Page 387. *Fortuna*, &c. Fortune favors the brave.

Page 441. *Mens*, &c. A mind composed in difficulties. The true force of the motto is untranslatable except by amplifying.

Page 506. *Non Angli*, &c. The exclamation of Pope Gregory at the sight of some beautiful British youth sold in Rome as slaves. "Not Angles, but angels."

Page 510.

"Thrown upon this ball
Ugly, wretched, and suffering;
Stified in the crowd
For want of being great enough;

"A touching complaint
Came from my mouth;
The good God said to me, Sing,
Sing, poor little one!

"To sing, unless I deceive myself,
Is my task here below.
All those whom thus I amuse,
Will they not love me?"

Page 572. *Optimam faminam*, &c. Petrarch declares "that no woman is wholly excellent, although one may be worse than another."

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